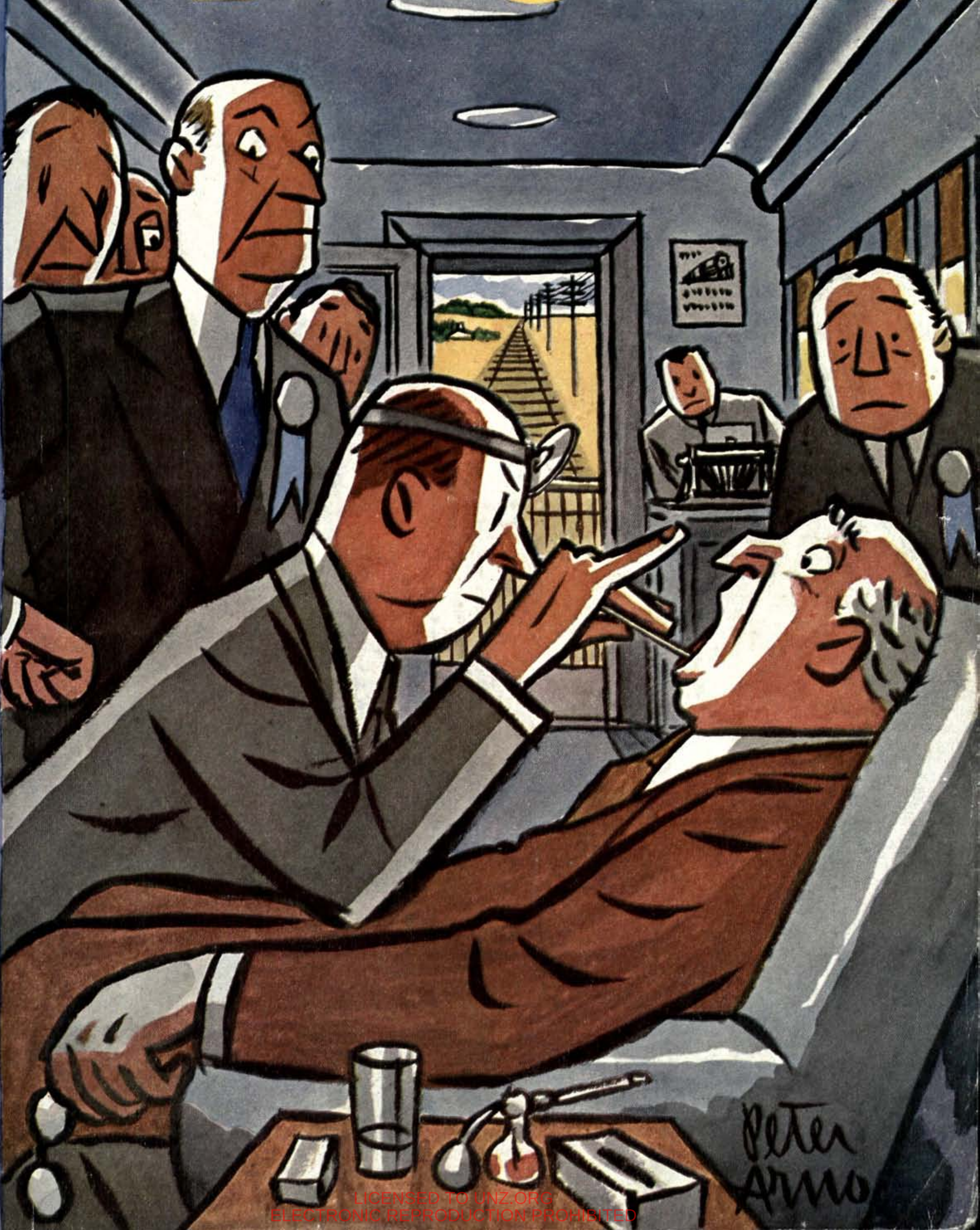
★ Sept. 20, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



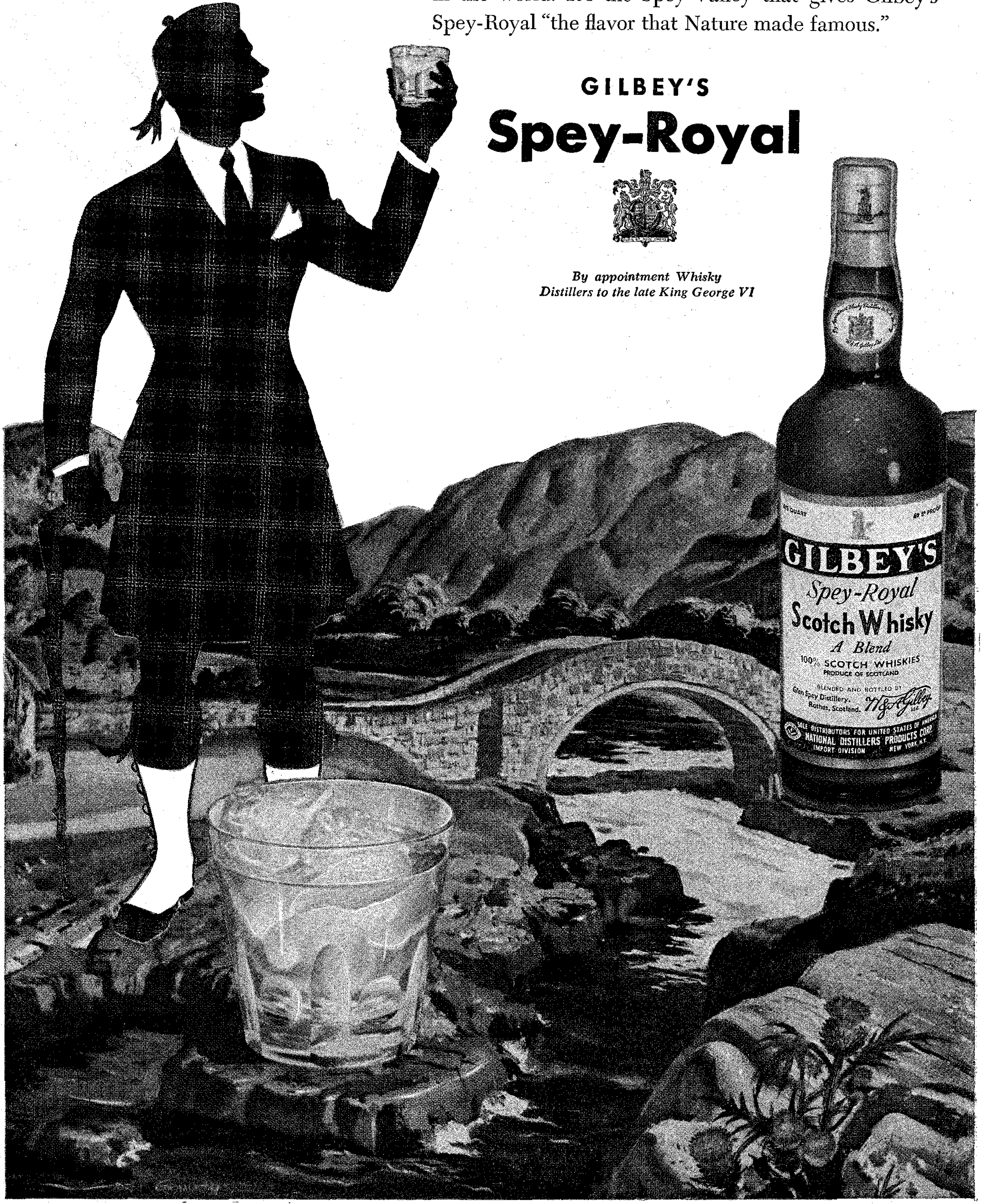
The best Scotch-on-the-rocks is born...not made

Its birthplace is Scotland's Spey Valley...where the crystal waters, golden grain and all nature's richest blessings combine to give Scotch the finest body and flavor in the world. It's the Spey Valley that gives Gilbey's Spey-Royal "the flavor that Nature made famous."

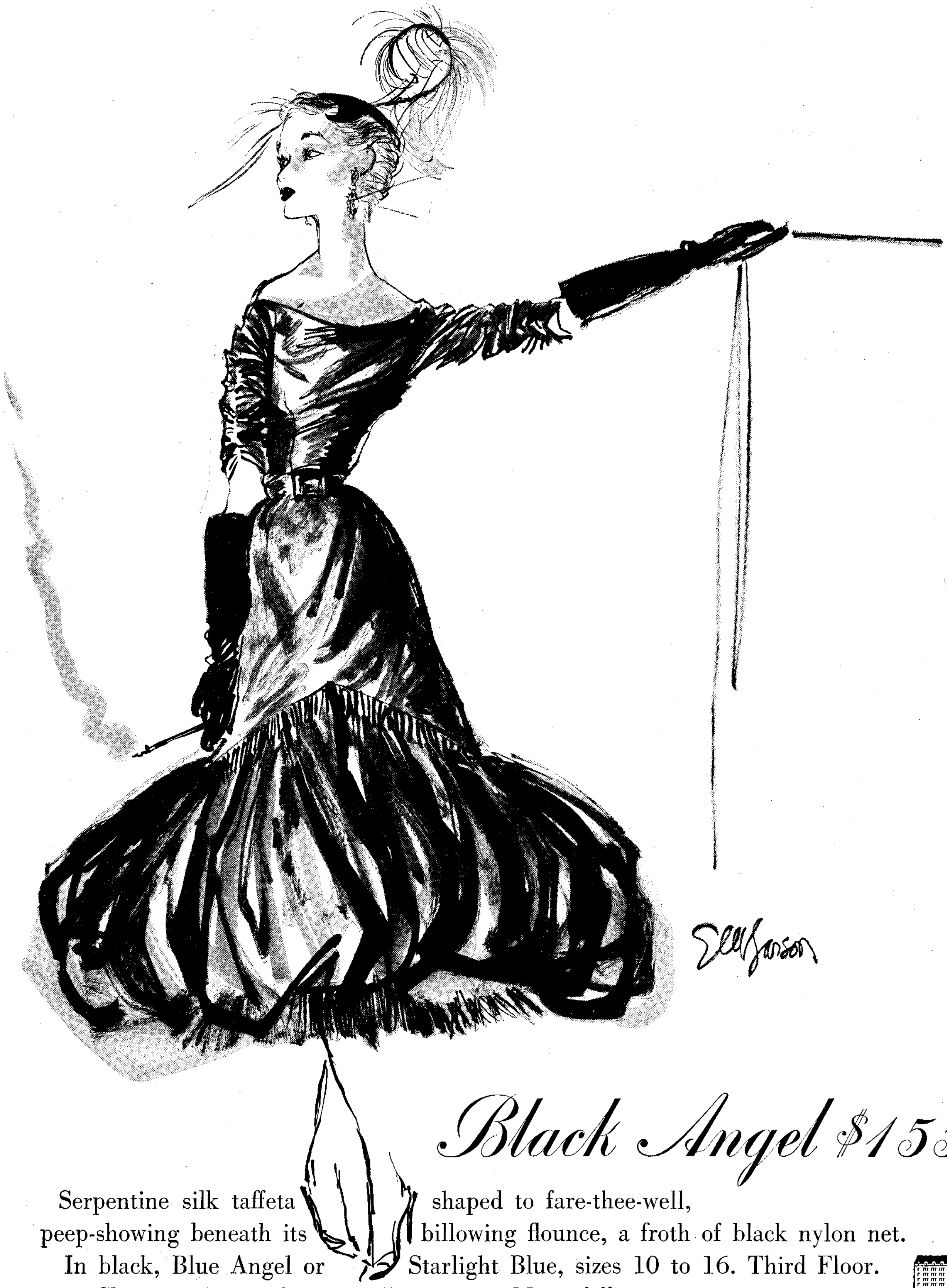
GILBEY'S

Spey-Royal

By appointment Whisky
Distillers to the late King George VI


GILBEY'S
Spey-Royal
Scotch Whisky
A Blend
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Glen Spey Distillery, Rothes, Scotland.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
IMPORT DIVISION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

86.8 PROOF. 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES. DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

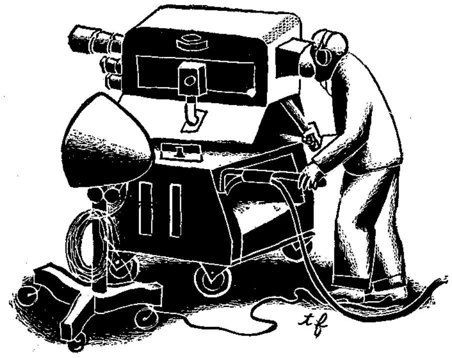


Black Angel $155

Serpentine silk taffeta shaped to fare-thee-well, peep-showing beneath its billowing flounce, a froth of black nylon net. In black, Blue Angel or Starlight Blue, sizes 10 to 16. Third Floor. Shown with one of our new "meet-me-at-Maxim's" dinner hats from our Ready-to-Wear Millinery Salon, Street Floor.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Male Animal—This revival of the James Thurber-Elliott Nugent comedy, which first appeared in 1940, is the funniest and most cogent show in town. Mr. Nugent again plays the harassed professor, and he is ably assisted by Martha Scott, Robert Preston, Matt Briggs, Halliwell Hobbes, and his daughter Nancy. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. McThing—Mary Chase's arch comedy about modern witchcraft is considerably bolstered by the superior talents of Helen Hayes. The cast also includes Robert Mariotti, Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, and Lydia Reed. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is superlative. Also with Leora Dana, Paul Huber, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 21.)

Seagulls Over Sorrento—Hugh Hastings' play about some British sailors engaged in dangerous peacetime activities has its moments of humor and drama but not nearly enough of them. J. Pat O'Malley, John Randolph, and Guy Spaull are in the cast. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the fourposter: Betty Field and Burgess Meredith are the sole tenants of this play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the moon is blue:** A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Janet Riley figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mr. Pickwick—A comedy by Stanley Young, based on Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," with George Howe, Nigel Green, and Estelle Winwood. A presentation of the Playwrights' Company, directed by John Burrell. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

New Faces of 1952—A sprightly addition to Leonard Sillman's series of revues. Ingeniously staged by John Murray Anderson and handsomely bedecked by Raoul Pène duBois, it has a most refreshing cast, including Ronny Graham and June Carroll, who have also contributed several sketches and songs to the occasion. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5670. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given a dazzling production and should enchant nearly everybody. Vivienne Segal again heads the cast, which now contains Harold Lang in the title role, and Helen Gallagher and Lionel Stander also appear in it. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wish You Were Here—Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. The scene is still a vacation lodge in the Catskills, and some of the dancing and some of the songs (by Harold Rome) are fine, but the appealing quality of the original play seems to have been mislaid. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Sidney Armus, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—guys and dolls: All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Vivian Blaine, and Robert Alda. Starting Thursday, Sept. 25, Norwood Smith will take over for Mr. Alda. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Yes, indeed. George Britton is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **top banana:** Phil Silvers is in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 4.)

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 68
BOOKS 109
THE CURRENT CINEMA 100
LETTER FROM LONDON 105
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 70
THE RACE TRACK 88
TELEVISION 103
THE THEATRE 86

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Dancers of Bali—Sixteen Balinese dancers, many of them in their teens or younger, with a native gamelan orchestra, performing classic and folk dances. The engagement is being presented under the auspices of the Cultural Department of the Republic of Indonesia. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.)

Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 12—Thursday evening, Sept. 25: "Les Sylphides," "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27: "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "Theme and Variations," "Caprichos," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 4-1898. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1953," produced by John H. Harris. Dick Button is top blade. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

Rodeo—The Eighth Avenue version of the Calgary Stampede. Starts Wednesday evening, Sept. 24, and will be around through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, only a few feet above the Twentieth Century Limited, has Jules Lande and his dance orchestra at dinner and supper. Silence on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by a quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (except Sundays) and during dinner in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing in either place.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The beamish Ted Straeter returns to town Wednesday, Sept. 24, to reopen this regal conservatory with his elegant but eloquent dance music. He tees off around eight. This season, there's a new bar, for listeners. . . . ¶ In the Plush Room, where there's no dancing, George Feyer and his piano will resume their Hungarian rhapsodies the same evening, at nine.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A few of the customers sleep out, but they're back again bright and early next day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room show, which is mounted on a sizable cake of ice, a young couple named Phil Romayne and Terry Brent toss off some big-tent acrobatics, and a fellow named Elimar does some neat juggling. Bernie Cummins' orchestra makes the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Morton Downey, whose mother and whose songwriters must all have come from Ireland, will reopen the Cotillion Room on Friday, Sept. 19. The orchestras will be Stanley Mel-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVIII, No. 31, September 20, 1952. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT

THE YEAR'S SUIT: Our definition of the year's suit? Acetate and wool mixed for twelve months of comfortable climate. Every line a curve, slender though it be. Towncliffe's careful (therefore beautiful!) tailoring at a young price—69.95. In oxford grey or brown, sizes from 8 to 16. Seventh Floor, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1818

another Brooks Brothers exclusive
ARGYLL PANELLED SPORT HOSE
in our own distinctive designs and colorings

Here is an interesting and unusually attractive new sport hose...of solid color wool with an Argyll panel...designed and colored by us, and made in Scotland exclusively for us. Full fashioned, in regular or slack length. $5.

Natural with red-and-white or green-and-yellow diamonds, light grey with black-and-white or gold-and-green, dark brown with light blue-and-white, dark grey with yellow or black-and-red, medium blue with dark red-and-light grey or light blue-and-yellow, green-lovat with natural-and-dark green, brown with natural-and-yellow, green with black-and-navy. Sizes 10½ to 13. Mail orders filled.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ba's and Chico-Relli's. Sundays, there's only a dinner show; Mondays, the room is closed. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Stanley Worth's quartet performs for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Renato Rossini will start plucking his guitar in between sets on Friday, Sept. 19.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens on Thursday, Sept. 18, when Kay Thompson and her wonderful collection of Williams Brothers launch their latest miniature musical comedy; Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands will again be dishing up the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Lenny Herman's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, handsomer than ever, alternately slinks and glides through her roguish ditties during dinner and supper in the Maisonette. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz provide the dance music. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room reopens Wednesday, Sept. 24, with the orchestras of Hugo Pedell and Jan Brunesco, plus songs by Dick Estes.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge reopens on Friday, Sept. 19, with dinner and supper dancing to Jimmy Dorsey's big, peppery orchestra. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A crossroads general store with its own television show. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, nowadays as rare but still as stirring as Halley's comet, is lighting up the sky once more. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

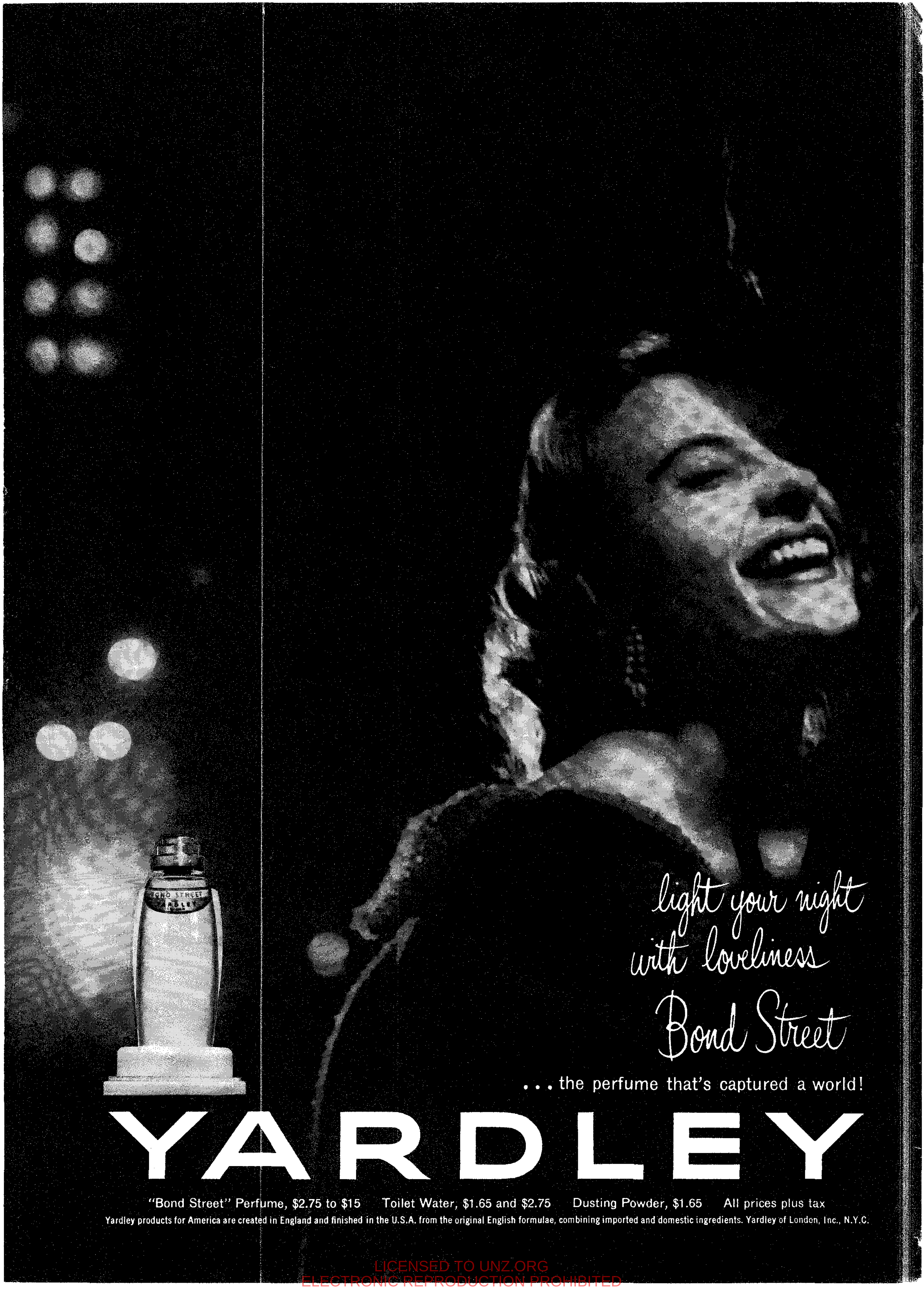
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Vaughn Monroe (not for nothing known as the Thunderer) and his troupe of musicians, singers, dancers, and whatnot run off a small fiesta at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof. His band and Mischa Borr's handle the customers' setting-up exercises. Mr. Borr's band plays all by itself until twelve on Sundays, when there's no show.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate aerie no larger than Glacier National Park, and a lot more comfy these autumn evenings, is open for cocktails from four to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

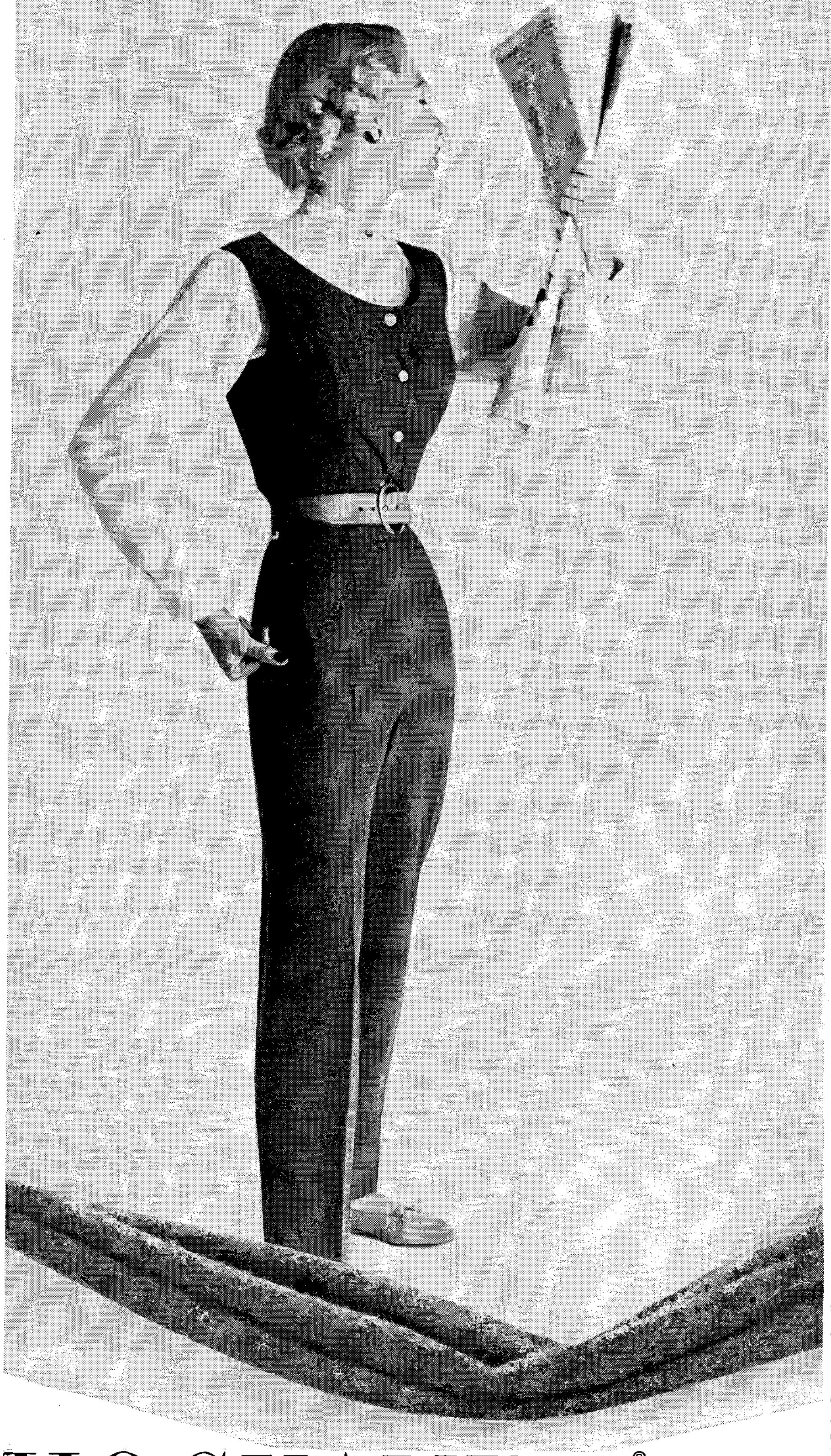
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, uncorks his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): Jo Hurt pops up after the theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, to sing her little heart out. The houseparty atmosphere is enhanced by piano music, which is dealt out from cocktails to morning every day but Sunday, and by the youthful clientele. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Except Sundays, Ralph Strain, under a canopy of homemade stars, pours forth, from ten to one, his richly romantic piano études. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle the whole week long. Above it all, you can hear, if you're determined, Cy Walter's brilliant piano at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. Nor-


light your night
with loveliness
Bond Street
. . . the perfume that's captured a world!
YARDLEY

"Bond Street" Perfume, $2.75 to $15 Toilet Water, $1.65 and $2.75 Dusting Powder, $1.65 All prices plus tax

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., N.Y.C.



Our fine oxford grey flannel, as Bill Atkinson sees it . . . smooth little bodkin, about **$10;** and slimly tailored slacks, about **$17.** The white linen shirt, about **$15.** All, sizes 9 to 15.

LORD & TAYLOR, New York
(Young New Yorker Shop)

HOCKANUM® *woolens*

For your nearest store, write
J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC., Stevens Building
Broadway at 41st Street, New York 36, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bert Faconi, an old hand at prowler violin music, does the honors at the ringside tables. . . . BEAU BRUMMEL, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Cocktailing and dining to Lynn Mullinax's casual piano, which is audible until midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): This almost prehistoric play pen affords piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore group. Closed Sundays. . . . CELESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney is a storehouse of the best show tunes, to all of which he adds a great zest. He plays piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Conversation, song, dance, and guitar by Vicente Gomez, a fairly smart jack of all these trades, during dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this ducal parlor at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): This segment of the old Spanish Main is devoted to indigenous song and dance, done with feeling and no little determination. Closed Sundays. . . . NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the honors at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis tells the story of his very full life to an enchanted audience, and Gloria De Haven, a pretty girl, sings as if her mind were on five or six other things. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, where once disc jockeys roamed hungrily, Milt Page, an eminent musicologist, plays brisk jazz, in between the request numbers, on the local organ after the theatre. . . . LA VIE EN ROSE, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Jacques Peals, more Anglicized than most Parisians, and Amalia Rodriguez, who is very Latin, are the songbirds, and Dave Apollon, armed with a mandolin, is the humorist. There's a turn-of-the-century innocence about the whole affair that may amuse you. . . . RIVIERA, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Frank Sinatra, just about the best of the singers who stay within the June-moon frame of reference, is carolling here, and François and Giselle Szony dance suavely and beautifully. For free, there's a view of the skies above and the imperturbable old Hudson below.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Odette Myrtil puts the wisdom of a long career into her mélange of music and monologue; Alice Ghostley (she's from "New Faces") and G. Wood gallop through their worldly nursery rhymes; the Golden Gate Quartet sings pontifically but cheerfully; and Anita Ellis sings wistfully and prettily. Bart Howard's piano and Ellis Larkin's trio help out. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's newest gadget is the Four Toppers, a glee club with myrrh in its throat and a big twinkle in its eye. Connie Sawyer, who sometimes sounds like the funniest girl in the world, is back on her native heath; Fletcher and Sheidy are up to their elfin brand of humor; and Delores Martin sings mostly jump tunes with considerable authority. The bright music of Norman Paris and his tiny symphony orchestra is the background. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Orson Bean, a nice, quiet young storyteller who believes that the shaggy dog is man's best friend; Robert Clary, the mascot of "New Faces," whose feeling for parody is sharp as a razor; and Sylvia Syms, a stylized basso profundo with some neat little ditties. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Paula Stewart sings; except Mondays, Herb Corey, a Village character,

Peck and Peck

PROVED CHAMPIONS... International Grand Ch. Prince Sunbeam 249... our

Hadley Cashmeres

Judged supreme, these made-in-America Hadleys that make a show of casual beauty. In medium and dark green, pearl and charcoal grey, pale blue, beige and yellow. Short sleeved pull-over, 16.95, long sleeves, 19.95, cardigan, 22.95

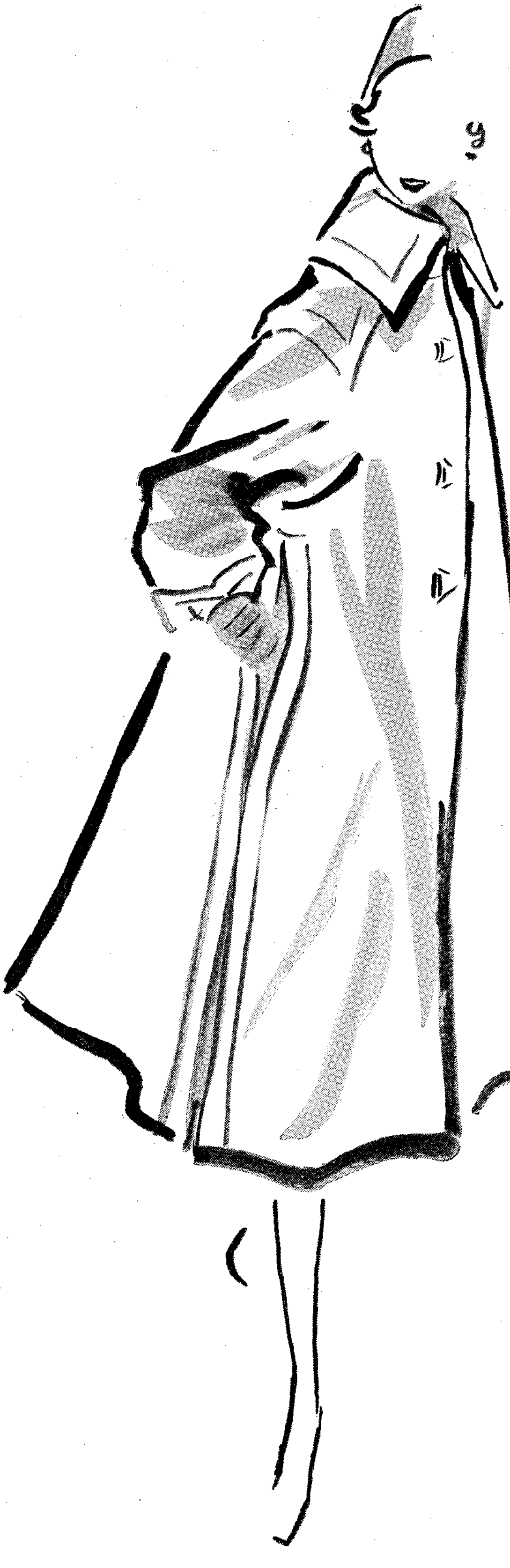
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

*Young-Timers review the fashion facts that mark a coat "super"
...find them well represented in this generous "cover-all."
Of Stroock's luxurious zibeline...inverted stitched pleats trailing
from deep armholes to pockets to hem...matching outlines
around the ample collar, over shoulders.*

$119.95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

*In black, grey, blue,
green...sizes 8 to 16.*



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dispenses humor. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, a new show involving Nancy Andrews, perhaps not the last but certainly the most jovial of all the whooping cranes, and Bud McCreery, her singing partner and pianist. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville will continue to rip off their piano duets, and Hazel Webster will, of course, always be the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (MU 8-9762): Mabel Mercer, in her upstairs salon, runs through her special portfolio of songs about love, requited or blighted. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is reached through the ground-floor Show Spot Bar, a bit of old Limehouse Nights, offering, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis's piano.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes declaiming her playful ballads in a voice that defies both description and soundproofing; the Three Riffs, court jesters in whose madness there is sly method; Tony and Eddie, whose capers to other folk's recordings can be quite earthy; and the romantic songs of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, which get a contrasting background of double-jointed jive from the Three Flames, headed by the catalytic Tiger Haines. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this storied wind tunnel, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always extrovert. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Johnny Windhurst, and sometimes Mr. Condon are responsible. Ralph Sutton is the genius in charge of the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Bushkin and his quartet blowing very pretty bubbles after nine every evening but Sunday. The Amad Jamal Trio spells them now and then, and Don Abney plays solo piano from five-thirty to nine.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is doing a rough-and-ready job of rafter-ringing here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore head a cast of devotees of jazz as it was in the good old days. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Terry Gibbs is on deck now. On Thursday, Sept. 25, Arnett Cobb's band replaces him. ... **LE DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9503): Mary Lou Williams' introspective piano is the major event in her trio, and Billy Taylor's freewheeling abstract piano is the major event in his. Oscar Pettiford, Zoot Sims, Kai Winding, and Kenny Clarke are also around. Jam sessions on Mondays, when the regulars are off duty. It's advisable to sit in the balcony, and hold on to your hat and your eardrums.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose trio inhabits the circular bar, has ideas of her own about modern piano and a facile way of expressing them. The music is on tap after nine-thirty, except Mondays.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Bobby Hackett's band of loyal followers includes Vic Dickenson, Gene Sedric, Buzzy Drootin, Dick Carey, and Johnny Giuffreda. They operate in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 21, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Mr. H. and Jimmy Archey's band will make Dixieland jam. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Nice pieces, all in water color, by Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, Samuel Brecher, and others; through Sept. 27. Closed Saturday, Sept. 20.... **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.:

you're looking at the smartest couple in Central Park

Wearing the smartest, newest fashion in jersey . . . costumes. The coat springs from Heller's new fabric creation . . . a unique, full-bodied worsted jersey . . . designed to harmonize with the dress beneath in weight, in style and in the plaid-and-plain pattern. You'll find the new jerseys lovely to live in! Ensembles by Vera Maxwell. Mother's coat and dress, sizes 10-16. About $195.00. Daughter's coat and two piece dress, sizes 3-6. About $70.00.

It's *Heller jersey*

At De Pinna, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.;
Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas; I. Magnin & Co., California and Seattle.
Or write Vera Maxwell, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

You couldn't buy this dress three weeks ago—because miracles take time. You can sit through a thousand matinees in it and never *un*pleat the pleats. You can cram it into a suitcase, get caught in the rain in it—and smooth it out with a touch. If you spill coffee on it, you can toss it into the washing machine. You can't wear out this dress, or even get it out of shape. Moths would rather starve to death than eat it. And—biggest news of all—the fabric looks and feels like luxury. The reason for all this is a remarkable new fiber called Acrilan. Will you be one of the lucky few to wear it this season?

BY JERRY PARNIS
UNDER $50.

LORD & TAYLOR
MARSHALL FIELD
I. MAGNIN
NEIMAN-MARCUS
JULIUS GARFINCKEL
MILLER & RHOADS

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, DECATUR, ALABAMA • SALES OFFICE; 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Milton Avery, Ilya Bolotowsky, and others in this gallery's seasonal prospectus; through Sept. 27.... BROWN, 2 W. 46th St.: A showing by seven members of Artists Equity, including sculpture by Laura Bobvrov and paintings by Alfred Crimi; through Sept. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: About a hundred paintings, resolutely conservative in style, celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of this gallery's founding; through Nov. 7. Closed Saturdays.... HACKER, 24 W. 58th St.: Abstract paintings, never before exhibited, by three gallery members—Sara Provan, Roy Newell, and John Anderson; through Sept. 26. Closed Saturdays.... VILLAGE ART CENTER, 44 W. 11th St.: Works by some sixty artists, very varied in both style and quality, in the tenth annual non-jury exhibition; through Sept. 26. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Contemporary Texas Artists—Some fifty artists, the majority of them unknown here, in a remarkably lively display of new talent; through Sept. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday.)

Lucien Day—New oils, a bit hesitant in style but with some attractive ones among them; through Sept. 20. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Soutine, Léger, Dufy, and other Paris-school painters; through Sept. 19. ... CURT VALENTIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures including works by Lipchitz, Marini, Klee, Matisse, and others; through Sept. 20.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century French paintings by Corot, Renoir, Pissarro, and others; through Sept. 30.

Europeans and Americans; Group Show—Canvases by, among others, Soutine, Matisse, and Chagall, and a single sculpture by Lipchitz; through Oct. 4. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul René Gauguin—Colored woodcuts, principally of Norwegian scenes, by the grandson of the great post-Impressionist; through Sept. 29. (Serigraph, 38 W. 57th St.)

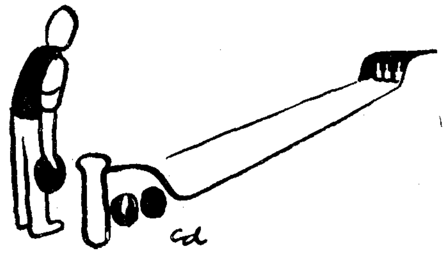
Frederic James—Landscape studies, in water color, done with an ingratiating crisp clarity; through Sept. 20. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

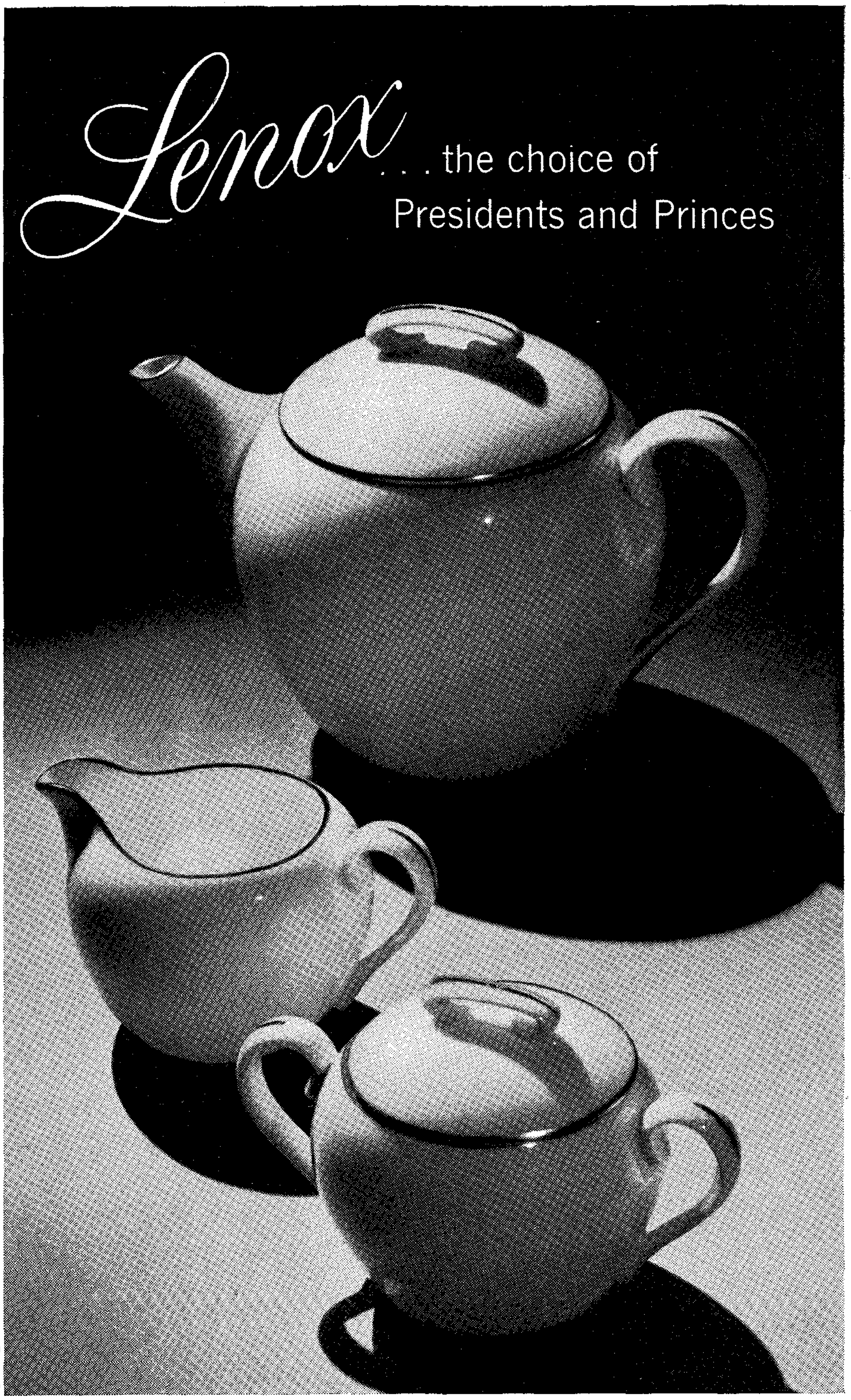
Nineteenth-Century American Amateur Art—An engaging exhibition of homemade weather vanes, tinsel work, steel-pen drawings, oils, water colors, and other accomplishments of the amateurs of a hundred-odd years ago; through Sept. 27. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Abraham Walkowitz—About seventy of his early ink-and-wash drawings of the dancer Isadora Duncan, shown now in memory of her death twenty-five years ago; through Sept. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 130 E. 56th St.: Alexander Russo; through Oct. 8.... JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Fernand Léger; through Oct. 11.... KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Fritz Bultman; through Oct. 4.... ¶ Group shows at CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 26. HELLER, 108 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 4. KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 11. Closed Saturdays. NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.; through Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 3:30.) PERIDOT, 6 E. 12th St.; through Oct. 11.

Note—The semiannual exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, starting at noon





The pattern shown is OLYMPIA. Five-piece place setting is $15²⁵

Presidents of Mexico, Ecuador, Venezuela, Cuba—*and* the United States ... state governors ... ambassadors from abroad—all have chosen Lenox China. No other china has the glowing translucence, the beautiful designs of Lenox! *Every* piece of Lenox China is the *same* fine quality. Choose *your* pattern from the wide variety in fine stores. Amazingly durable, Lenox brings you lifetime beauty!

FOR HELP IN CHOOSING YOUR FINE CHINA send for the name of your nearest authorized Lenox Dealer. Write Lenox, Inc., Dept. 3-C, Trenton, New Jersey. Enclose 25¢ if you wish "The Reference Book of Fine China" with full-color pattern and price leaflets.

LENOX CHINA

AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS FINE CHINA

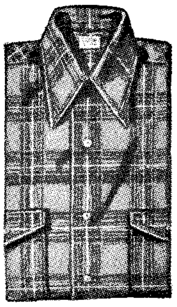
A&F "THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"

Nothing "compares" with Viyella

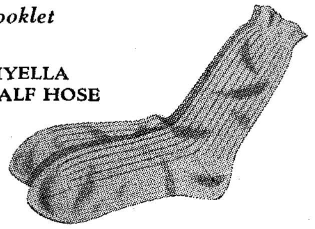
Not comparison, but contrast, is certain when Viyella materials are checked against others. Viyella fabrics are British in origin but have been so heartily welcomed and worn for so many years by American sportsmen that they have become unquestioned favorites.

By combining Australian lambs' wool (for warmth) with long staple Egyptian cotton (that guarantees long wear and washability) the makers have achieved an unexcelled material for shirts, pajamas, robes and hose.

Send for Fall Booklet



VIYELLA SHIRTS



VIYELLA HALF HOSE

If they shrink in washing—we replace. Maroon, heather blue, navy, green, tan, brown, gray, black or white. Sizes 10-13. $1.75

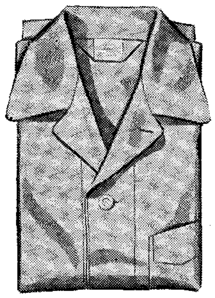
Anklets. Same colors as half hose plus light blue, maize and rust . . $1.50

Tartans. Royal Stewart, Campbell Dress, Crawford or Victoria . $16.50

Solid Mixture. Yarn Dyed. Light blue, maize, gray, tan, forestry green . $13.50

Solid Colors. Piece Dyed. Navy, maroon, bottle green, scarlet, white . $12.50

Checks. (Gun Club, Glen and Shepherd). Tan, blue, gray, green, brown. $15.00



VIYELLA SOLID MIXTURE PAJAMAS

Tailored for comfortable wintertime sleeping as well as for appearance. In scarlet, maize, blue or tan. Sizes A, B, C, or D $20.50

VIYELLA TARTAN ROBE. Inseparable home companion is this well tailored robe of lightweight, imported flannel. In McPherson, Campbell Dress or Ferguson tartans. Small, medium, large, extra large $28.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 12.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints by thirty artists, among them Arthur Deshaies, Antonio Frasconi, and Abraham Rattner, plus a display of various technical methods employed in making prints—wood blocks, lithograph stones, serigraph screens, and such; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century sculptures and paintings on wood representing the religious folk art of New Mexico and lent by the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center; starting Sept. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty large woodcuts in color, dating from 1948, by Louis Schanker, Adja Yunkers, Bernard Reder, and twenty-seven other artists, along with forty prints, mostly earlier, by three painters, Marin, Hopper, and Weber—all selected from the collection presented to the Museum by the late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 2—Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Tosca."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Don Giovanni." ... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 21: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 21: "La Traviata." ... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 25: "Aïda."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "La Bohème."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Jazz at the Philharmonic—Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, Flip Phillips, Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, Charlie Shavers, Benny Carter, and others whooping it up. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2:05.... **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 1:30. ... ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 1:30.... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 1:30.

Boxing—Joe Walcott vs. Rocky Marciano, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia. Tuesday, Sept. 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 20:** Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.... **SATURDAY, SEPT. 27:** Army vs. South Carolina, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 2.... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Springfield, at Cambridge, at 2:30.... ¶ Navy vs. Yale, at Baltimore, at 2.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 2.

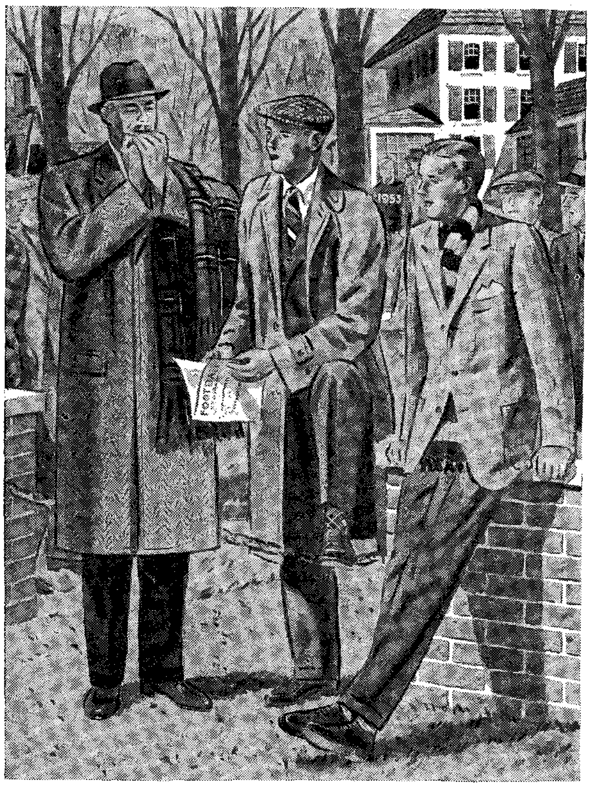
Professional Football—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams; an exhibition game for the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.)

Golf—New Jersey State Seniors' Championship. (Essex Fells Country Club, Essex Fells, N.J. Through Thursday, Sept. 18.) ... ¶ Westchester Seniors' Golf Association

ADVENTURE STORY...

BONWIT TELLER

daring coat
of Heller wool jersey lined with striped-zebra rayon pile.
Black, cocoa, cypress, green, slate grey
8 to 16 sizes 69.95 Sorry, no mail orders
New York Chicago Cleveland Boston White Plains



FALL'S HERE . . . HERE AT ROGERS PEET WITH EVERYTHING MEN WANT TO WEAR

Fall's here! Arrives officially Monday, September 22, at 9:49 P.M. (E.S.T.) . . . and then stays on indefinitely for a full schedule of Saturday football games, golden country week-ends and brisk and busy days in town!

And Fall's here at Rogers Peet! In our new natural-shouldered, fly-front Devon Topcoat illustrated . . . in our new Felt Hats made on our own blocks . . . in everything a man wears from head to foot . . . and in our University Shop for younger men, college undergraduates and schoolboys.

Rogers Peet Company

A label that spells character

In New York: Fifth Ave. *at* 41st St. Thirteenth St. *at* Broadway

Warren Street *at* Broadway

And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Championship. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. Through Thursday, Sept. 18.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 23-25.)

HORSE SHOW—Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27.)

HUNT RACING—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 27.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury. Semi-final match of the National Twenty-Goal Championship Tournament, Sept. 21.

RACING—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Matron and the New York Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 20; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Sept. 22; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Sept. 24; and the Futurity and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 27. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—The annual romp up hill, down dale, and all around Watkins Glen, for the Seneca Cup, the Queen Catherine Montour Cup, and the International Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Test runs on Friday, Sept. 19; first official race Saturday, Sept. 20, at 10:45 A.M.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—An extremely tentative schedule of major speeches, which is likely to be frequently revised. Many of the speeches will be broadcast, if the networks can work out an equation between time, money, and political impartiality. The newspapers will have the best information on that—DEMOCRATIC: Governor Stevenson in New York, Monday, Sept. 22. . . . REPUBLICAN: General Eisenhower in Omaha, Thursday, Sept. 18; in Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 19; in St. Louis, Saturday, Sept. 20; in Cincinnati (with Senator Taft), Monday, Sept. 22; in Cleveland, Tuesday, Sept. 23; in Baltimore, Thursday, Sept. 25; and in Richmond, Friday, Sept. 26.

UNITED NATIONS—A limited number of visitors are admitted to periodical meetings of the Security Council, the Disarmament Commission, and various committees. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.) . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

NATIONAL HOMEFURNISHINGS SHOW—Just what it sounds like, and a lot of it. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday, Sept. 18, through Sunday, Sept. 28. Weekdays, noon to 10:30; Sundays, 1 to 10:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Sept. 19, at 10:15 and 1:45: French period furniture, porcelains, bibelots, glass, silver, and a Brussels Renaissance tapestry from around 1580, owned by Lawrence H. Clarke and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 1:45; Thursday, Sept. 25, at 10:15 and 1:45; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 1:45: English and American furniture of the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries; Chinese pottery and jade; Early American glass, quilts, and hooked rugs; Staffordshire and other ware; and paintings and other objects of art; from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 20.

GLASS MEANS THIS. Glass means *light,* cities of it, continents of it. Glass means billions of candlepower at the touch of a switch, for electric light could not exist without glass . . . Corning, now entering its second century of service in the glass industry, blew by hand the bubble of glass for Thomas A. Edison's first incandescent lamp in 1879. Corning now blows millions of glass bulbs daily by machine for lamp manufacturers. Visit the Corning Glass Center at Corning, N.Y. Open daily, except Monday, 9.30 a.m. to 5.00 p.m.

CORNING GLASS WORKS

CORNING · NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Casque d'Or—High passion, deep cunning, thievery, and murder, in a compelling insight into apache low life at the turn of the century. Simone Signoret plays a fetching lady of pleasure, and Claude Dauphin and Serge Reggiani are her unfortunate contemporaries. A French film. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dreamboat—Clifton Webb in a comical performance as a professor whose lurid past as a Hollywood romantic star is brought to light when his old films are released on television. Ginger Rogers assists him. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Sept. 20-24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Sept. 24.)

Encore—Another movie sampling of the short stories of Somerset Maugham, and a fairly satisfactory one, too, although a cut below the first of the lot, "Quartet." Figuring in this English mixture are Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Sept. 22.)

High Noon—In this topnotch Western, Gary Cooper and his wife, a Quaker lady with considerable knowledge of the six gun, wipe out a foursome of visiting badmen. Grace Kelly plays the spouse, and Thomas Mitchell and Lloyd Bridges are around, too. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Ivanhoe—Large, belligerent groups of Normans and Saxons battle it out in Technicolor in this ambitious version of Walter Scott's famous tale. Robert Taylor is the valorous Ivanhoe, Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Fontaine his admiring Rebecca and Rowena. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Man in the White Suit—Alec Guinness as an eccentric textile inventor whose masterwork is a fabric that won't wear out and is so tough it has to be tailored with a blowtorch. Highly comical. Mr. Guinness is assisted in this English film by Cecil Parker, Ernest Thesiger, and Joan Greenwood. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Outcast of the Islands—Carol Reed's lively screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. Photographed in Ceylon and Borneo, the film is good to look at and has a capable cast that includes Trevor Howard, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, George Coulouris, and Kerima, a French-Arab lady. An English movie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Sept. 19-20. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 19-22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 21-22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 23.)

The Story of Robin Hood—Sherwood Forest revisited. The place never looked better. A Disney picture with live actors, among them Richard Todd and Joan Rice. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 19-20. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 23-24.)

The Stranger in Between—A murderer on the lam and a small runaway join forces in this solid English film, and the story of the development of their friendship is always interesting. With Jon Whiteley and Dirk Bogarde. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

What Price Glory?—James Cagney (Captain Flagg) and Dan Dailey (Sergeant Quirt) in a good remake of the Anderson-Stallings chronicle of Marines fighting and loving. Directed by John Ford. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; starting Sept. 24.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 24.)

The Affair Blum (1949)—A German picture depicting the effect of Hitler's racial nonsense on Munich in 1926. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 20.)

Annie Get Your Gun (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin musical. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 24.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

Beau Geste (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 18.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. With Silvana Mangano. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy concerning a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 19-20.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

God Needs Men (1951)—A fisherman (Pierre Fresnay) on an island off Brittany who undertakes to serve as local priest. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 19-20.)

Kon-Tiki (1951)—That trip on a raft from Peru to Polynesia. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Sept. 24, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—More Alec Guinness, here conniving with Stanley Holloway to make off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 21-23, tentative.)

Marie du Port (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary, big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 19.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 19.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 22.)

Road to Life (1932)—The wild children of the Russian Revolution and how the Soviets handled them. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness again, by gum) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—Another Hitchcock job, this one about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 21.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Ways of Love (1950)—A trilogy composed of one Italian and two French films. With, among others, Anna Magnani. (Beekman, 2nd Ave., at 66th, RE 7-2622; Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy, with Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 21-23, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 21: "Nanook of the North" (1922), produced, directed, and photographed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 22: "Moana" (1926), another Flaherty film. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima," Gilbert Roland.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Quiet Man," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"One Minute to Zero," Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
HIGH NOON.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
IVANHOE.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Big Jim McLain," John Wayne, Nancy Olson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner.

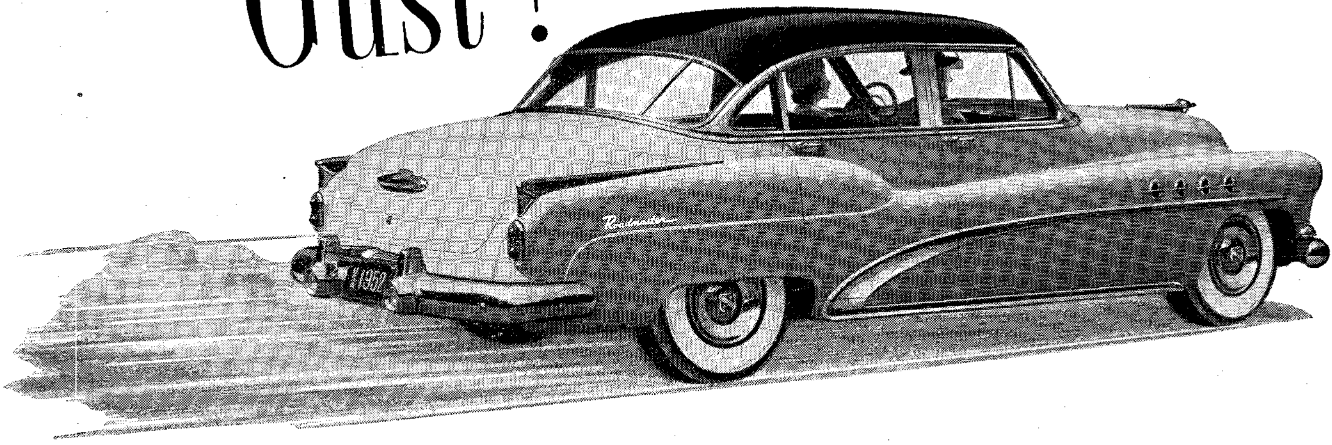
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 23: "Monkey Business," Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers.
From Sept. 24: "Somebody Loves Me," Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 24: "Sudden Fear," Joan Crawford, Jack Palance.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Affair in Trinidad," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Sept. 21: "The French Way" (in French), Josephine Baker, Micheline Prelle.
From Sept. 22: "Father's Dilemma" (in Italian), Aldo Fabrizi.

Pardon my Gust!



BENEATH that big broad bonnet is the reason for this headline.

It's a four-barreled automatic carburetor—Airpower by name—which has a way of gulping in what the dictionary defines as "a sudden blast of wind" when extra power is needed.

And the way this gorgeous performer can step out as this occurs is something you'll always remember.

For ordinary driving, two barrels are all you need—and two barrels are all that are working. They give you an extra thrifty flow of fuel for round-town cruising.

When extra power is wanted in a hurry—the "reserves" swing into action—feeding extra fuel and extra air in an ever-thrifty mixture, which delivers the greatest horsepower in Buick history.

This is one of many distinctions that endear ROADMASTERS to those who appreciate fine cars.

It's a car as rich in finish as it is in power—a car of expansive room and restful silence—a car level in gait and beautifully responsive to your mood and will.

And it offers the effortless ease of Power Steering* especially engineered by Buick to save your strength in parking and slow-motion maneuvers, and still let you feel a proud sense of command and a sure sense of control on the highway.

There's just one question we'd like to ask: When are you going to come in and enjoy the ride of your life?

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.
**Optional at extra cost on* ROADMASTER *and* SUPER *only.*

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

ROADMASTER *Custom Built by BUICK*

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

luxury
from the world's
rarer animals

No run-of-the herd for Stroock.
Our super-woolens are
loomed from the precious fibers
of the animal aristocracy.
The Vicuna, the Kashmir Goat,
the Camel, the Merino, the Alpaca:
all contribute their fabulous
fleece to the magic alchemy of
Stroock fabric making.
The result is truly the last, loveliest
word in luxury. Touch a
Stroock woolen soon. That one
touch will tell the
story more feelingly than
a thousand words.

The coat and suit ensemble
by Harry Frechtel.
At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel;
I. Magnin; The Fashion, Houston.
Or write S. Stroock & Co., Inc.,
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.
for the store in your city.

To be sure it's a Stroock, look
for the registered
serialized number on the label.
It is your guide,
guard and guarantee.

naturally,

The whims and caprices of our friends
of the rare animal kingdom
are charmingly described in the
delightful full-color booklet
"Wool and Super-Wool." Available
for 25 cents upon request.

it's a

Stan

Only General Gives Top Safety
in Tires Styled for Modern Cars

There is only one tire that gives you all the protection from blowouts, quick stopping, easy steering and quiet running of a General Super-Squeegee.

But now you can get all these Super-Squeegee features and more in your choice of two ultra-modern stylings. Either enhance the beauty of any car.

Whether you select the new General Whiteway or the sleek new General Whitewall, you are assured of complete freedom from tire worry . . . and distinctive appearance that says "Top Quality" at a glance.

THE
GENERAL
TIRE

. . . Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

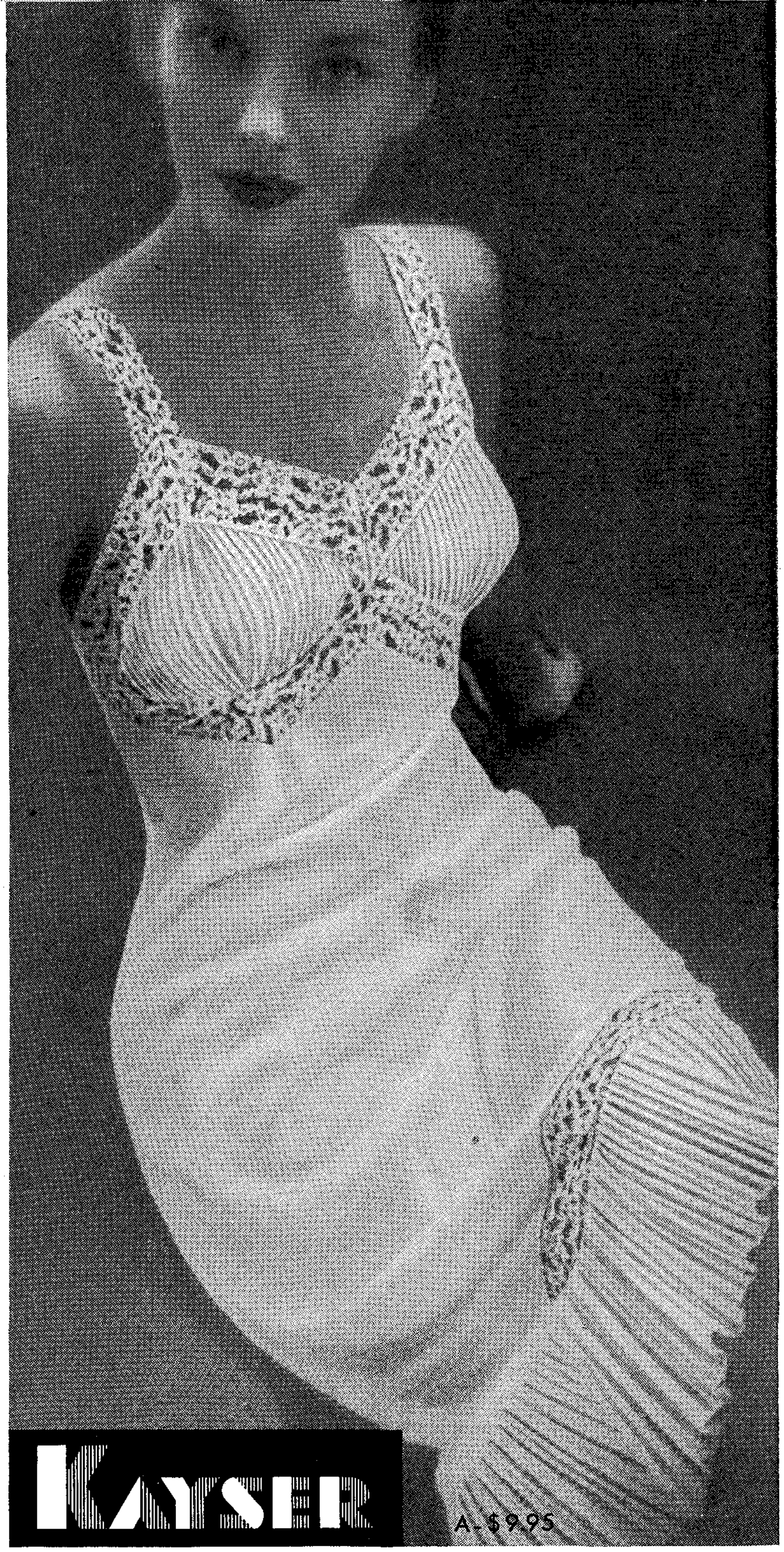
Only Kayser

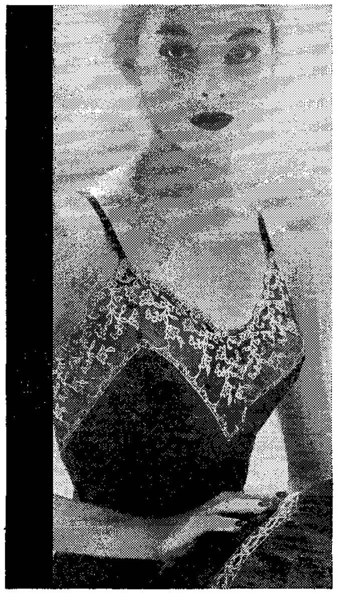
makes these nylon pretties at practical prices!

All the magic of nylon tricot . . . plus permanent "butterfly" pleating! White or black, sizes 32-42.

A—**"Cover-up girl"**. . . the slip for sheers. Extra wide lace straps! **$9.95**

B—**"Slim princess"**. . . lavish with Kayser's trellised nylon lace embroidery! **$12.95**

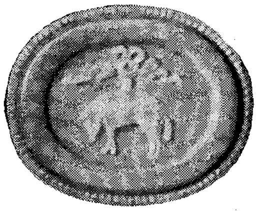




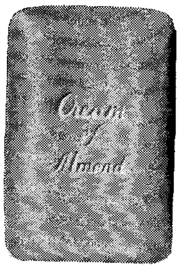
Hosiery, Gloves, Lingerie, Girdles, Infants' and Children's Underwear

THE QUALITY NAME IN FINE SOAPS—

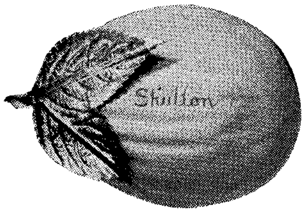
Shulton



Lanolin Soap, 6 cakes 2.00



Cream of Almond Soap, 4 cakes **1.50**



Almonds of Fine Soap, 3 cakes 2.00
(Pliofilm wrapped, topped with gold leaf, beautifully gift packaged)

SHULTON
New York Toronto

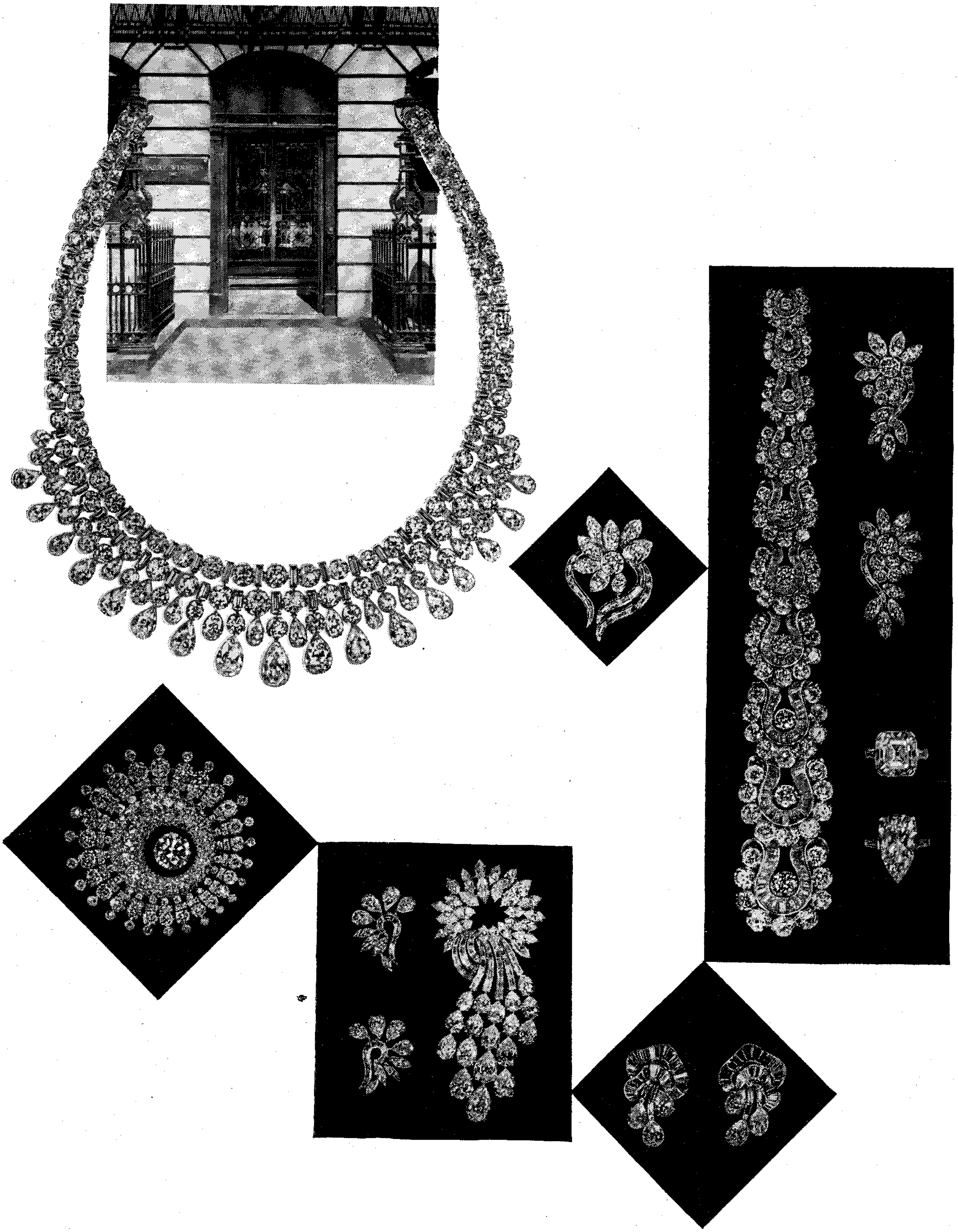
Shulton also makes the famous soaps:
Early American Old Spice, Friendship's Garden, Desert Flower, each in Toilet and Bath Sizes

PRICE INCLUDES FEDERAL TAX

THE PAUL REVERE BOWL IN STERLING SILVER, EIGHT SIZES $5.50 to $485.00

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Rare Jewels of the World
7 East 51st Street, New York

Harry Winston, Inc.

Chantilly *by* **HOUBIGANT**

THE "Perfume that Clings"

A fragrance that
invites romance and gaiety...
as irresistibly alluring
as black Chantilly lace.

Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet
New perfume discovery! Made with
a lasting sachet base, this creamy
liquid fragrance clings
hour after hour!

Chantilly Perfume $7.50 to $35
Eau de Toilette $3.95, $2.75; Bath Powder $3.95, $1.50;
Liquid Skin Sachet $1.85
(All prices plus tax.)

Dining car of
The Silver Meteor,
Seaboard Railroad Streamliner

Dinner served, dining car forward

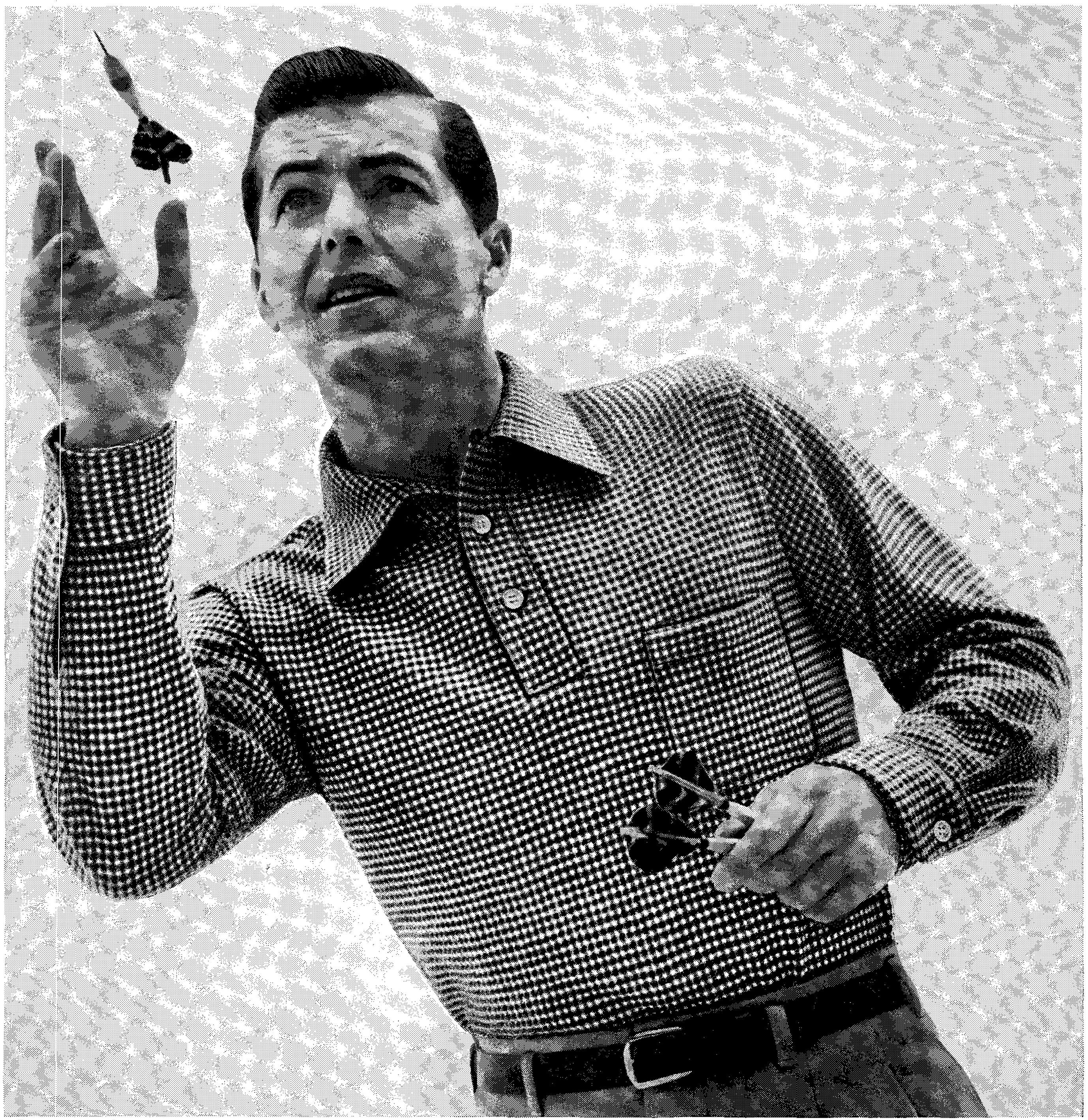
Pleasant dining is made even pleasanter aboard this famous Florida Streamliner with Simtex table napery, snowy-white and inviting . . . thanks to the exclusive Basco finish.

There's attractive, dutiful Simtex napery for your home, too.

Simtex

Simtex Mills, 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.
Division of Simmons Company,
Makers of the famous Beautyrest Mattress

SIMTEX COVERS MORE TABLES THAN ANY OTHER MAKER IN AMERICA



7 oz. worsted jersey in maroon, navy, brown check.

YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MOST COMFORTABLE MAN IN FOND du LAC

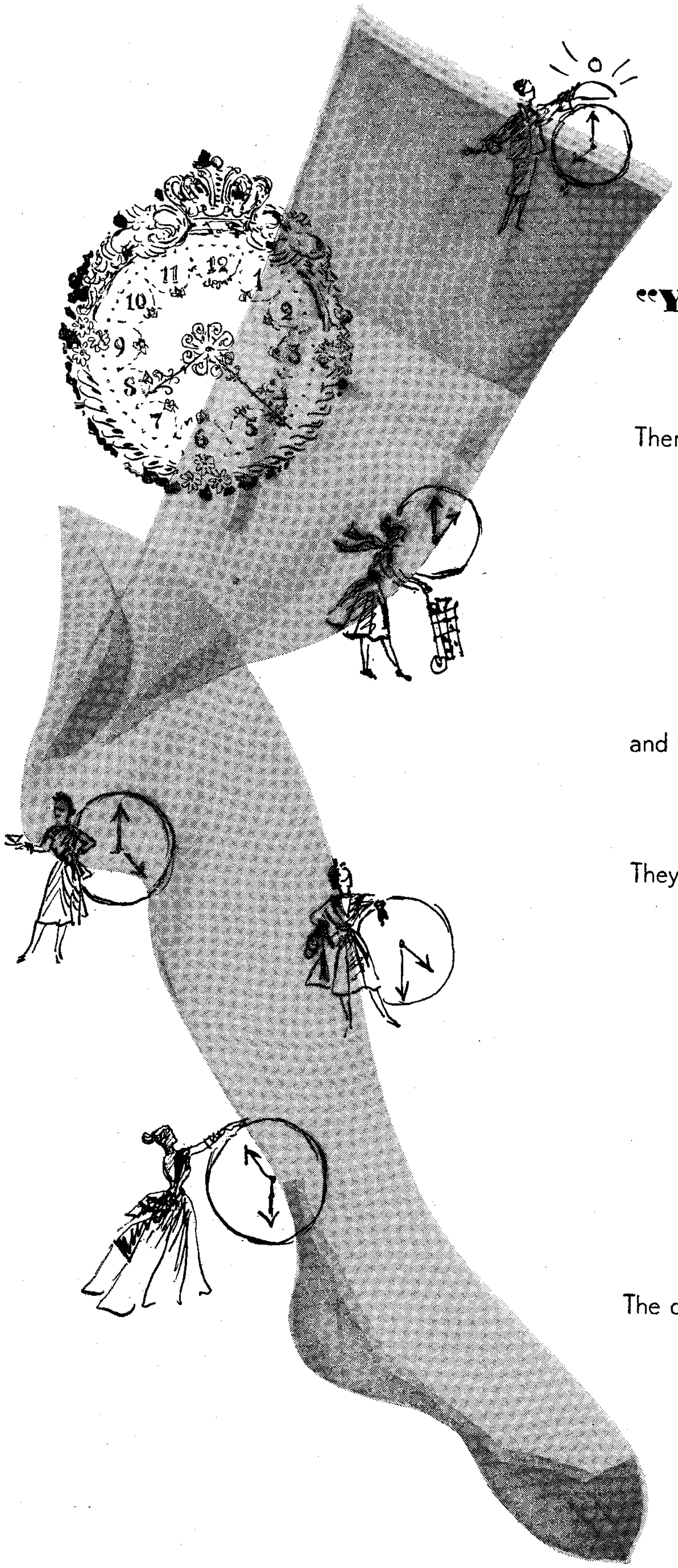
His aim is pure pleasure and he's hit it! For this man is enjoying worsted jersey, the most exhilarating fabric that ever went into a sport shirt. No other fabric knows how to relax so well and make you look the better for it. Alive with a jersey "bounce" it follows your every motion, erases wrinkles so you stay neat whether you bend, swing or dart. Highly absorbent, it is the ideal all-climate fabric that never lets up on giving you *leisure.* Famous maker, CISCO, styles Heller's tri-tone jersey check with the consideration it deserves. The "Gamester" is single-needled from its new cone shaped collar right down to its reinforced cuffs. The price? $10.95. Short sleeves ($8.95). Small, medium, large, extra large. Nothing nicer could happen to you.

Wherever you live, it's better living in jersey . . . Heller jersey

at these fine stores:

Boyd's, St. Louis • Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D. C. • Wallachs, N. Y. or write CISCO Casuals, 16 East 34th Street, New York 16

B. ALTMAN & CO. **FIFTH AVENUE**



those lovely McCallum nylons . . .

"You just know she wears them"

Know why? Because . . .

There's a type for every activity of the day . . .

- For career or house-keeping
  30 denier 51 gauge, pair **1.50**
- For afternoon shopping or theater
  15 denier 51 gauge, pair **1.65**
- For evening dining and dancing
  15 denier 60 gauge, pair **1.95**

and for special costume smartness

- 15 denier with heels shaded in black, brown or navy, pair **1.65**

They're in colors keyed to every fashion shade . . .

- Campaign . . . a rosy beige that's perfect with the whole blue range and with important ruby red tones
- Bolero . . . a warm, light beige to flatter greens, beige or greys
- Cinnalark . . . a rosy-grey tone designed for Winter red, greys, navy, rust or black
- Peter Pan . . . a wonderful neutral that you'll love with green, red, black or wine.

The delicate blue top-stripes indicate best fit for you . . .

1 stripe, short, sizes 8 1/2 to 10
2 stripes, average, sizes 9 1/2 to 11
3 stripes, tall, sizes 9 1/2 to 11

Altman hosiery, main floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset. Come in, write or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000 on orders over 3.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were present the other morning at a charming interchange between a lady and her small granddaughter, the subject of their conversation being school and the return thereto in the crisp fall. It was clear from the start that the grandmother was trying to establish some sort of common ground and that the going was tough. "You'll sing songs again, won't you?" she asked. The child, who had completed one year of kindergarten with honors, nodded in happy expectation. "You'll sing 'Come, little leaves, said the wind one day, come o'er the meadow with me and play . . .' " The schoolgirl's face clouded over. "That's not what we sing," she replied sharply. "We sing 'Three little zippers on my snow suit, fastened up as snug as snug can be.' " The grandmother, still dreaming of those dresses of red and gold, of summer's departure and the growing cold of days, kept plugging. "We used to sing another song," she ventured, "that went, 'Oh, I am the little New Year, oh, ho! Here I come tripping it over the snow . . .' " "How does the rest of that one go?" asked the child, suspiciously. "It goes, 'Shaking my bells with a merry din, so open your doors and let me in.' " The child shook her head violently, as though to put an end to this weird balladry. "We don't," she announced. "We sing about the zippers." There was a crushing finality in her manner; the two females were poles apart, one with her nostalgic affection for the remembered world, the other with her staunch defense of things that are—of the real world of song, with no nonsense or oh ho.

Pebbles from Rhodes

A GREEK freighter, the Nea Hellas, put in at Hoboken a week or so ago carrying as ballast forty-five tons of black pebbles from Rhodes. The pebbles were a gift to the United Nations from the Greek government, which, following the recent war, took over control of Rhodes from Italy. (Earlier, the island had been ruled by Turks, Saracens, and Knights Hospitalers, and even by natives, but enough of that—this is a story about pebbles.) The whole thing began a couple of years ago, when an outfit known as the American Association for the United Nations dreamed up the notion of having the children of this country make some sort of present to the new U.N. headquarters. The A.A. for the U.N. asked the U.N. Planning Committee if there was anything it would especially like. The Committee replied that the blueprints called for a fountain in the paved court in front of the Secretariat Building, that the U.N. hadn't money enough for the fountain, and that if the children were willing . . . Quick as a wink, the A.A. for the U.N. got down on all fours and organized a fountain drive among the kiddies, and the sound of the smashing of piggy banks was heard in our land. When it died away, the U.N. was in receipt of fifty thousand dollars, give or take a sticky penny or so.

The designers of the fountain had in mind a low stone basin that would fit inside the circular space formed by the ramps leading to and from the subterranean U.N. garage. Two jets of water were to arch across the basin, and the bottom of the basin was to be covered to a depth of two or three inches with serpentine bands of pebbles, alternately black and white, to provide a pleasant rippling effect. The fountain was got under way, and all went well until the designers were asked to line up the pebbles—ninety tons of them. Michael Harris, assistant director of the U.N. Planning Committee and the source of our pebble information, told us that the white ones proved comparatively easy to locate; among several possible varieties, the designers settled for pebbles of gleaming Alabama marble. Black pebbles were something else again. The only place in the country that had black pebbles in quantity was Point Lobos State Park, near Carmel, California, which could scarcely be expected to part with forty-five tons of them. In despair, someone suggested painting the bottom of the basin with wavy black and white lines, but the suggestion was dismissed as aesthetically offensive. Besides, paint wears off. At that point, a U.N. architect named Shaw happened to mention the problem in a letter to a friend in Santa Barbara—a Mrs. Davis, who had paid a visit to Rhodes a short while before—and she recalled that the island was practically awash with black pebbles. Mrs. Davis wrote to a friend in Athens, who enlisted the aid of the field representative of the Mutual Security Agency in Rhodes, who explained the situation to the Governor-General of the Dodecanese Islands (of which Rhodes is one), who wrote the U.N. that he'd be glad to furnish any amount of black pebbles. By then, however, a fresh difficulty had arisen. The U.N. had exceeded its kiddie-imposed budget on the fountain and had no money left with which to buy the darned pebbles, much less pay the cost of shipping them from Rhodes. After weeks of frantic correspondence back and forth, the pebble dilemma reached the desk of Sophocles Venizelos, Acting Premier and Foreign Minister of Greece. Venizelos, a man who can see the big picture, told the U.N., in effect, "O.K., we'll *give* you the pebbles."

Lindos, a small village on the coast of Rhodes, has abundant black pebbles of uniform size, and, receiving the high sign from Venizelos, the Governor-

General promptly set the wives of the Lindos fishermen to work gathering them. In a month's time, they had filled seven hundred and sixty burlap bags. The Greek government then arranged for the Nea Hellas to bring the pebbles here as ballast, and early last week they were laid in neat serpentine bands on the bottom of the fountain, along with the white marble pebbles from Alabama. We stopped off at the U.N. to look at the fountain a day or so later, and we congratulate the children of America and the government of Greece on a fine present. The jets were playing over the basin, and the sun was shining down through the water onto the glistening pebbles, and the effect was pleasant and rippling, as it was planned to be.

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A sign in Lewis & Conger advertises a Personalized Coat of Arms.

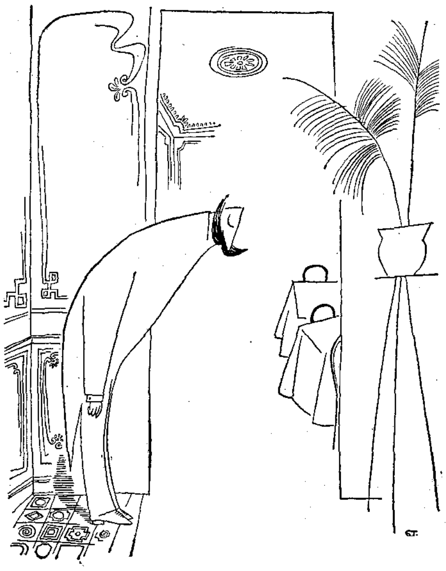
The Department of Commerce has a National Committee on Wood Utilization, which has a Subcommittee on Uses for Secondhand Boxes and Odd Pieces of Lumber.

The window of a shop called Southland Casuals, in Los Angeles, was recently featuring a wedding gown.

Chopped Air

THE world's loudest siren, fastened to the bed of a Civil Defense truck, was loaded onto a ferryboat in Slip No. 5 at South Ferry, in lower Manhattan, one sunny morning last week, taken out into the Upper Bay, and given a series of tests—the first time a siren this loud had ever been tested over water. New York, which has five hundred and seventy-nine sirens—or more than any other city in the country—but none as big as this one, may buy it and stick it on Governors Island to cover an acoustical dead spot around Bedloe's Island. Aboard the ferry, along with city officials, newspapermen, and photographers, was our temerarious Mr. Stanley, who returned from the excursion shortly after noon. He deposited on our desk a bottle that had once held nerve medicine and now contained a log written in an erratic hand, and then slunk off to bed. The notes, deciphered, read as follows:

"Up anchor at five bells and made way to bow, where orange truck carrying huge red siren, shaped like a wheelless tractor with horns in the back, was surrounded by Civil Defense Director Arthur W. Wallander, in light-blue double-breasted suit, and others, some carrying strange instruments. Photographers shooting pictures of officials and military officers and throwing bulbs overboard. Small man in seersucker suit stuffing cotton into everybody's pockets. Gray-haired man with rimless glasses and wearing gray suit with blue-and-red pinstripes, well-blocked fedora, and brown leather gloves seated on seat behind motor of siren, monkeying with levers. Learned he was Arthur G. Cunnings, representative of Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engine Corporation. 'Hold your hands over your ears, everybody!' dark-haired photographer called out, then snapped picture and flung bulb overboard. Cunnings hopped down. 'We guarantee a hundred and thirty-eight decibels a hundred feet from throat,' he said. 'Engine is a hundred-and-eighty-horsepower Chrysler V-8 Industrial. The American Blower Corporation supplied the parts for the compressor and Chrysler machined it. Choppers chop the air going through the compressor at four hundred miles a minute. Air being chopped up is what makes the noise. We guarantee a hundred and eighty-nine decibels at the throat.' 'It's a super-duper,' pronounced the A.P. man, who was wearing a baku hat, and went over to talk to an Army colonel. 'Colonel Shea?' he said. 'What's your first name?' 'Michael,' the colonel replied briskly. 'We guarantee a radius of two miles,' Cunnings said, 'but under favorable conditions it's good for four. I've started this thing up five hundred times and never been bothered by the noise yet. I use Flents.' Off the port bow, the Gripsholm slid by in the haze. Our captain blew his whistle. Cunnings said the first test was about to start and everybody but the technicians with decibel meters should go upstairs. Two men wearing coveralls jumped out of the cab of the truck and showed everybody their Flents.



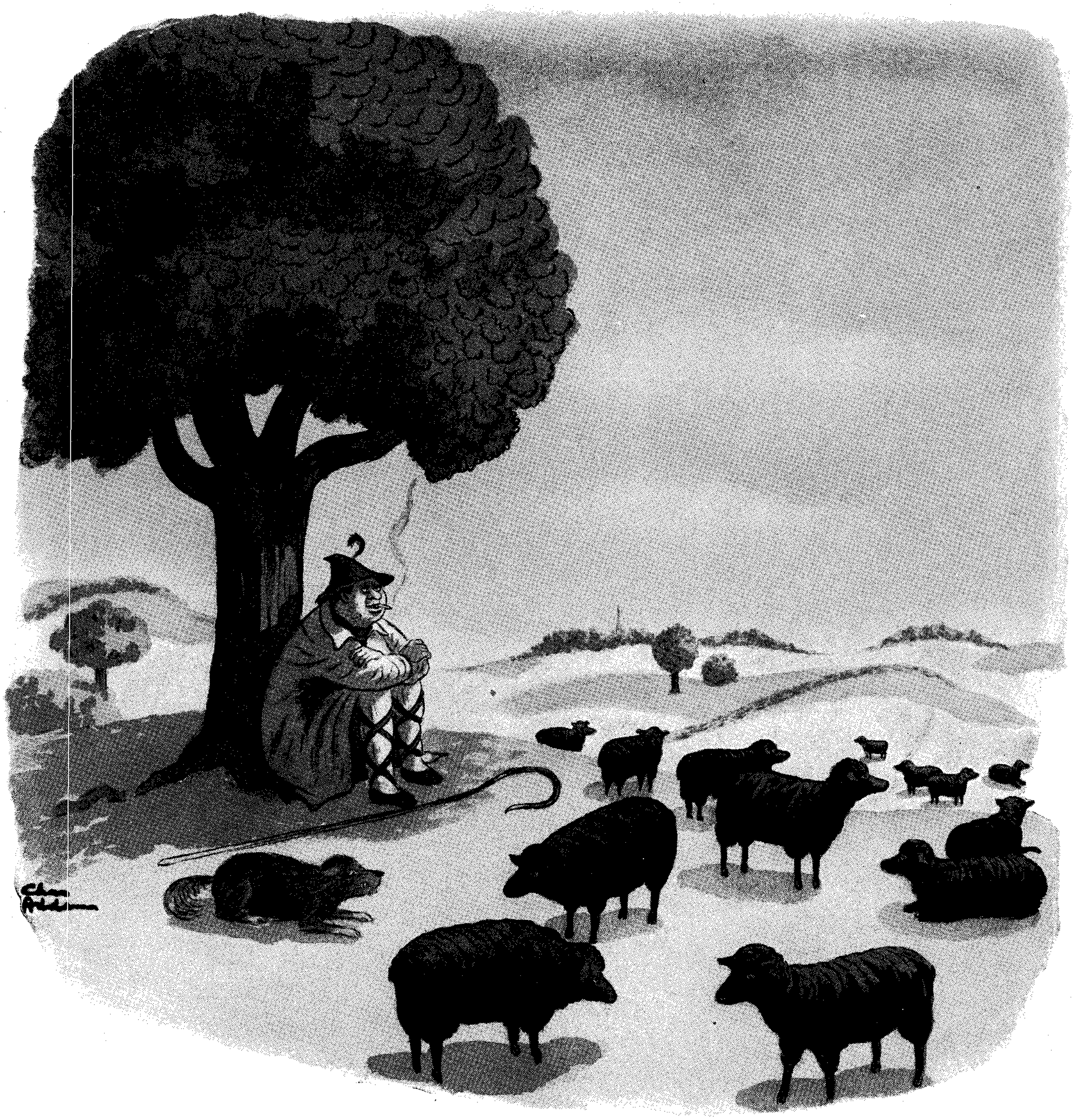
"Checked cotton in pocket and went to upper deck, where posted self near rail next to man in dark suit holding large megaphone. Cunnings leaped into seat on siren, looked mischievous, started motor, and pressed a lever. I plunged handful of cotton into each ear. Sound from siren rose and rose. Faces tense. Felt tingling in feet through steel deck, then tingling in spine, then ringing in head that lasted a minute, and then feet got it again as pitch went down to nothing. Man with instrument that looked like large silver flashlight with wire mesh on end came running upstairs. Man with megaphone removed cotton from ears. I did, too. 'How was it on your meter?' he asked man with odd instrument. 'Loud,' man answered. He scampered back to lower deck. Only sound now was siren motor chugging. 'Going to be five more tests,' man with megaphone announced. Cunnings came upstairs, and *Times* man asked where he from. 'Westchester County,' said Cunnings. 'This is all extracurricular with me. I'm a heavy-diesel man.' Could make out Statue of Liberty, pale green off port bow. 'Siren weighs eight thousand pounds,' said Cunnings. 'Costs five thousand five hundred. For everybody. No politics.' 'When's the next blast?' the man with the megaphone asked Cunnings. 'Right now,' said Cunnings, his face lighting up. He hurried downstairs. I walked to stern of boat, plunged cotton into ears, and watched the gulls."

◆

ON a train to Bronxville: "And there she was, hair stringing over her face, wrinkled skirt, sloppy shoes—you know, that Connecticut look."

Surprise!

WAIT till you hear about the recent harrowing experience of Harry Donohue, a sculptor, mostly of religious works, who lives in the township of Ossining! Mr. Donohue, a forty-five-year-old widower who has three children and to whom we were introduced in the course of a weekend we spent up the Hudson, occupies a two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old house on the bank of the river. Well, at four o'clock on a recent Sunday afternoon, while his children were away on Long Island and he was at home alone, he heard an odd noise in a cellar room right off the kitchen—an ancient, rock-walled chamber with a brick floor, which he had made into a storeroom.



• •

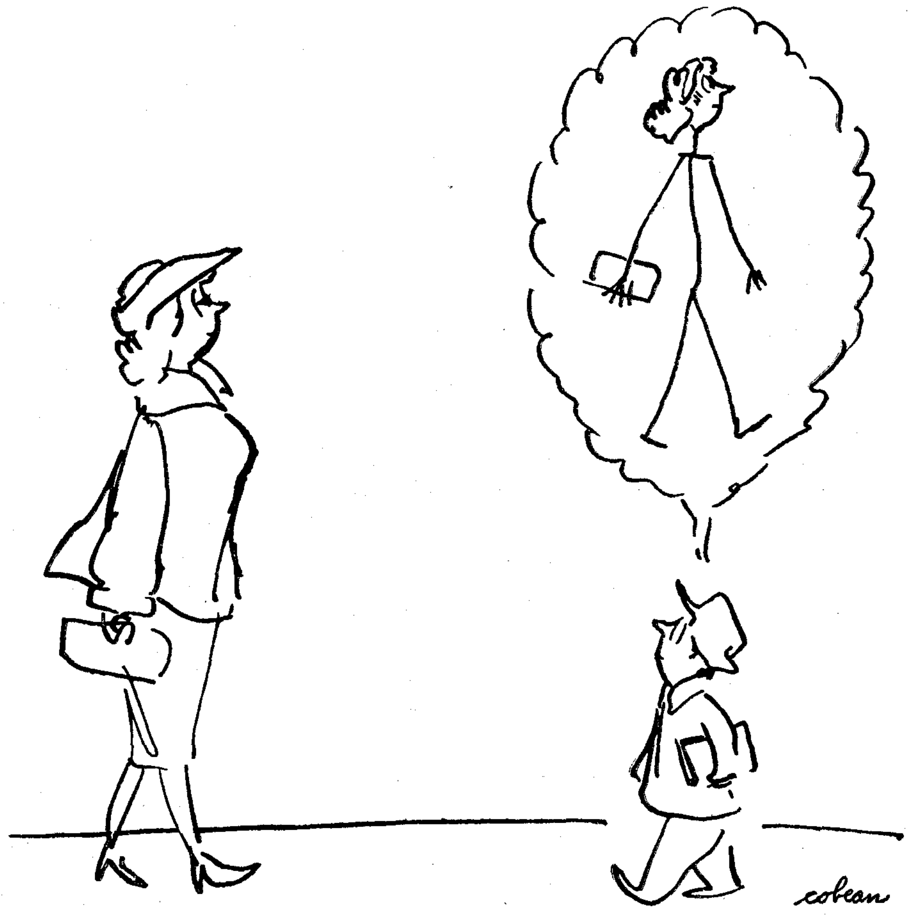
"I heard this strange clatter," Mr. Donohue told us, "and I thought it must be an animal, and a rather large one at that. The reason I thought it must be an animal was that once, years ago, my mother—who died in 1949 at the age of eighty—suddenly screamed. She had reached into a closet for a mop and had grabbed a skunk instead. The skunk had its head caught in a coffee percolator, and the only way I could think of at the moment to get rid of him was to shoot him. Gee, the place stank for months. Anyhow, this time I grabbed my rifle and a flashlight, and I opened the cellar-room door. There was a big cabinet in the room, full of canned goods, and it was tipped over. 'My God!' I thought. 'What kind of animal could do that!' Then I noticed the floor had disappeared, or at least a hunk of it about four feet in diameter, and the cabinet had fallen into the hole and got stuck. I flashed my light down the hole, but I couldn't see bottom. I didn't know what to make of it. If I had stepped out of bed and landed on a ten-thousand-foot cloud I couldn't have been more surprised. I thought maybe the earth had just opened up and the whole place was going, and I went to a neighbor's and had a few drinks."

Mr. Donohue said that as soon as he regained his composure, he realized what must have happened—and what, it developed, undoubtedly had happened. His cellar had fallen into a mine shaft. The area he lives in was once the scene of spirited mining operations. In Revolutionary days, or perhaps even earlier, some silver mines were worked there, and in 1820 a vein of copper—never successfully exploited—was discovered in the region. Whether Mr. Donohue has been perched all these years above silver or copper is uncertain today, but he seems unquestionably to have been living on top of a covered-over mine shaft. A couple of hundred feet below the level of his house and close to the present edge of the Hudson, there's a blocked-up cave opening that has always been thought of as a mine entrance, and a hundred feet or so to the east of Mr. Donohue's house there's an old shaft opening that he himself filled in several years ago, when it occurred to him his children might tumble into it while at play. He has concluded that somebody must have built the house he lives in spang on top of still another shaft, which, while covered over, was something less than plugged. "It's a queer thing that anybody should have wanted to build on a place like that," he told us, "unless they somehow used the shaft for air-conditioning. As a matter of fact, I've often heard funny noises—I guess they were the top of the shaft slowly crumbling—but you know how it is with such an old house. I just figured that maybe the place was haunted, and let it go at that. Who would ever think of a mine shaft! I'd always been sure the house was built on solid rock." He laughed, but without much merriment.

Mr. Donohue has had the shaft filled in with dirt and stone—fifteen large truckloads—and sealed off with a thick layer of cement. It cost him a couple of hundred dollars. He didn't have any insurance that would cover such a contingency, and the municipal authorities, while interested in and sympathetic to his plight, said they were sorry but the cave-in had occurred on private property and was beyond their jurisdiction. Mr. Donohue doesn't know how deep his shaft is, or was. While repairs were being made, an intrepid workman went down sixty feet on a rope—below ground, the shaft increased in diameter to something like twelve feet—but after getting that far lost his enthusiasm and asked to be hauled up. In a niche in the wall near the surface, Donohue found a heavy, rusted old iron key; what it once opened he has no idea. "Maybe there's a chest buried somewhere under the house," he told us. "Captain Kidd is rumored to have prowled around this neighborhood." Donohue's children are the envy of their schoolmates for having lived in such unusual and precarious circumstances, but their father is less enthusiastic about the whole affair. "When something opens up like that, it makes you stop and wonder if there's anything substantial in the world," he said. He has nonetheless decided to stay put. "I'm fairly well convinced that nothing like this will happen again—I hope," he told us.

New Navy

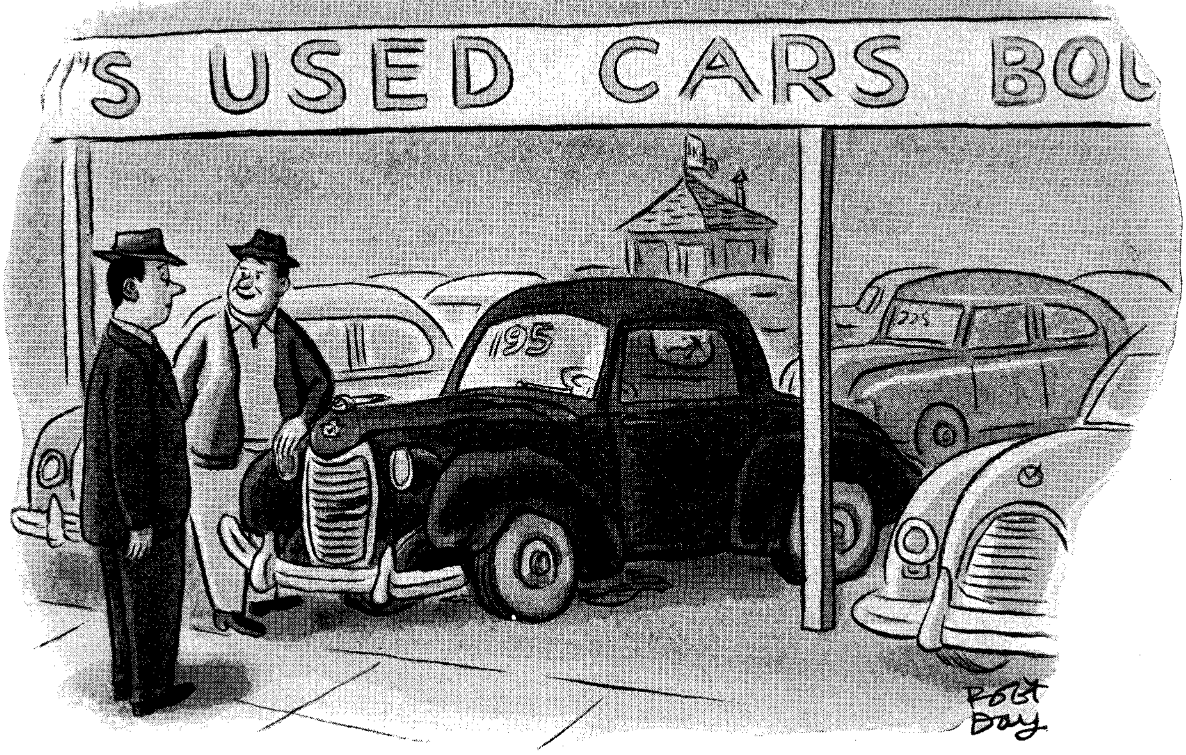
DOWNING a quick carrot juice in a health-food bar, a man found himself next to two sailors, each sipping a vitamin cocktail. He waited until they had left, and then asked the proprietor whether he got much Navy trade. "Oh, yes" was the reply. "All Medical Corps, though."



Bali High

WE popped over to the Hotel Schuyler, on West Forty-fifth Street, one afternoon last week to see how things were going with the Dancers of Bali, a troupe of thirty-two men and nine girls recently arrived from the South Seas via London and regarded by old Far Eastern hands as the most significant expression of the Orient to come along since temple bells. In the lobby of the Schuyler, we saw a small, round, soft-featured lady of café-au-lait complexion, who was studying an aerial photograph of New York City. "How do you do?" we said cordially. The lady, who was done up in a kind of sari, giggled. She was joined by several other ladies, similarly clad, and they also giggled. We abandoned them reluctantly and sought out the manager of the hotel, who informed us that his name was Mr. Day and that he was devoted to his Balinese guests. "This is a quiet residential hotel, and these are quiet residential guests," he said. "They and their managers and helpers take up four floors—thirty rooms, fifteen baths, and twelve kitchenettes—and they have three thousand pounds of rice stowed in their quarters to keep them in shape. When they arrived, they had forty-six identical pieces of luggage, and I tell you it was hard to figure out how to tell one bag from another. However, since they're all wild about doubling up and even *tripling* up, it didn't make much difference where we put their gear. As it stands, we've got two, three, and four in a room, and four of their own chefs are turning out their food. They eat off paper plates and the chefs cook on four-burner gas stoves in the kitchenettes. Some people think they cook on fires in the middle of their quarters, but naturally this is not so. For a while, they played a good deal with the self-service elevators and liked to kind of jabber on the phones, but now their manager, Mr. John Coast, is teaching them how to say 'Eight-eleven,' or whatever, to get in touch with their friends on other floors. They're all in the top of the house. Maybe you'd like to talk to Mr. Coast."

We said we should like very much to talk to Mr. Coast, and Mr. Day escorted us to the tenth, or top, floor of the Schuyler, where we were met by the impresario himself—a lank, reflective Englishman—and a dark, intense lady, whose name we caught as Miss Drury. She informed us that she was a lover of Balinese dancing from way back. “The Balinese are to the Javanese what the Academy of Music is to boogie-woogie,” she said. “The Balinese have resisted every foreign invasion, because they refuse to conform and have very few ports anyhow. When the Dutch, who meant no harm, moved into Bali, the royal family welcomed them and then committed suicide, or so I’ve heard. This left a terrible onus on the Dutch. Now, since the Indonesian Republic was established, the Javanese are fining Balinese people for being photographed in the semi-nude. Obviously unfair.”



“Here’s a fine buy for a chap who likes to tinker.”

We thanked Miss Drury, who, it developed, had spent some months in Bali with her husband, an ethnologist, and asked Mr. Coast how he had come to get wrapped up in the Balinese. “I might point out,” he said, casting a cold eye at Miss Drury, “that my wife is a Javanese. But I presume you want to know how my interest in Indonesian dancing was aroused.” We told him that was the general idea. “I am British,” said Mr. Coast, “and was captured at the fall of Singapore, and the Japanese put us to building the railway from Siam to Burma. I wrote a book about this, called ‘The Royal Road of Death,’ which you may know. A lot of us did die. But no matter! I started to learn Malay, and while working on the railway I came across my first Indonesian dancer. I can’t say that I was any authority on dancing—I’d been in the City before the war—but I almost instantly became a balletomane, and I suppose the zenith of my fond fanaticism was reached when *three of my Balinese were photographed,* only the other day, with Margot Fonteyn, of Sadler’s Wells. After I was released by the Japanese—*just* alive, mind you—I set about finding some more dancers, and came upon some students in Holland. Made quite a splash in 1946 with these Indonesians in London—nineteen people and a gramophone—and then in 1948 I went back to Jogjakarta to work as political adviser to the Indonesian Republic. Sukarno, the President, asked me what I really wanted, and I said, ‘Dancing, not politics,’ and so, later on, he got these dancers subsidized to the extent of seventy-five thousand dollars. Two years have been spent on this production.” Mr. Coast went on to inform us that, from an aesthetic point of view, the very finest dance of the Balinese is known as the Legong, which is danced by three pre-pubescent girls. When they’re older, they dance the Djanger, which is a sort of kicking Legong around. His dancers learned to dance the Legong from an old lady named Gusti Madé Sengoh, which means Lady Second-Born Sengoh.

Mr. Coast then accompanied us to the quarters occupied by the Balinese, where we found only one resident—a gentleman—at home. He was introduced as Anak Agung Gdé Mandera, which is to say the Great Lord of the Second Caste Mandera, who is the foremost musician and the champion cook of the Balinese outfit. He was loitering over a large pot in a kitchenette. “He’s got to be getting along to a rehearsal,” Mr. Coast said, and Anak Agung Gdé Mandera hit the road. “The Balinese,” Mr. Coast went on, “are full of *ramé,* or extreme sociability, and if they had their way, there’d be more *ramé* in this hotel than there is at present. But I guess there are laws against that.”

Miss Drury, who suddenly turned up alongside us, remarked, “The Javanese have no *ramé.*”

“No *ramé*?” Mr. Coast began ominously. Before he could go further, we beat it.

Mysteries of Commerce

A LOCAL lady whose parents have lived abroad for many years received a letter from her mother saying that she had ordered, by mail, a few odds and ends from Bloomingdale and asking her to check up on them. The daughter did so, and a few days later she got the following card from the store:

DEAR MRS. B——:

We received a letter from your mother Mrs. Carter in France ordering twelve tubes of glippett and two boxes of frownies.

The glippetts have been sent to you, but we do not carry the other merchandise and are unable to obtain any for your mother.

If we can serve you further, please let us know.

Very truly yours,
BLOOMINGDALE BROS.
MARY BOETTCHER
Mail Order Service

Couple of days later, a Bloomingdale package arrived, jam-packed with frownies, which turned out to be anti-wrinkle face patches. No sign of a glippett. Probably unobtainable, the daughter has concluded, and, what with one thing and another, she’s going to let the matter ride.

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

VINTAGE SWINE

SOME Hollywood flack, in a burst of inspiration, dubbed him the Man You Love to Hate. He was a short man, almost squat, with a vulpine smirk that told you, the moment his image flashed upon the screen, that no wife or bank roll must be left unguarded. The clean-shaven bullethead, the glittering monocle, and the ramrod back (kept rigid by a corset, it was whispered) were as familiar and as dear to the moviegoing public as the Pickford curls or Eugene O'Brien's pompadour. No matter what the background of the picture was—an English drawing room, a compartment on the Orient Express, the legation quarter of Peiping—he always wore tight-fitting military tunics, flaunted an ivory cigarette holder, and kissed ladies' hands profusely, betraying them in the next breath with utter impartiality. For sheer menace, he made even topnotch vipers like Lew Cody, Ivan Lebedeff, and Rockliffe Fellowes seem harmless bumpkins by comparison. He was the ace of cads, a man without a single redeeming feature, the embodiment of Prussian Junkerism, and the greatest heavy of the silent film, and his name, of course, was Erich von Stroheim.

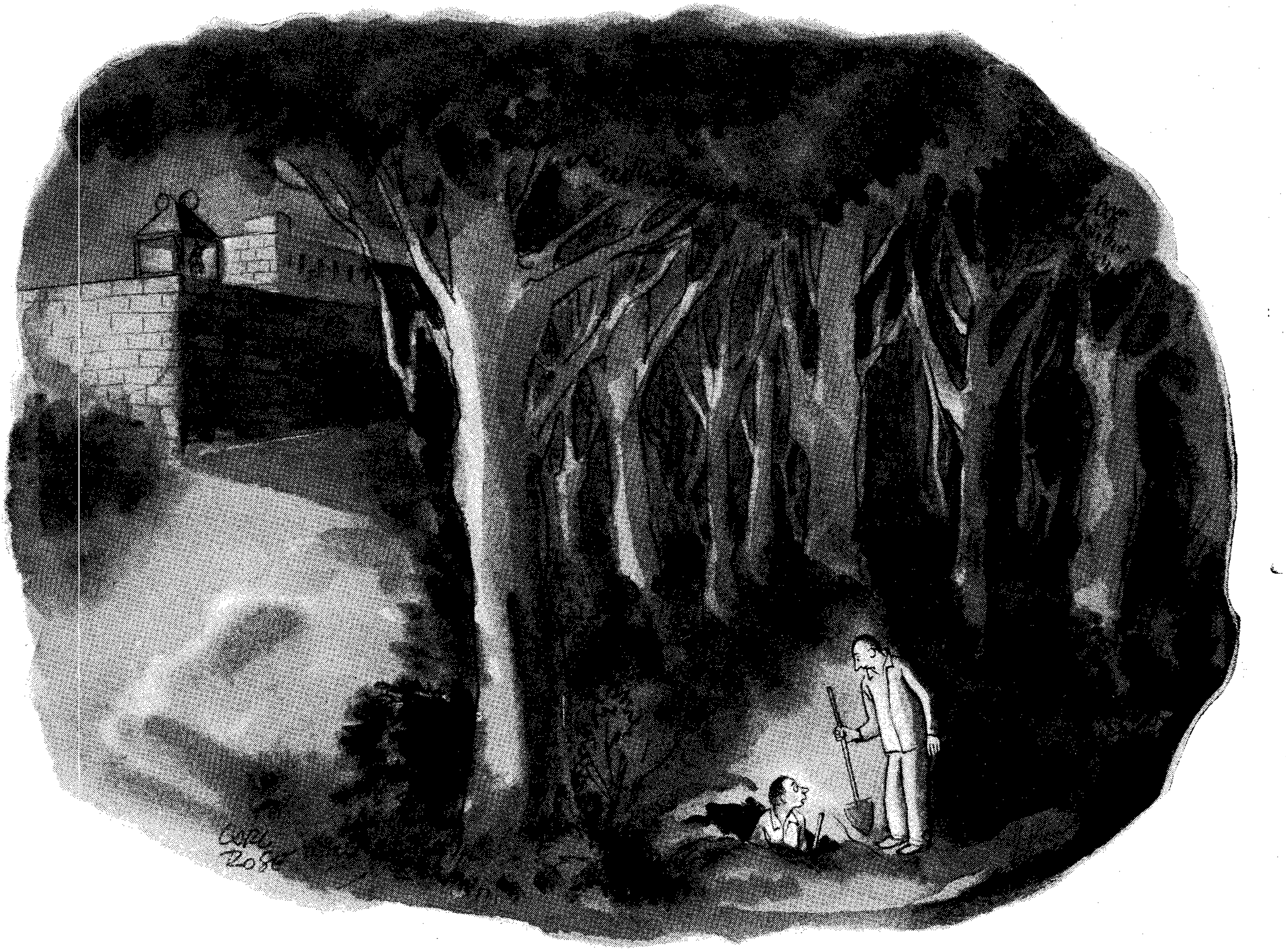
I first saw him in a tempestuous drama, presented by Carl Laemmle in 1919, called "Blind Husbands," which von Stroheim, with cyclonic energy, had adapted into a photoplay, and directed, from "The Pinnacle," a novel he had also written. Actually, I must have seen him three years earlier as the Second Pharisee in the Judean movement of "Intolerance," wearing a fright wig and a gaudy toga and heckling the Nazarene, but there was so much Biblical flapdoodle flying around that I was too confused to peg him.

The picture that definitely canonized von Stroheim for me, though, was "Foolish Wives," a gripping exposé of the swindlers who were popularly supposed to prey on rich Americans in Monte Carlo. In this 1922 chef-d'oeuvre, he impersonated a spurious Russian noble named Ladislaw Sergius Von Karamzin, as ornery a skunk as ever flicked a riding crop against a boot. Everything about him seemed to me touched with enchantment: his stiff-necked swagger, his cynical contempt for the women he misused, and, above all, his dandyism—the monogrammed cigarettes, the dressing gowns with silk lapels, the musk he sprayed himself with to heighten his allure. For six months afterward, I exhibited a maddening tendency to click my heels and murmur "*Bitte?*" along with a facial tic as though a monocle were screwed into my eye. The mannerisms finally abated, but not until the Dean of Brown University had taken me aside and confided that if I wanted to transfer to Heidelberg, the faculty would not stand in my way.

Not long ago, the Museum of Modern Art graciously permitted me to run its copy of "Foolish Wives," on condition that if I became overstimulated or mushy, I would not pick the veneer off the chairs or kiss the projectionist. Such fears, it presently turned out, were baseless. The showing roused me to neither vandalism nor affection; in fact, it begot such apathy that I had to be given artificial respiration and sent home in a wheelbarrow. Ordinarily, I would incline to put the blame on my faulty metabolism, but this time I knew what the trouble was. A certain satanic *Schweinhund* hadn't blitzed me as he used to thirty years ago.

"Foolish Wives" upsets precedent by first investigating the seamy side of Monte Carlo instead of its glamour. We fade in on a milieu brimful of plot—the tenebrous hovel of an aged counterfeiter named Ventucci. A visit from his principal client, Count Karamzin, establishes that the latter is using Ventucci's green goods to support an opulent villa as a front for his stratagems. During their colloquy, the Count's jaded appetite is whetted by his host's nineteen-year-old daughter, a poor, daft creature fondling a rag doll. The old man stiffens. "She is my only treasure," he snaps at von Stroheim, unsheathing a stiletto. "If anyone should harm her . . ." Leaving this promissory note to be honored at whatever point von Stroheim has run his gamut, the action shifts to an exclusive hotel near the casino. Here we meet an overripe young matron with a face like a matzoth pancake, all bee-stung lips and mascara, the wife of an American millionaire called (*sic*) Howard Hughes, and played by a sluggish Mittel-europan identified in the cast of characters only as Miss Dupont. Von Stroheim ogles the lady, who seems complaisant, gets himself presented to her, and, baiting his hook with a sermon about the pitfalls of Monte Carlo, offers to introduce her to his cousins the Princesses Olga and Vera Petchnikoff. He furthermore assures her, brazenly squinting down her bodice, that they—and, of course, he—would be enraptured to act as her social sponsors. Mrs. Hughes, understandably, is *bouleversée*, and, consenting to accompany him to a water carnival several nights thence, lumbers away to loosen her stays and recover her wits. Whether she has any of either is debatable; both her figure and her deportment are so flabby that one cannot work up much moral indignation against von Stroheim. The man is earning a very hard dollar.

Disclosed next is the Villa Amorosa, the seaside lair of the Count and his confederates, Princess Olga (Maude George) and Princess Vera (Mae Busch). For my money, Mae Busch never possessed the spidery, ghoulish fascination of that consummate she-devil Jetta Goudal, but she ranked high as a delineator of adventuresses and Eurasian spies. At any rate, the two lady tricksters, far from being von Stroheim's cousins, live in what appears to be a languid state of concubinage, switching about in negligees and exchanging feline gibes. Over breakfast, the three agree on the *modus operandi* standard among movie blackmailers, whereby the Princesses are to divert Mr. Hughes while von Stroheim compromises his wife. Ventucci, meanwhile, bustles into focus in the crisp, matter-of-fact fashion of a milkman, trailed by his daughter and bringing a satchel of fresh queer just off the press. He gives off ominous rumblings when the Count behaves familiarly with the girl, but nothing more consequential than glowering results. The same is true of the water carnival that evening. Mr. Hughes, a silver-haired, phlegmatic wowser, whose civilian name escaped me in the credits, betrays mild pique at the sight of his wife paddling around the studio



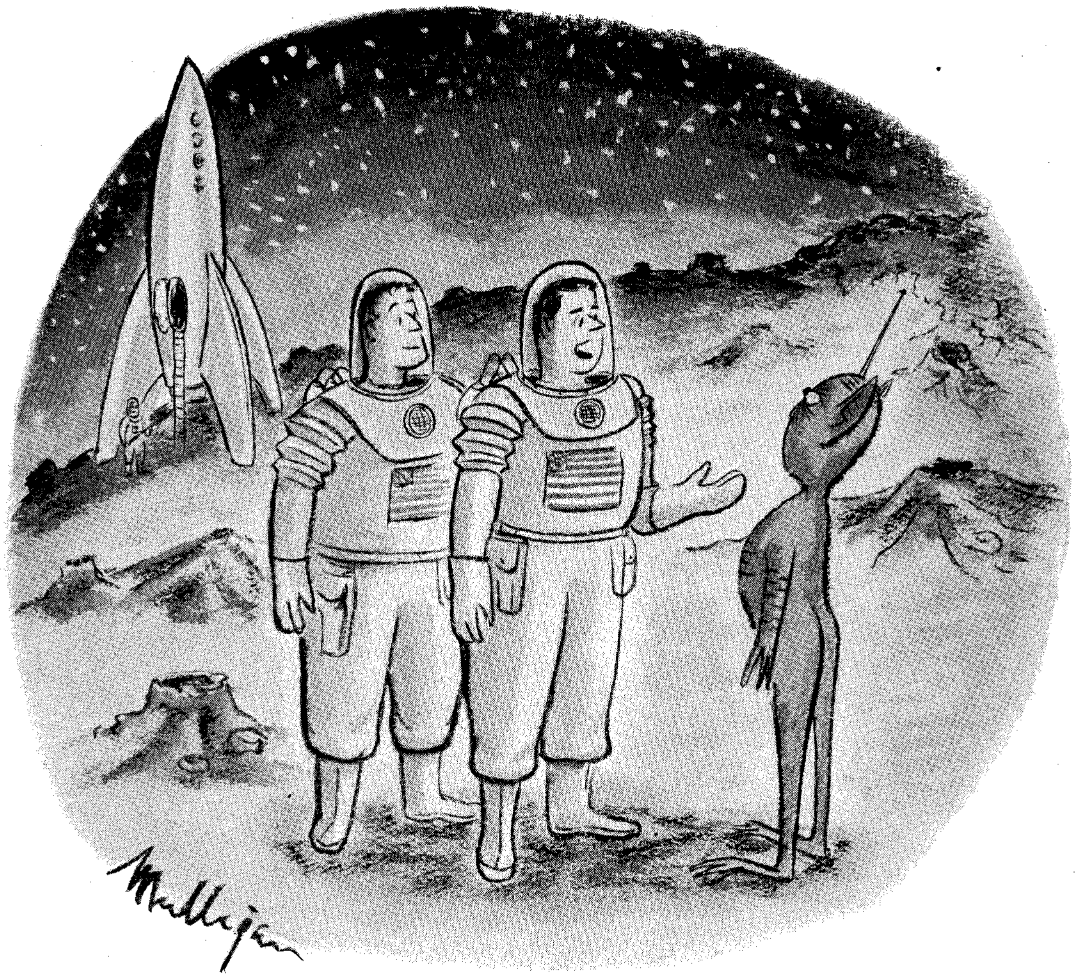
"Hey, I just remembered my stretch is up in two weeks!"

• •

tank and pelting von Stroheim with artificial roses but, after a few heavy sarcasms, relapses into torpor. Had the tempo not quickened in the ensuing scene, the picture might have ended right there for me. What with the whir of the projector and the weight of my eyelids, it took every bit of buckram I had, plus frequent pulls at a Benzedrine inhaler, to keep from sliding into the abyss.

Whittled down to essentials, the purport of the scene is that the Count takes Mrs. Hughes on an afternoon excursion, pretends to get lost in a thunderstorm, and steers her to a sinister house of assignation run by a crone called Mother Gervaise. The sole function of this unsavory character, as far as I could tell, was to persuade the young matron to doff her wet shimmy, so that von Stroheim, who has made a great show of turning his back, can stealthily appraise her in a pocket mirror—as neat a sample of voyeurism, I may add, as any ever reported by Wilhelm Stekel. After endless chin music calculated to allay her trepidation, von Stroheim has just maneuvered his sweetmeat into the horizontal when a wild-eyed anchorite reels in, ululating for shelter. Who this holy man is, the picture never explains, but his scowls put a quietus on the high jinks, and Mrs. Hughes regains her hotel next morning shopworn but chaste. Inexplicably enough, the Count does not use the incident to shake down her husband—indeed, he has Princess Vera affirm that Mrs. Hughes spent the night with her—and the whole affair mystifyingly trails off with nobody the wiser, least of all the audience.

UP to now, the element of gambling has been so ruthlessly slighted in the story that the locale might as well have been a Scottish tabernacle or the annual dance festival at Jacob's Pillow. Suddenly, however, Lady Luck rears her head beside that of Sex. In addition to his other *chinoiserie*, von Stroheim has been shacking up with a bedraggled maiden named Malishka, a servant at the villa, whom he has glibly promised to wed as soon as the Bolsheviki are deposed. To still her importunities, the Count cooks up a pitiable tale of insolvency and borrows her life savings, which he loses at roulette. Mrs. Hughes, who is also having a flutter at the wheel, observes his despair and lends him her pile of counters—a gesture that abruptly changes his luck. Strong though the temptation is to pocket his winnings, he craftily relinquishes them to his benefactress, and then, a few hours later, lures her to the Villa Amorosa with a plea that his life and honor are at stake. The rendezvous takes place in a tower room. Outside the door, Malishka crouches in a fever of jealousy, and this time generates sparks in a quite literal sense. Infuriated by her lover's endearments to Mrs. Hughes prior to easing her of ninety thousand francs, the maid locks the pair in and sets fire to the stairs. They take refuge on an exterior balcony, from which they shout appeals for help, but the other guests at the villa are absorbed in being fleeced at baccarat by the Prin-



"Parlez-vous français?"

• •

cesses and fail to respond. Hughes, meanwhile, has become increasingly worried about his wife's absence, pantomiming his solicitude by sitting on the edge of his bed and thoughtfully scratching his chin. Eventually, the Monte Carlo Fire Department, which has been snoozing under the bulldog edition of *Le Petit Monégasque*, bestirs itself, and, dashing to the scene, spreads a net under the balcony. Von Stroheim gallantly knees his companion aside and jumps first. Mrs. Hughes follows, almost hurtling through the roof of the limousine in which her husband has just driven up. Apart from the indignity of the *pompiers*' catching a glimpse of her bloomers, though, she sustains no perceptible damage, and the episode peters out, like all those preceding it, with Morpheus, the patron saint of the scenario, drowsily sharpening his quill for the next sequence.

Low as were the price of film and the salaries of actors in 1922, Mr. Laemmle and his aides must nevertheless have decided at this point in "Foolish Wives" that the consumer's patience was finite, and ordered the curtain down. The last reel, therefore, begins with Hughes' discovery, in his wife's corsage (while hunting for his pipe or a pair of shoe trees, I got the impression), of the note by which the Count had enticed her to his villa. He seeks out von Stroheim, knocks him down, and exposes his activities to the police. The Princesses are apprehended on the verge of flight, and unmasked as a couple of actresses named Maude George and Mae Busch, and now all that early scaffolding about Ventucci and his fey daughter comes in handy. Von Stroheim, in a stormy Dostoevskian finish, sneaks back to the coiner's hovel, ravishes the girl, is disembowelled by her father, and winds up being stuffed into a cistern. The concluding shot shows the Hugheses reunited—if two pieces of strudel can be said to be en rapport—lying in bed and reading, from a volume entitled "Foolish Wives," the passage "And thus it happened that disillusionment came finally to a foolish wife who found in her husband that nobility she had sought for in—a counterfeit."

THE vehicle creaks and possibly should have been left to molder in the carriage loft, yet it confirmed one opinion I had treasured for three decades. Whatever von Stroheim's shortcomings were as an artist, he was consistent. When he set out to limn a louse, he put his back into it. He never palliated his villainy, never helped old ladies across the street to show that he was a sweet kid *au fond* or prated about his Oedipus complex like the Percy boys who portray heavies today. I remember Grover Jones, a scenarist of long experience, once coaching me in Hollywood in the proper method of characterizing the menace in a horse opera. "The minute he pulls in on the Overland Stage," expounded Jones, "he should dismount and kick the nearest dog." Von Stroheim not only kicked the dog; he kicked the owner and the S.P.C.A. for good measure. With the things he has on his conscience, I don't suppose the man ever sleeps a wink. But after all, nobody needs a whole lot of sleep to keep going. You can always drop off for a jiffy—especially if there's a projector and a can of old film around.

—S. J. Perelman

• •

EXODUS

Piecemeal the summer dies;
At the field's edge a daisy lives alone;
A last shawl of burning lies
On a gray field-stone.

All cries are thin and terse;
The field has droned the summer's final mass;
A cricket like a dwindled hearse
Crawls from the dry grass.

—Richard Wilbur

NO PLACE FOR YOU, MY LOVE

THEY were strangers to each other, both fairly well strangers to the place, now seated side by side at luncheon—a party combined in a free-and-easy way when the friends he and she were with recognized each other across Galatoire's. The time was a Sunday in summer—those hours of afternoon that seem Time Out in New Orleans.

The moment he saw her little blunt, fair face, he thought that here was a woman who was having an affair. It was one of those odd meetings when such an impact is felt that it has to be translated at once into some sort of speculation.

With a married man, most likely, he supposed, slipping quickly into a groove—he was long married—and feeling more conventional, then, in his curiosity as she sat there, leaning her cheek on her hand, looking no further before her than the flowers on the table, and wearing that hat.

He did not like her hat, any more than he liked tropical flowers. It was the wrong hat for her, thought this Eastern businessman who had no interest whatever in women's clothes and no eye for them; he thought the unaccustomed thing crossly.

It must stick out all over me, she thought, so people think they can love me or hate me just by looking at me. How did it leave us—the old, safe, slow way people used to know of learning how one another feels, and the privilege that went with it of shying away if it seemed best? People in love like me, I suppose, give away the short cuts to everybody's secrets.

Something, though, he decided, had been settled about her predicament—for the time being, anyway; the parties to it were all still alive, no doubt. Nevertheless, her predicament was the only one he felt so sure of here, like the only recognizable shadow in that restaurant, where mirrors and fans were busy agitating the light, as the very local talk drawled across and agitated the peace. The shadow lay between her fingers, between her little square hand and her cheek, like something always best carried about the person. Then suddenly, as she took her hand down, the secret fact was still there—it lighted her. It was a bold and full light, shot up under the brim of that hat, as close to them all as the flowers in the center of the table.

Did he dream of making her disloyal to that hopelessness that he saw very well she'd been cultivating down here? He knew very well that he did not. What they amounted to was two Northerners keeping each other company. She glanced up at the big gold clock on the wall and smiled. He didn't smile back. She had that naïve face that he associated, for no good reason, with the Middle West—because it said "Show me," perhaps. It was a serious, now-watch-out-everybody face, which orphaned her entirely in the company of these Southerners. He guessed her age, as he could not guess theirs: thirty-two. He himself was further along.

Of all human moods, deliberate imperviousness may be the one most quickly communicated—it may be the most successful, most fatal signal of all. And two people can indulge in imperviousness as well as in anything else. "You're not very hungry either," he said.

The blades of fan shadows came down over their two heads, as he saw inadvertently in the mirror, with himself smiling at her now like a villain. His remark sounded dominant and rude enough for everybody present to listen back a moment; it even sounded like an answer to a question she might have just asked him. The other women glanced at him. The Southern look—Southern mask—of life-is-a-dream irony, which could turn to pure challenge at the drop of a hat, he could wish well away. He liked naïveté better.

"I find the heat down here depressing," she said, with the heart of Ohio in her voice.

"Well—I'm in somewhat of a temper about it, too," he said.

They looked with grateful dignity at each other.

"I have a car here, just down the street," he said to her as the luncheon party was rising to leave, all the others wanting to get back to their houses and sleep. "If it's all right with— Have you ever driven down south of here?"

Out on Bourbon Street, in the bath of July, she asked at his shoulder, "South of New Orleans? I didn't know there was any south to *here*. Does it just go on and on?" She laughed, and adjusted the exasperating hat to her head in a different way. It was more than frivolous, it was conspicuous, with some sort of glitter or flitter tied in a band around the straw and hanging down.

"That's what I'm going to show you."

"Oh—you've been there?"

"No!"

His voice rang out over the uneven, narrow sidewalk and dropped back from the walls. The flaked-off, colored houses were spotted like the hides of beasts, and breathed their heat down onto them as they walked to the car parked there.

"It's just that it couldn't be any worse—we'll see."

"All right, then," she said. "We will."

So, their actions reduced to amiability, they settled into the car—a faded-red Ford convertible with a rather threadbare canvas top, which had been standing in the sun for all those lunch hours.

"It's rented," he explained. "I asked to have the top put down, and was told I'd lost my mind."

"It's out of this world. *Degrad*ing heat," she said and added, "Doesn't matter."

The stranger in New Orleans always sets out to leave it as though following the clue in a maze. They were threading through the narrow and one-way streets, past the pale-violet bloom of tired squares, the brown steeples and statues, the balcony with the live and probably famous black monkey dipping along the railing as over a ballroom floor, past the grillwork and the latticework to all the iron swans painted flesh color on the front steps of bungalows outlying.

Driving, he spread his new map and put his finger down on it. At the intersection marked Arabi, where their road led out of the tangle and he took it, a small Negro seated beneath a black umbrella astride a box chalked "Shou Shine" lifted his pink-and-black hand and waved them languidly goodbye. She didn't miss it, and waved back.

BELOW New Orleans there was a raging of insects from both sides of the concrete highway, not quite together, like the playing of separated marching bands. The river and the levee were still on her side, waste and jungle and some occasional settlements on his—poor houses. Families bigger than housefuls thronged the yards. His nodding, driving head would veer from side to side, looking and almost lowering. As time passed and the distance from New Orleans grew, girls ever darker and younger were disposing themselves over the porches and the porch steps, with jet-black hair pulled high, and ragged palm-leaf fans rising and falling like rafts of butterflies. The children running forth were nearly always naked ones.

She watched the road. Crayfish constantly crossed in front of the wheels,

"Well, it's their funeral."

looking grim and bonneted, in a great hurry.

"How the Old Woman Got Home," she murmured to herself.

He pointed, as it flew by, at a saucepan full of cut zinnias which stood waiting on the open lid of a mailbox at the roadside, with a little note tied onto the handle.

They rode mostly in silence. The sun bore down. They met fishermen and other men bent on some local pursuits, some in sulphur-colored pants, walking and riding; met wagons, trucks, boats in trucks, autos, boats on top of autos—all coming to meet them, as though something of high moment were doing back where the car came from, and he and she were determined to miss it. There was nearly always a man lying with his shoes off in the bed of any truck otherwise empty—with the raw, red look of a man sleeping in the daytime, being jolted about as he slept. Then there was a sort of dead man's land, where nobody came. He loosened his collar and tie. By rushing through the heat at high speed, they brought themselves the effect of fans turned onto their cheeks. Clearing alternated with jungle and canebrake like something tried, tried again. Little shell roads led off on both sides; now and then a road of planks led into the yellow-green.

"Like a dance floor in there." She pointed.

He informed her, "In there's your oil, I think."

There were thousands, millions of mosquitoes and gnats—a universe of them, and on the increase.

A family of eight or nine people on foot strung along the road in the same direction the car was going, beating themselves with the wild palmettos. Heels, shoulders, knees, breasts, backs of the heads, elbows, hands, were touched in turn—like some game, each playing it with himself.

He struck himself on the forehead, and increased their speed. (His wife would not be at her most charitable if he came bringing malaria home to the family.)

More and more crayfish and other shell creatures littered their path, scuttling or dragging. These little samples, little jokes of creation, persisted and sometimes perished, the more of them the deeper down the road went. Terrapins and turtles came up steadily over the horizons of the ditches.

Back there in the margins were worse—crawling hides you could not penetrate with bullets or quite believe, grins that had come down from the primeval mud.

"Wake up." Her Northern nudge was very timely on his arm. They had veered toward the side of the road. Still driving fast, he spread his map.

Like a misplaced sunrise, the light of the river flowed up; they were mounting the levee on a little shell road.

"Shall we cross here?" he asked politely.

HE might have been keeping track over years and miles of how long they could keep that tiny ferry waiting. Now skidding down the levee's flank, they were the last-minute car, the last possible car that could squeeze on. Under the sparse shade of one willow tree, the small, amateurish-looking boat slapped the water as, expertly, he wedged on board.

"Tell him we put him on hub cap!" shouted one of the numerous olive-skinned, dark-eyed young boys standing dressed up in bright shirts at the railing, hugging each other with delight that that last straw was on board. Another boy drew his affectionate initials in the dust of the door on her side.

She opened the door and stepped out, and, after only a moment's standing at bay, started up a little iron stairway. She appeared above the car, on the tiny bridge beneath the captain's window and the whistle.

From there, while the boat still delayed in what seemed a trance—as if it were too full to attempt the start—she could see the panlike deck below, separated by its rusty rim from the tilting, polished water.

The passengers walking and jostling about there appeared oddly amateurish, too—amateur travellers. They were having such a good time. They all knew each other. Beer was being passed around in cans, bets were being loudly settled and new bets made, about local and special subjects on which they all doted. One red-haired man in a burst of wildness even tried to give away his truckload of shrimp to a man on the other side of the boat—nearly all the trucks were full of shrimp—causing taunts and then protests of "They good! They good!" from the giver. The young boys leaned on each other thinking of what next, rolling their eyes absently.

A radio pricked the air behind her. Looking like a great tomcat just above her head, the captain was digesting

IT WAS NOT I WHO POSED FOR RODIN

OR, WHY I FLUNKED PHILOSOPHY IV

Once you really get thinking about thinking,
It's worse than drinking.
You begin to think that because you think, you exist,
And you proceed to think that anything not thought about by you has no more
existence than the clench after you have unclenched your fist.
You become so involved in the spirit
That you think a noise is not a noise unless you are there to hear it,
And speaking of noise, by this time you are thinking so dreamily
That you think your voice when you listen to it in the bathtub rings out
Wagnerianly, or at least Frimly.
Your id is now cooking with iridium;
You think that a couple of Martinis improve your French in both accent and
idiom.
The only trouble is that the French have been thinking, too,
And they think faster than you,
Which they naturally have to by at least two-thirds
Just to keep up with their own words,
Because you may be the language-ropin' champion of Texas, mah deah suh,
But still they can say, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça*," quicker than you can say,
"Huh?"
Nevertheless, I think that nothing is but thinking makes it so,
And I intend to take two Martinis and sing "Frère Jacques" in my bath and
think the French into talking slow.

—Ogden Nash

* *

the news of a fine stolen automobile.

At last a tremendous explosion burst—the whistle. Everything shuddered in outline from the sound, everybody said something—everybody else.

They started with no perceptible motion, but her hat blew off. It went spiralling to the deck below, where he, thank heaven, sprang out of the car and picked it up. Everybody looked frankly up at her now, holding her hands to her head.

The little willow tree receded as its shade was taken away. The heat was like something falling on her head. She held the hot rail before her. It was like riding a stove. Her shoulders dropping, her hair flying, her skirt buffeted by the sudden strong wind, she stood there, thinking they all must see that with her entire self all she did was wait. Her set hands, with the bag that hung from her wrist and rocked back and forth—all three seemed objects bleaching there, belonging to no one; she could not feel a thing in the skin of her face; perhaps she was crying, and not knowing it. She could look down and see him just below her, his black shadow, her hat, and his black hair. His hair in the wind looked unreasonably long and rippling. Little did he know that from here it had a red undergleam like an animal's. When she looked up and outward, a vortex of light drove through and over the brown waves like a star in the water.

He did after all bring the retrieved hat up the stairs to her. She took it back wordlessly and held it to her skirt. What they were saying below was more polite than their searchlight faces.

"Where you think he come from, that man?"

"I bet he come from Lafitte."

"Lafitte? What you bet, eh?"—all crouched in the shade of trucks, squatting and laughing.

Now his shadow fell partly across her; the boat had jolted into some other strand of current. Her shaded arm and shaded hand felt pulled out from the blaze of light and water, and she hoped humbly for more shade for her head. It had seemed so natural to climb up and stand in the sun.

The boys had a surprise—an alligator on board. One of them pulled it by a chain around the deck, between the cars and trucks, like a toy—a hide that could walk. He thought, Well, they had to catch one sometime. It's Sunday afternoon. So they have him on board now, riding him across the Mississippi River. . . . The playfulness of it beset everybody on the ferry. The hoarseness of the boat whistle, commenting briefly, seemed part of the general appreciation.

"Who want to rassle him? Who want to, eh?" two boys cried, looking up. A boy with shrimp-colored arms capered from side to side, pretending to have been bitten.

What was there so hilarious about jaws that could bite? And what danger was there once in this repulsiveness—so that the last worldly evidence of some old heroic horror of the dragon had to be paraded in capture before the eyes of country clowns?

He noticed that she looked at the alligator without flinching at all. Her distance was set—the number of feet and inches between herself and it mattered to her.

Perhaps her measuring coolness was to him what his bodily shade was to her, while they stood pat up there riding the river, which felt like the sea and looked like the earth under them—full of the red-brown earth, charged with it. Ahead of the boat it was like an exposed vein of ore. The river seemed to swell in the vast middle with the curve of the earth. The sun rolled under them. As if in memory of the size of things, uprooted trees were drawn across their path, sawing at the air and tumbling one over the other.

When they reached the other side, she felt that they had been racing around an arena in their chariot, among lions. The whistle took and shook the stairs as they went down. The young boys, looking taller, had taken out colored combs and were combing their wet hair back in solemn pompadour above their radiant foreheads. They had been bathing in the river themselves not long before.

The cars and trucks, then the foot passengers and the alligator, waddling like a child to school, all disembarked and wound up the weed-sprung levee.

Both respectable and merciful, their hides, she thought, forcing herself to dwell on the alligator as she looked back. Deliver us all from the naked in heart. (As she had been told.)

When they regained their paved road, he heard her give a little sigh and saw her turn her straw-colored head to look back once more. Now that she rode with her hat in her lap, her earrings were conspicuous too. A little metal ball set with small pale stones danced beside each square, faintly downy cheek.

Had she felt a wish for someone else to be riding with them? He thought it was more likely that she would wish for her husband if she had one (his wife's voice) than for the lover in whom he believed. Whatever people liked to think, situations (if not scenes) were usually three-way—there was somebody else always. The one who didn't—couldn't—understand the two made the formidable third.

He glanced down at the map, flapping on the seat between them, up at his wristwatch, out at the road. Out there was the incredible brightness of four o'clock. On this side of the river, the road ran beneath the brow of the levee and followed it. Here was a heat that ran deeper and brighter and more intense than all the rest—its nerve. The road grew one with the heat as it was one with the unseen river. Dead snakes stretched across the concrete like markers—inlaid mosaic bands, dry as feathers, which their tires licked at intervals that began to seem clocklike.

No, the heat faced them—it was ahead. They could see it waving at them, shaken in the air above the white of the road, always at a certain distance ahead, shimmering finely as a cloth, with running edges of green and gold, fire and azure.

"It's never anything like this in Syracuse," he said.

"Or in Toledo, either," she replied with dry lips.

They were driving through greater waste down here, through fewer and even more insignificant towns. There was water under everything. Even where a screen of jungle had been left to stand, splashes could be heard from under the trees. In the vast open, sometimes boats moved inch by inch through what appeared endless meadows of rubbery flowers.

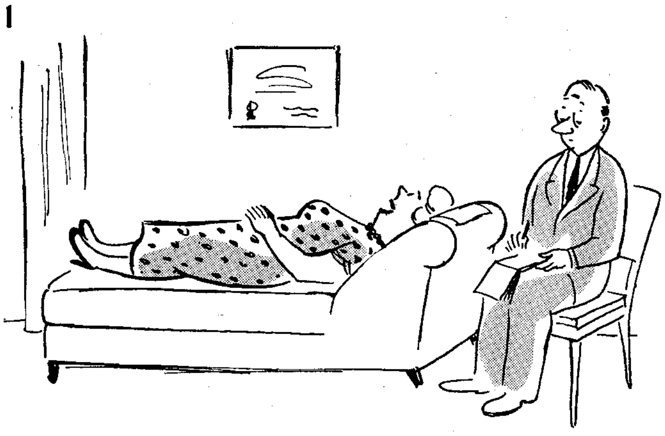
Her eyes overcome with brightness and size, she felt a panic rise, as sudden as nausea. Just how far below questions and answers, concealment and revelation, they were running now—that was still a new question, with a power of its own, waiting. How dear—how costly—could this ride be?

"It looks to me like your road can't go much further," she remarked cheerfully. "Just over there, it's all water."

"Time out," he said, and with that he turned the car into a sudden road of white shells that rushed at them narrowly out of the left.

They bolted over a cattle guard, where some rayed and crested purple flowers burst out of the vines in the ditch, and rolled onto a long, narrow, green, mowed clearing: a churchyard. A paved track ran between two short rows of raised tombs, all neatly whitewashed and now brilliant as faces against the vast flushed sky.

The track was the width of the car with a few inches to spare. He passed between the tombs slowly but in the manner of a feat. Names took their places on the walls slowly at a level with the eye, names as near as the eyes of a person stopping in conversation, and as far away in origin, and in all their music and dead longing, as Spain. At intervals were set packed bouquets of zinnias, oleanders, and some kind of purple flowers, all quite fresh, in fruit jars, like nice welcomes on bureaus.



They moved on into an open area beyond, of violent-green grass, spread before the green-and-white frame church with worked flower beds around it, flowerless poinsettias growing up to the window sills. Beyond was a house, and left on the doorstep of the house a fresh-caught catfish the size of a baby—a fish wearing whiskers and bleeding. On a clothesline in the yard, a priest's black gown on a hanger hung airing, swaying at man's height, in a vague, trainlike, ladylike sweep along an evening breath that might otherwise have seemed imaginary from the unseen, felt river.

With the motor cut off, with the raging of the insects about them, they sat looking out at the green and white and black and red and pink as they leaned against the sides of the car.

"What is your wife like?" she asked. His right hand came up and spread—iron, wooden, manicured. She lifted her eyes to his face. He looked at her like that hand.

Then he lit a cigarette, and the portrait, and the right-hand testimonial it made, were blown away. She smiled, herself as unaffected as by some stage performance; and he was annoyed in the cemetery. They did not risk going on to her husband—if she had one.

Under the supporting posts of the priest's house, where a boat was, solid ground ended and palmettos and water hyacinths could not wait to begin; suddenly the rays of the sun, from behind the car, reached that lowness and struck the flowers. The priest came out onto the porch in his underwear, stared at the car a moment as if he wondered what time it was, then collected his robe off the line and his fish off the doorstep and returned inside. Vespers was next.

AFTER backing out between the tombs he drove on still south, in the sunset. They caught up with an old man walking in a sprightly way in their direction, all by himself, wearing a clean bright shirt printed with a pair of palm trees fanning green over his chest. It might better be a big colored woman's shirt, but she didn't have it. He flagged the car with gestures like hoops.

"You're coming to the end of the road," the old man told them. He pointed ahead, tipped his hat to the lady, and pointed again. "End of the road." They didn't understand that he meant, "Take me."

They drove on. "If we do go any further, it'll have to be by water—is that it?" he asked her, hesitating at this odd point.

"You know better than I do," she replied politely.

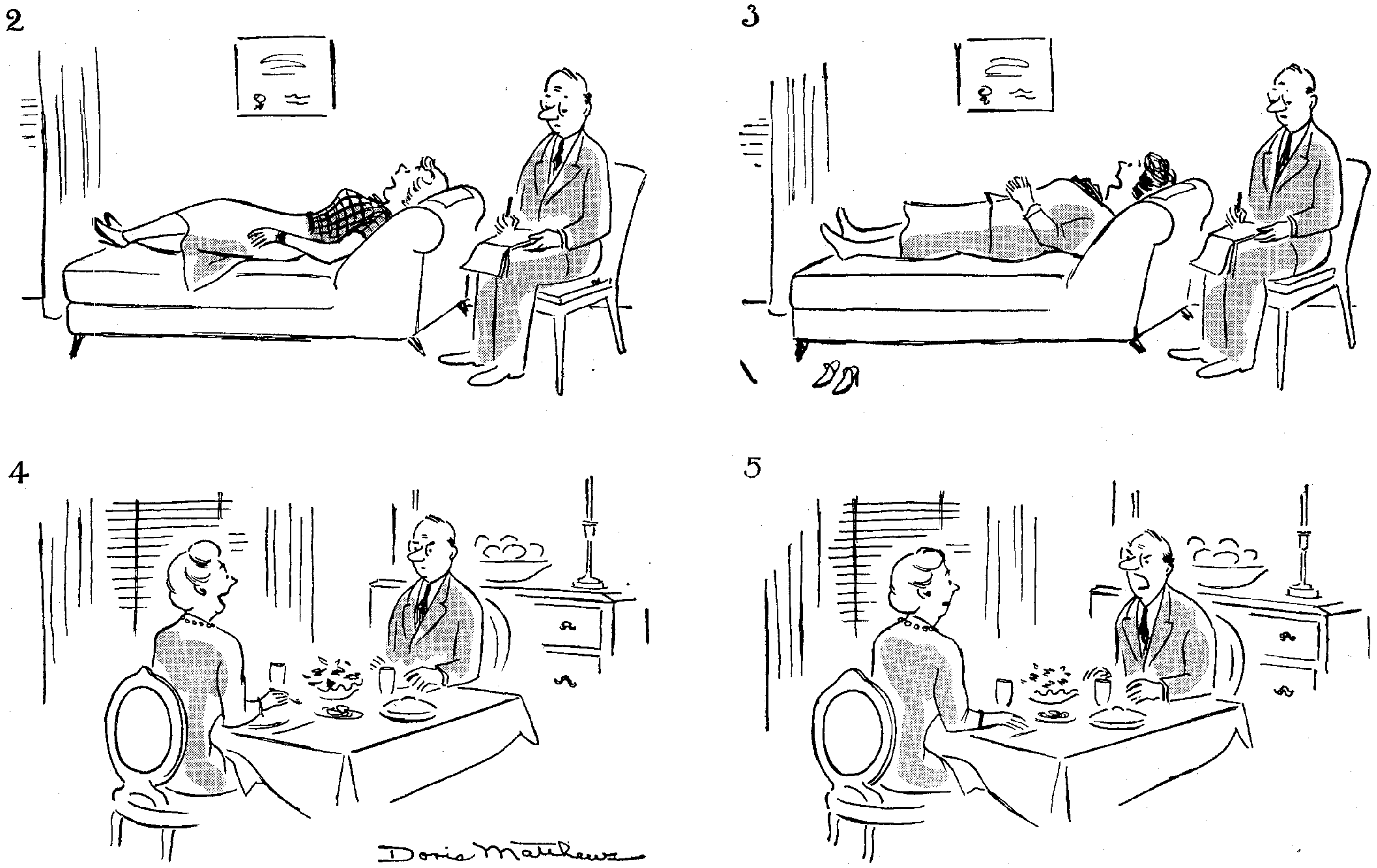
The road had for some time ceased to be paved; it was made of shells. It was leading into a small, sparse settlement like the others a few miles back, but with even more of the camp about it. On the lip of the clearing, directly before a green willow blaze with the sunset gone behind it, the row of houses and shacks faced out on broad, colored, moving water that stretched to reach the horizon and looked somehow like an arm of the sea. The houses on their shaggy posts, patchily built, some with plank runways instead of steps, were flimsy and alike, and not much bigger than the boats tied up at the landing.

"Venice," she heard him announce, and he dropped the crackling map in her lap.

They rolled down the brief remainder. The end of the road—she could not remember ever seeing a road simply end—was a spoon shape, with a tree stump in the bowl to turn around by.

Around it, he stopped the car, and they stepped out, feeling put down in the midst of a sudden vast pause or subduement that was like a yawn. They made their way on foot toward the water, where at an idle-looking landing men in twos and threes stood with their backs to them.

The nearness of darkness, the still uncut trees, bright water partly under a sheet of flowers, shacks, silence, dark shapes of boats tied up, then the first sounds of people just on the other side of thin walls—all this reached them. Mounds of shells like day-old snow, pink-tinted, lay around a central shack with a beer sign on it. An old man up on the porch there sat holding an open



"Oh, shut up!"

newspaper, with a fat white goose sitting opposite him on the floor. Below, in the now shadowless and sunless open, another old man, with a colored pencil bright under his hat brim, could still see to mend a sail.

When she looked clear around, thinking they had a fire burning somewhere now, out of the heat had risen the full moon. Just beyond the trees, enormous, tangerine-colored, it was going solidly up. Other lights just striking into view, looking farther distant, showed moss shapes hanging, or slipped and broke matchlike on the water that so encroached on the rim of ground they were standing on.

There was a touch at her arm—his, accidental.

"We're at the jumping-off place," he said.

She laughed, having thought his hand was a bat, while her eyes rushed downward toward a great pale drift of water hyacinths—still partly open, flushed and yet moonlit, level with her feet—through which paths of water for the boats had been hacked. She drew her hands up to her face under the brim of her hat; her own cheeks felt like the hyacinths to her, all her skin still full of too much light and sky, exposed. The harsh vesper bell was ringing.

"I believe there must be something wrong with me, that I came on this excursion to begin with," she said, as if he had already said this and she were merely in hopeful, willing, maddening agreement with him.

He took hold of her arm, and said, "Oh, come on—I see we can get something to drink here, at least."

But there was a beating, muffled sound from over the darkening water. One more boat was coming in, making its way through the tenacious, tough, dark flower traps, by the shaken light of what first appeared to be torches. He and she waited for the boat, as if on each other's patience. As if borne in on a mist of twilight or a breath, a horde of mosquitoes and gnats were singing and striking at them first. The boat bumped, men laughed. Somebody was offering somebody else some shrimp.

Then he might have cocked his dark city head down at her; she did not look up at him, only turned when he did. Now the shell mounds, like the shacks and trees, were solid purple. Lights had appeared in the not-quite-true window squares. A narrow neon sign, the lone sign, had come out in bright blush on the beer shack's roof: "Baba's Place." A light was on on the porch.

The barnlike interior was brightly lit and unpainted, looking not quite finished, with a partition dividing it.

One of the four cardplayers at a table in the middle of the floor was the newspaper reader; the paper was in his pants pocket. Midway along the partition was a bar, in the form of a pass-through to the other room, with a varnished, second-hand fretwork overhang. He and she crossed the floor and sat, alone there, on wooden stools. An eruption of humorous signs, newspaper cutouts and cartoons, razor-blade cards, and personal messages of significance to the owner or his friends decorated the overhang, framing where Baba should have been but wasn't.

Through there came a smell of garlic and cloves and red pepper, a blast of hot cloud escaped from a cauldron they could see now on a stove at the back of the other room. A massive back, presumably female, with a twist of gray hair on top, stood with a ladle akimbo. A young man joined her and stole something from the pot with his fingers and ate it. At Baba's they were boiling shrimp.

When he got ready to wait on them, Baba strolled out to the counter, young, black-headed, and in very good humor.

"Coldest beer you've got. And food— What will you have?"

"Nothing for me, thank you," she said. "I'm not sure I could eat, after all."

"Well, I could," he said, shoving his jaw out. Baba smiled. "I want a good solid ham sandwich."

"I could have asked him for some water," she said, after he had gone.

While they sat waiting, it seemed very quiet. The bubbling of the shrimp, the distant laughing of Baba, and the slap of cards, like the beating of moths on the screens, seemed to come in fits and starts. The steady breathing they heard came from a big rough dog asleep in the corner. But it was bright. Electric lights were strung riotously over the room from a kind of spider web of old wires in the rafters. One of the written messages tacked before them read, "Joe! At the boyy!!" It looked very yellow, older than Baba's Place. Outside, the world was pure dark.

Two little boys, almost alike, almost the same size, and just cleaned up, dived into the room with a double bang of the screen door, and circled around the card game. They ran their hands into the men's pockets.

"Nickel for some pop!"

"Nickel for some pop!"

"Go 'way and let me play, you!"

They circled around and shrieked at the dog, ran under the lid of the counter and raced through the kitchen and back, and hung over the stools at the bar. One child had a live lizard on his shirt, clinging like a breast pin—like lapis lazuli.

Bringing in a strong odor of geranium talcum, some men had come in now—all in bright shirts. They drew near the counter, or stood and watched the game.

When Baba came out bringing the beer and sandwich, "Could I have some water?" she greeted him.

Baba laughed at everybody. She decided the woman back there must be Baba's mother.

Beside her, he was drinking his beer and eating his sandwich—ham, cheese, tomato, pickle, and mustard. Before he finished, one of the men who had come in beckoned from across the room. It was the old man in the palm-tree shirt.

She lifted her head to watch him leave her, and was looked at, from all over the room. As a minute passed, no cards were laid down. In a far-off way, like accepting the light from Arcturus, she accepted it that she was more beautiful or perhaps more fragile than the women they saw every day of their lives. It was just this thought coming into a woman's face, and at this hour, that seemed familiar to them.

Baba was smiling. He had set an opened, frosted brown bottle before her on the counter, and a thick sandwich, and stood looking at her. Baba made her eat some supper, for what she was.

"What the old fellow wanted," said he when he came back at last, "was to have a friend of his apologize. Seems church is just out. Seems the friend made a remark coming in just now. His pals told him there was a lady present."

"I see you bought him a beer," she said.

"Well, the old man looked like he wanted *something*."

All at once the juke box interrupted from back in the corner, with the same old song as anywhere. The half-dozen slot machines along the wall were suddenly all run to like Maypoles, and thrown into action—taken over by further battalions of little boys.

There were three little boys to each slot machine. The local custom appeared to be that one pulled the lever for the friend he was holding up to put the nickel in, while the third covered the pictures with the flat of his hand as they fell into place, so as to surprise them all if anything happened.

The dog lay sleeping on in front of the raging juke box, his ribs working fast as a concertina's. At the side of the room a man with a cap on his white thatch was trying his best to open a side screen door, but it was stuck fast. It was he who had come in with the remark considered ribald; now he was trying to get out the other way. Moths as thick as ingots were trying to get in. The card players broke into shouts of derision, then joy, then tired derision among themselves; they might have been here all afternoon—they were the only ones not cleaned up and shaved. The original pair of little boys ran in once more, with the hyphenated bang. They got nickels this time, then were brushed away from the table like mosquitoes, and they rushed under the counter and on to the cauldron behind, clinging to Baba's mother there. The evening was at the threshold. She and he were quite unnoticed now. He was eating another sandwich, and she, having finished part of hers, was fanning her face with her hat. Baba had lifted the flap of the counter and come out into the room. Behind his head there was a sign lettered in orange crayon: "Shrimp Dance Sun. PM." That was tonight, still to be.

And suddenly she made a move to slide down from her stool, maybe wishing to walk out into that nowhere down the front steps to be cool a moment. But he had hold of her hand. He got down from his stool, and, patiently, reversing her hand in his own—just as she had had the look of being about to give up, faint—began moving her, leading her. They were dancing.

"I get to thinking this is what we get—what you and I deserve," she whispered, looking past his shoulder into the room. "And all the time, it's real. It's a real place—away off down here . . . "

He patted her between the shoulder blades. *He* at one time had got to thinking it was symbolic or something, but it would outdo her to say so.

They danced gratefully, formally, to some song carried on in what must be the local patois, while no one paid any attention as long as they were together, and the children poured the family nickels steadily into the slot machines, walloping the handles down with regular crashes and troubling nobody with winning.

She said rapidly, as they began moving together too well, "One of those clippings was an account of a shooting right here. I guess they're proud of it. And that awful knife Baba was carrying . . . I wonder what he called me," she whispered in his ear.

"Who?"

"The one who apologized to you."

If they had ever been going to overstep themselves, it would be now as he held her closer and turned her, when she became aware that he could not help but see the bruise at her temple. It would be not six inches from his eyes. She felt it come out like an evil star. (Let it pay him back, then, for the hand he had stuck in her face when she'd tried once to be sympathetic, when she'd asked about his wife.) They danced on still as the record changed, after standing wordless and motionless, linked together in the middle of the room, for the moment between.

Then, they were like a matched team—like professional, Spanish dancers wearing masks—while the slow piece was playing.

Surely even those immune from the world, for the time being, need the touch of one another, or all is lost. Their arms encircling each other, their bodies circling the odorous, just-nailed-down floor, they were, at last, imperviousness in motion. They had found it, and had almost missed it: they had had to dance. They were what their separate hearts desired that day, for themselves and each other.

They were so good together that once she looked up and half smiled. "For whose benefit did we have to show off?"

Like people in love, they had a superstition about themselves almost as soon as they came out on the floor, and dared not think the words "happy" or "unhappy," which might strike them, one or the other, like lightning.

In the thickening heat they danced on while Baba himself sang with the mosquito-voiced singer in the chorus of "*Moi pas l'aimez ça*," enumerating the *ça's* with a hot shrimp between his fingers. He was counting over the platters the old woman now set out on the counter, each heaped with shrimp in their shells boiled to iridescence, like mounds of honeysuckle flowers.

The goose wandered in from the back room under the lid of the counter and hitched itself around the floor among the table legs and people's legs, never seeing that it was neatly avoided by two dancers—who nevertheless vaguely thought of this goose as learned, having earlier heard an old man read to it. The children called it Mimi, and lured it away. The old thatched man was again drunkenly trying to get out by the stuck side door; now he gave it a kick, but was prevailed on to remain. The sleeping dog shuddered and snored.

It was left up to the dancers to provide nickels for the juke box; Baba kept a drawerful for every use. They had grown fond of all the selections by now. This was the music you heard out of the distance at night—out of the roadside taverns you fled past, around the late corners in cities half asleep, drifting up from the carnival over the hill, with one odd little strain always managing to repeat itself. This seemed a homey place.

Bathed in sweat, and feeling the false coolness that brings, they stood finally on the porch in the lapping night air for a moment before leaving. The first arrivals of the girls were coming up the steps under the porch light—all flowered fronts, their black pompadours giving out breathlike feelers from sheer abundance. Where they'd resprinkled it since church, the talcum shone like mica on their downy arms. Smelling solidly of geranium, they filed across the porch with short steps and fingers joined, just in time to turn their smiles loose inside the room. He held the door open for them.

"Ready to go?" he asked her.

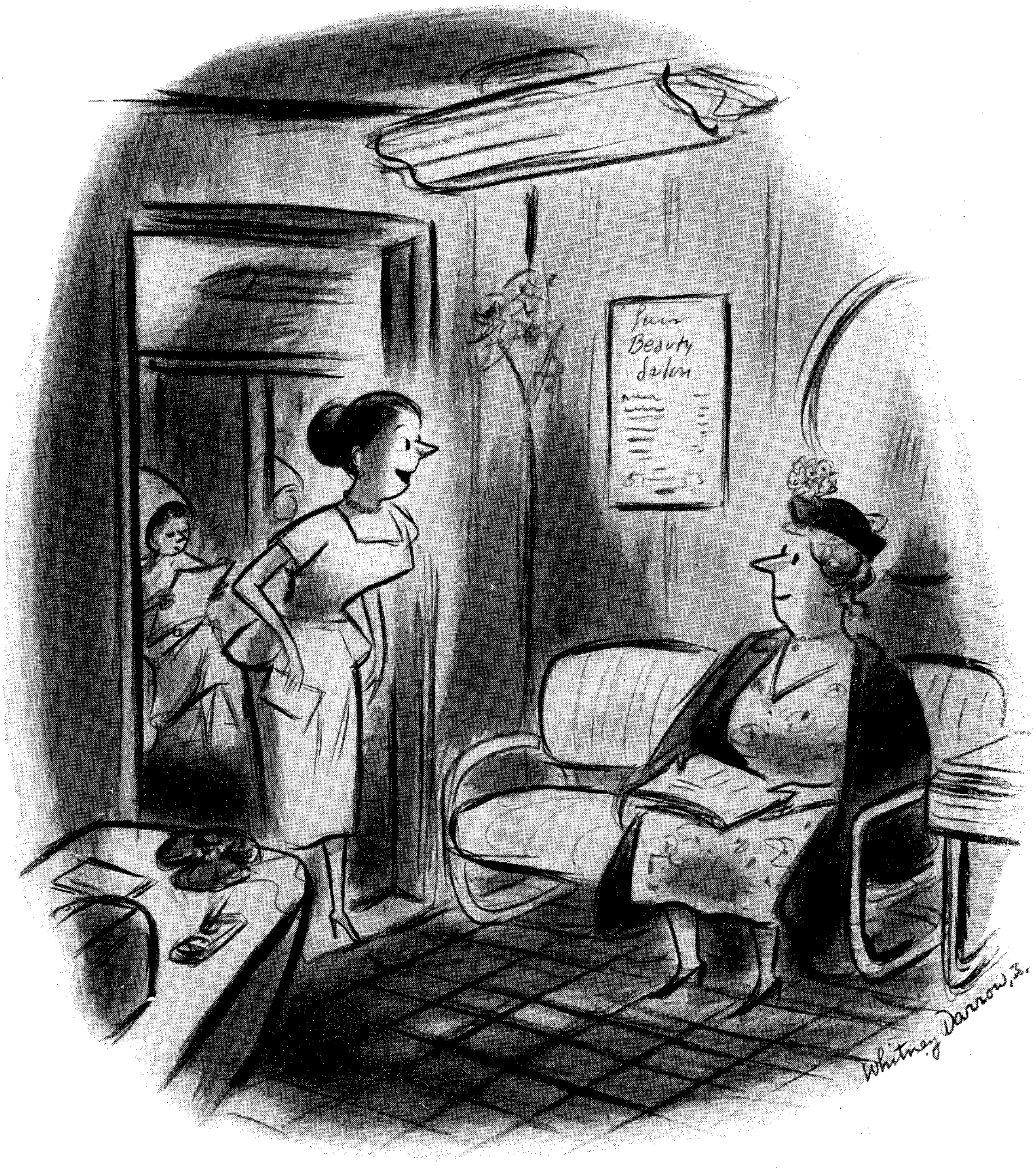
GOING back, the ride was wordless, quiet except for the motor and the insects driving themselves against the car. The windshield was soon blinded. The headlights pulled in two other spinning storms, cones of flying things that, it seemed, might ignite at the last minute.

He stopped the car and got out to clean the windshield thoroughly with his brisk, angry motions of boredom. Dust lay thick and cratered on the roadside scrub.

Under the now ash-white moon, the world travelled through very faint stars—very many slow stars, very high, very low.

It was a strange land, amphibious—and whether water-covered or grown with jungle or robbed entirely of water and trees, as now, it had the same loneliness. He regarded the great sweep—like steppes, like moors, like deserts (all of which were imaginary to him); but more than it was like any likeness, it was South. The vast, thin, wide-thrown, pale, unfocussed star-sky, with its veils of lightning adrift, hung over this land as it hung over the open sea. Standing out in the night alone, he was struck as powerfully with recognition of the extremity of this place as if all other bearings had vanished—as if snow had suddenly started to fall.

He climbed back inside and drove. When he moved to slap furiously at his shirtsleeves, she shivered in the hot, licking night wind that their speed was making. Once the car lights picked out



"Albert is ready to tackle you now, Madam."

two people—a Negro couple, sitting on two facing chairs in the yard outside their lonely cabin—half undressed, each battling for self against the hot night, with long white rags in endless, scarf-like motions.

In peopleless open places there were lakes of dust, smudge fires burning at their hearts. Cows stood in untended rings around them, motionless in the heat, in the night—their horns standing up sharp against that glow.

At length, he stopped the car again, and this time he put his arm under her shoulder and kissed her—not knowing ever whether gently or harshly. It was the loss of that distinction that told him this was now. Then their faces touched unkissing, unmoving, dark, for a length of time. The heat came inside the car and wrapped it still, and the mosquitoes had begun to coat their arms and even their eyelids.

Later, crossing a large open distance, he saw at the same time two fires. He had the feeling that they had been riding for a long time across a face—great, wide, and upturned. In its eyes and open mouth were those fires they had had glimpses of, where the cattle had drawn together: a face, a head, far down here in the South—south of South, below it. A whole giant body sprawled downward then, on and on, always, constant as a constellation or an angel. Flaming and perhaps falling, he thought.

She appeared to be sound asleep, lying back flat as a child, with her hat in her lap. He drove on with her profile beside his, behind his, for he bent forward to drive faster. The earrings she wore twinkled with their rushing motion in an almost regular beat. They might have spoken like tongues. He looked straight before him and drove on, at a speed that, for the rented, overheated, not at all new Ford car, was demoniac.

It seemed often now that a barnlike shape flashed by, roof and all outlined in lonely neon—a movie house at a crossroads. The long white flat road itself, since they had followed it to the end and turned around to come back, seemed able, this far up, to pull them home.

A THING is incredible, if ever, only after it is told—returned to the world it came out of. For their different reasons, he thought, neither of them would tell this (unless something was dragged out of them): that, strangers, they had ridden down into a strange land together and were getting safely back—by a slight margin, perhaps, but margin enough. Over the levee wall now, like an aurora borealis, the sky of New Orleans, across the river, was flickering gently. This time they crossed by bridge, high above everything, merging into a long light-stream of cars turned cityward.

For a time afterward he was lost in the streets, turning almost at random with the noisy traffic until he found his bearings. When he stopped the car at the next sign and leaned forward frowning to make it out, she sat up straight on her side. It was Arabi. He turned the car right around.

"We're all right," he muttered, allowing himself a cigarette now.

Something that must have been with them all along suddenly, then, was not. In a moment, tall as panic, it rose, cried like a human, and dropped back.

"I never got my water," she said.

She gave him the name of her hotel, he drove her there, and he said good-night on the sidewalk. They shook hands.

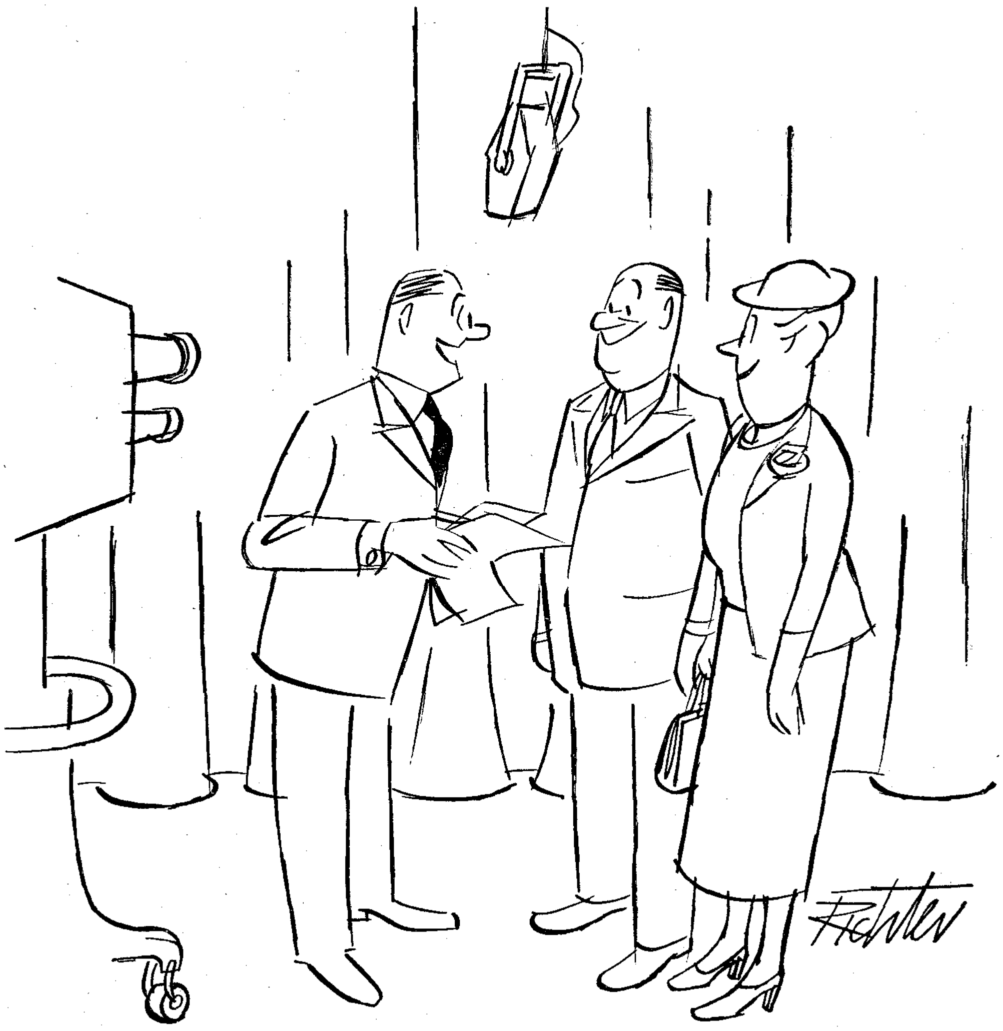
"Forgive . . ." For, just in time, he saw she expected it of him.

And that was just what she did, forgive him. Indeed, had she waked from a deep sleep in time, she would have told him her story. She disappeared through the revolving door, with a gesture of smoothing her hair, and he thought a figure in the lobby strolled to meet her. He got back in the car and sat there.

He was not leaving for Syracuse until early in the morning. At length, he recalled the reason; his wife had recommended that he stay where he was this extra day so that she could entertain some old, unmarried college friends without him underfoot.

As he started up the car, he recognized in the smell of exhausted, body-warm air in the streets, in which the flow of drink was an inextricable part, the signal that the New Orleans evening was just beginning. In Dickie Grogan's, as he passed, the well-known Josefina at her organ was charging up and down with "Clair de Lune." As he drove the little Ford safely to its garage, he remembered for the first time in years when he was young and brash, a student in New York, and the shriek and horror and unholy smother of the subway had its original meaning for him as the lilt and expectation of love.

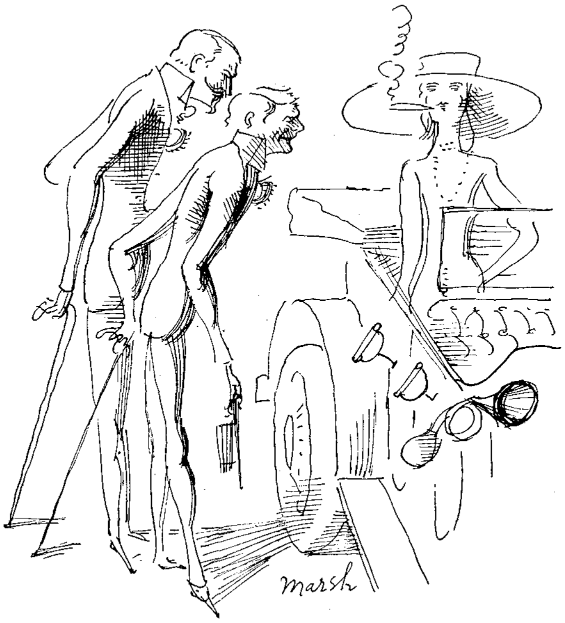
—EUDORA WELTY



"You've won seven thousand dollars. Would you care to try for the tax on that?"

PROFILES

YEA, VERILY—II



LAST year, when the New York papers published the news that a hundred and sixty-nine communities and individuals upstate had filed damage claims against New York City for $2,138,510 and no odd cents, Colonel John R. Stingo was politely amused. The claims rested upon the city's efforts to produce rain from clouds over its Catskill Mountain reservoirs during the water shortage of 1950. These efforts involved seeding clouds with dry ice and burning silver iodide on the ground, and were made by a meteorologist named Dr. Wallace E. Howell. The upstaters accused Dr. Howell of drowning them out. It seemed to be up to the city to prove that Dr. Howell's attempts had failed, although at the time they were made, it had intimated that they were at least partly successful. (All the claims were eventually thrown out by a state court because they hadn't been filed properly, and the court was thus spared the necessity of ruling—for the time being, at least—on the efficacy of Dr. Howell's performance.)

Colonel Stingo sometimes refers to himself as the Honest Rainmaker. In a column called "Yea Verily Verily," which he writes for the New York *Enquirer*, a newspaper that appears only on Sunday afternoons, he once described himself more fully, with his chronic weakness for capitalizing initials, as "the Honest Rainmaker, who is among those with the Prattle of a Babe and the soul of Jimmy Hope the Bank Robber." The Colonel was a rainmaker before Dr. Howell or anyone else ever heard of dry ice. Upon reading the story about the damage claims, the Colonel said to me, "I'm astonished that these modern professionals, men of authenticated science, wind up with damage suits and hard feelings. Back in the days when Professor Joseph Canfield Hatfield, Professor George Ambrosius Immanuel Morrison Sykes, and I concluded a rainmaking campaign, we were invariably the guests of the benefited community at a banquet where *sec* and *brut* flowed like the showers in the clubhouse of a baseball team after a sixteen-inning game on a day of record heat. We would all get stiff as boards and they would invite us to come back next season."

"Colonel Stingo" is a nom de plume, but hardly anybody calls the Colonel anything else, and not many of his casual acquaintances know he has another name. Writing about horses, he has been a newspaperman, off and on, for sixty-four years, by his own count—and he still is one, for that matter—but he has never seen a future in it. The Colonel has always believed that fortune swims not with the main stream of letters but in the shallows where the suckers moon. In this faith he is steadfast. Half a century ago, when he was a race-track reporter for the New York *Evening Journal*, he was a favorite of Arthur Brisbane, who saw in his damascened form of self-expression the makings of a Hearst editorial writer. "But I stuck to the turf," Colonel Stingo says. "I knew the money was in the sidelines." Reminded that Brisbane died worth between ten and twenty million dollars, the Colonel comes up with a correction. "Thirty-nine million," he says. "But it was a fluke." The Colonel himself lives in what he terms a "one-room suite" in the Dixie, a hotel built over a bus terminal.

The Colonel's real name is James Aloysius Macdonald, and in his Hearst days he used to sign his copy J. S. A. Macdonald. The "S." stood for Stuart, a name he has since discarded because, he says, it made him seem a Young Pretender. Colleagues who considered this an affectation called him Alphabet. One competitor, outraged by the Colonel's exclusive report of a contemplated hundred-thousand-dollar match race between the great Irish Lad and a kangaroo backed by a millionaire Australian—a report that remained exclusive—wrote, "Alphabet Macdonald never permits facts to interfere with the exercise of his imagination." The Colonel considered this a tribute to his mastery of his material. "The sculptor," he says, "imposes his design on the Parian marble." But in most of his tales there is an element of truth that passes through the finest filter, so it is impossible to class them as fiction. It is a matter of taxonomy, and immaterial.

There is usually a white carnation in the Colonel's buttonhole and almost always, when he is seen in public, a beer glass in his right hand. For an interval before breakfast, which customarily comes at a time when the ordinary man is eating lunch, or even dinner, the Colonel frequently devotes himself to golden gin fizzes, which are made with the yolk of an egg. This is a process of remedial imbibition, and during it he is morose and does not appreciate company. "I met a villain last night and he led me down the path of dalliance," he will say, in explanation of his mood. If the bartender, in setting down the shaker, bangs it against the wood, the jangled Colonel will say, "Doctor, don't cut too deep! I have been riding upon the magic carpet." But he eats his breakfast with good appetite. On surveying the menu wherever he may be, he remarks, "The entry list seems to have filled well," and then he goes down the line with few scratches. After breakfast, he makes what he calls the great transition, switching from hard liquor to beer, which he prefers to call the Gambrinian and which he continues to drink from then until he goes to bed, unless he meets another villain who induces him to ride upon the magic carpet.

In periods when Colonel Stingo is, as he puts it, "non-holding," or financially straitened, he spends a large part of his time in the reading room of the New York Public Library, seeding the clouds of printed erudition above his already overflowing reservoir of odd information. When he ceases to be non-holding, and has an adequate amount of what he refers to in his writings as "Tease," he makes his social *rentrée*, usually telling his bartender friends in detail about conditions in some place he has been reading up on in the li-

S. KLEIN ON THE SQUARE
S. KLEIN
ELECT IRVING M. IVES FOR U.S. SENATOR
VOTE FOR IRVING
VOTE FOR JOHN CASHMORE FOR SENATOR
VOTE FOR MARY AUSTIN FOR MISS RHEINGOLD FOR 1953
ELECT AUSTIN
MISS EINGOLD FOR 953
Rob't Day

• •

brary. "Glad to get back," he says. "There's no place like New York." The Colonel doesn't like to frequent bars when he is not in a position to buy more than his share of the drinks.

Ever since the Kefauver Committee began its inquisition of bookmakers, the Colonel has had time to do a record amount of reading. His job with the *Enquirer* carries no salary. His income is derived from its perquisites, which are commissions on the advertisements he attracts to the *Enquirer's* sports pages. Practically all these are from professional turf analysts, meaning tipsters. Their profession is irreproachably legitimate, since freedom of opinion is guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, but at the same time nobody is going to pay for a tip when he can't find a bookmaker to play it with. The harder things became for the bookmakers last winter during the interval between New York racing seasons, the more nearly impossible they became for the purveyors of counsel. As the latter proceeded to drop their ads, the Colonel's absences from his Gambrinian haunts grew longer and more recurrent, and acquaintances began to refer to him in the past tense. This was an error. Now that tracks near the city are open again, drawing an average of around twenty-five thousand customers a day, the Colonel is doing better, although his business is still far below what it was in the great days of the bookmakers.

The Colonel, by his own account, was born in 1874 in New Orleans, and there is no reason to quibble about the date. He has no trace of Southern accent, and this has led certain of his friends to assert that his true birthplace was considerably north of Louisiana—in Montreal or Brooklyn—and that his present version of his origin was suggested by the name of the hotel where he lives. But if his cradle was not bowered by magnolias, it should have been. He is a true romantic. The Colonel himself has spoken to me of his regret at losing his Louisianian accent, by a process he describes as slow attrition. "It got rubbed off, like pollen off the bee, by contact with a thousand charming flowers," he once said. "In the speech of each I left some trace of my native music. From each I received in return some nasal diphthong or harsh consonant. It was a heavy price." In a more practical vein, he added, "It would have been of great assistance if I had wished to set up on my own as a turf analyst. A Southern accent is an invaluable asset to a tout. Also, it would have aided me in religious work. The great evangelist Dr. Orlando Edgar Miller, who took in more money at Carnegie Hall than Paderewski, used

Charles of the Ritz

beauty-treats your skin overnight
without leaving a greasy feel...
an oily look

Velvet
Texture
Lotion

... eliminates the nuisance of old-fashioned night creams and the proverbial "greasy look"... yet leaves your skin wondrously soft and smooth. $3, $5 (plus tax).

TICKETS NOW!

RODEO
ROY ROGERS
"KING OF THE COWBOYS" **IN PERSON**
with TRIGGER and BULLET
DALE EVANS "Queen of the West"
WED. SEPT. 24 thru OCT. 19
Mats.: WED., FRI., SAT., SUN. & OCT. 13
PRICES (Tax Incl.)
Sun. thru Thurs. Eves. (exc. Oct. 12); Wed. & Fri. Mats.
Res.: $1.75, 2.50, 3.50, 5, 6
(Children ½ price Wed. & Fri. Mats.)
Fri. & Sat. Eves.; & Sun. Eve, Oct. 12;
Sat., Sun. & Oct. 13 Mats.
Res.: $1.50, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Send self-addressed stamped envelope
MADISON SQ. GARDEN

The King and I
A Musical Play
with **YUL BRYNNER**
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees
Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

Pulitzer Prize & Critics' Award Musical Play
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK . WILLIAM TABBERT . MARTIN WOLFSON
and JUANITA HALL
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at
2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

"The incomparable Helen Hayes is superb."
—Chapman, News
Helen Hayes
Mrs. McThing
A Comic Fantasy by MARY CHASE
with **JULES MUNSHIN**
ENID MARKEY — PAULA TRUEMAN
LYDIA REED — ROBERT MARIOTTI
MOROSCO THEA. W. 45 St. Ci 6-6230
Evs. 8:40. (Mon. 7 P.M.) Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

to say to me, 'Jim, if only you hadn't lost your Southern twang, you'd be a hell of a revivalist.' "

Personally, I believe the New Orleans story, even though one of the Montreal-theory men who knew the Colonel fifty years ago insists that from the day of his arrival here he was a good ice skater. "There were no artificial rinks in the nineteenth century," this man says. I wouldn't be surprised if what he really remembers is that the Colonel *told* him he was a good ice skater, which is not the same thing.

COLONEL STINGO is a small, erect individual whose carriage and slightly formal mode of address have convinced a considerable number of Broadway bartenders that he really is an old military man. It is a belief he says nothing to promote, and even at times seeks to correct. His habitual expression is that of a stud-poker player with one ace showing who wants to give the impression that he has another in the hole; he looks as if he knows something amusing that he doesn't have the right to say. In poker, this may be either a bluff or a fake bluff designed to induce other players to bet into the two aces.

This was the Colonel's expression on the day when he broached the subject of rainmaking to me. We were, as on the occasions of most of our colloquies, seated on opposite sides of a table in premises redolent of beer. Early in my acquaintance with the Colonel, I tried standing at bars with him, but my feet gave out. "In the pubs of Sydney, they used to call me the Perpendicular Wonder," he once informed me. This particular table was in Joe Braun's and Harry Kaplan's Palace Bar & Grill, on West Forty-fifth Street, one of the Colonel's favorite resorts. ("There have been three Palace bars in my life," he told me not long ago. "The grandiose dispensatorium of that name in San Francisco, the Palace Bar on the Bund in Shanghai, where I was once entertained by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who was then incubating the Revolution, and the present Palace, on Forty-fifth Street. It lacks the pretension of the first two, but it is more appropriate to my present portfolio of securities.")

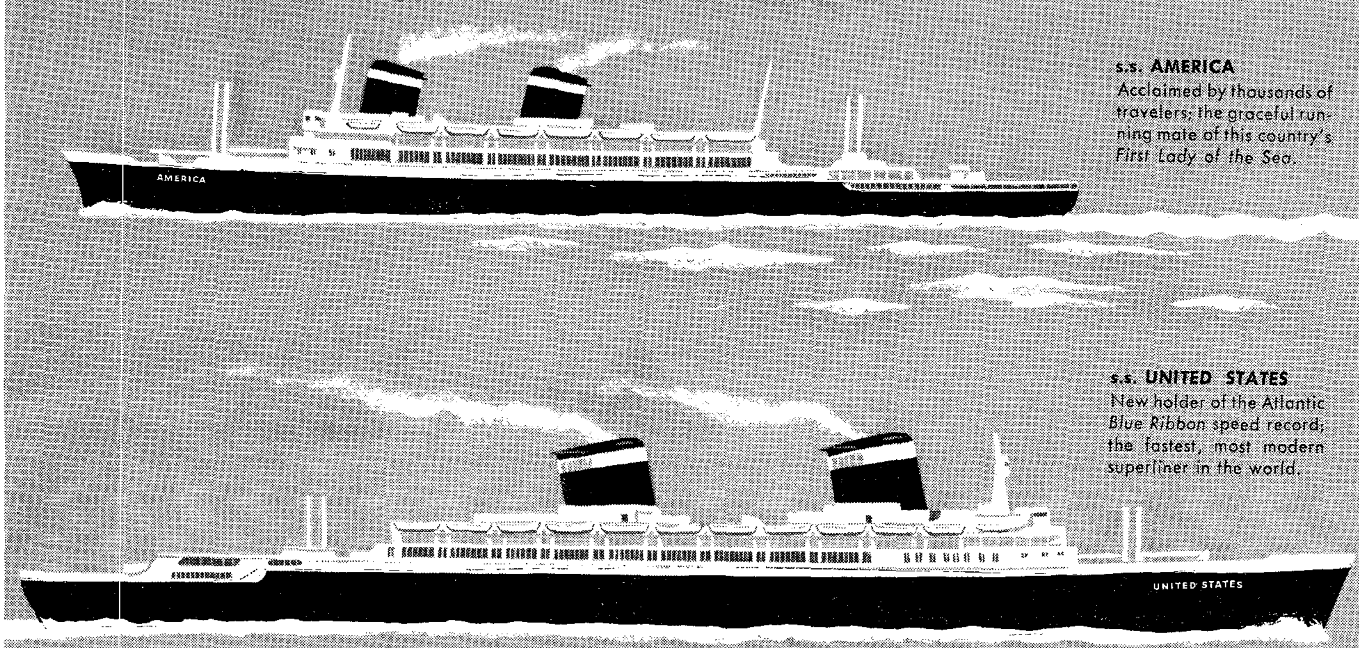
"The rainmaking business is a very old one," the Colonel said. "Rain—its abundance, its paucity—meant life and death to the ancients, for from the lands, the flocks, the herds, the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the deer, and the mountain goat they found sustenance and energized being. All the elements depended upon the fall of rain, ample but not in ruinous overplus, for very existence. Through all human history the plentitude of rain or its lack constituted the difference between life and death, the joy of rain or mere existence and misery."

The Colonel paused for a swallow. "That's the first part of a speech I used to deliver to chapters of the Farmers' Guild in California when I was clinching deals for Professor Joseph Canfield Hatfield," he explained. Then, reaching into the inner pocket of his jacket, he produced several folded sheets of copy paper. "I have been preparing a little monograph on rainmaking episodia I remember," he said, handing me the manuscript. "Strictly a non-remunerative enterprise, although it might conceivably someday plug a hole in the column. It will serve, I believe, as a proper introduction to my embarking upon a career as a rainmaker."

I thanked the Colonel and, while he silently put away a couple of schooners, read the following paragraphs, which, though a bit more studied, perhaps, than some of those he dashes off for "Yea Verily Verily," nevertheless bear the unmistakable stamp of his typewriter:

> Rain has always made the difference between Plenty of Tease and non-holding for those farmers in the California valleys, a circumstance of which I was first made much aware in July, 1908, when I was one of 300 guests of a rich man named Capt. James McKittrick on his stupendous estate, the Rancho del McKittrick, twenty miles from Bakersfield, at a party to celebrate the advent of Sudi Witte Pasha, a rainmaker the Captain had imported at vast expense from the Sudan. The Captain's Rancho comprised 212,000 acres, an area so large that it required a Cowhand, with many pinto relays, two days and two nights to cross it, West to East or North to South. With rain precipitation at the right moment the year for Rancho del McKittrick, with its 62,000 acres to Wheat, would be beneficently happy. Otherwise, no Rain no joy in Mudville, mighty Casey, he struck out. So the expansive Capt. McKittrick brought on Sudi Witte Pasha, the World's Heavyweight Champion Rainmaker, to see what he could do about the anguishing situation in the Lower San Joaquin Valley.
>
> The old Pasha had twenty-two Professors and Holy Men in his Mob and a whole mobile Library of Books with imploring Cantors, bewhiskered Priests, Bell Ringers, Soothsayers and Pricemakers—all quartered in the lap of luxury in the Santa Clara Villa, an adjunct of the Manor House, with a retinue of Chefs, Servitors and Body Guardsmen at command. We all understood, that the Captain agreed to pay Pasha and his lads the sum of $150,000 and all expenses, to and from Cairo, Egypt, for a three months service and demonstration of his magic Bag O'Tricks.
>
> In the middle of July, 1908, with

Two Great Americans



s.s. AMERICA
Acclaimed by thousands of travelers; the graceful running mate of this country's *First Lady of the Sea.*

s.s. UNITED STATES
New holder of the Atlantic *Blue Ribbon* speed record; the fastest, most modern superliner in the world.

Only the gulls see this dramatic moment, when two great Americans pass in mid-ocean. Linking New York with all Europe, these luxurious transatlantic liners—the s.s. UNITED STATES and the s.s. AMERICA—will make your heart swell with pride.

On either of these fine ships your ocean crossing becomes a thrilling adventure, highlighted by the world's finest foods . . . entertainment . . . superb comfort . . . unsurpassed service.

Pass in Mid-Ocean

s.s. UNITED STATES . . . Havre and Southampton. Less *than five days to Europe. Sails from New York at 12 noon on Oct. 3, Oct. 17, Oct. 31, Nov. 15 and regularly thereafter (also will call at Bremerhaven from December 27 to March 7). First Class $350 up; Cabin $220 up; Tourist $165 up.*

s.s. AMERICA . . . Cobh, Havre, Southampton and Bremerhaven. Sails from New York at 4 p.m. on Oct. 2, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 5 and regularly thereafter. *First Class $295 up; Cabin $200 up; Tourist $160 up.*

Consult our authorized Travel Agents or

No finer service afloat or ashore

United States Lines

1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, NEW YORK

Offices also in: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington

$2,000,000 worth of Wheat just beginning to ripen off in the field, the Egyptian Rainmaker went to work to bring on the aqueous dispensation. His chatty Camp Followers first greeted the Morning Sun and took a dip in the cold waters of Cherry Creek before going into the big Two-Day Fast, touched off by a little body lashing, and a sort of an ear piercing Indian War Dance, much like those you see done by the Indians in Arizona.

The real Kick-Off came the third day with a series of Incantations and the throwing about of quite a deal of reddish colored powder and sweet smelling myrrh. The pretty Samia never swung such belly convulsions in her Royal Court Dance at Hotel Mecca, beneath the Pyramids, as did little Miss Matti, the Pasha's apple of eye, towards the end of the Exhortation to the Spirits of Rain. We were told by Interpretors what the dance meant.

The fourth day was given over to the throwing upon the Runways, surrounding the miles of Wheat Fields, a brownish sort of little nut, known as the Kofu Bean from the Euphrates Country in ancient Persia—all ground up fine. It was done en masse, the Pasha in command, and with his impressed Rancho help of about 200 cowboys, cowgirls, and field workers going down the furrows ladling out the seeds, right and left, one might recall the ancients sowing their fields in biblical times out of shoulder bags with a blessing and hope of a fruitful harvest in the months to follow.

That night in the Great Hall of the Manor House was staged a Feast of Food, Fun and Frivol, the likes of which I had never seen before or since. It was for about 300 persons, and lasted until sundown the following day. Chefs down from San Francisco "curried" everything within sight,—even Sherry's ice cream, rushed through by special train from New York. Choice vintage, of California's choicest, flowed like water. The Feast of Belshazzar was pikish compared to this Orgy in Imploration for Rain; yet dire was the choleric ranchero's reaction when nothing happened.

After 56 hours we were to see results, affirmed the Pasha; meantime, to engage in supplication and reverent prayer. Well, we waited and waited for exactly nine days but not a sign of rain; then came the Blow-Off. The jolly Captain,—the Show had cost him an additional $40,000,—came to a sudden and drastic decision; "enough is enough" he said while forthwithedly ordering prepared at once his two special railroad cars, the "Erma" and the "Sally Jane," lying in the Southern Pacific Railroad siding, a mile down Cherry Creek, for an immediate emergency itinerary,—to take the whole caboodle of Oriental scientists and rainmakers to the nearest station on the Sunset Route, the Old Santa Fe town of Barstow, where arrangements had been made to attach the cars to the outgoing Pelican Express for Phoenix, Fort Worth and New Orleans; with a stop over for a resumption of egress by Cromwell Line steamer from the Crescent City through the Straits of Gibraltar to the palm-waving beaches of dear old Cairo and the verandah at Shepheard's Hotel.

So it ended. I went back and reread that one tremendous climactic sentence,

COLOSSAL!

I dislike blowing my own horn...but you'll say this is the greatest ever... or my initials aren't—
GBS

GABRIEL PASCAL presents
BERNARD SHAW'S
"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"
starring
JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE
ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS
and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES
COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE
Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE
Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

So Little Does So Much

There are hundreds of thousands of little children in the world today—the real tragedies of the war—who desperately need your help if they are to grow into intelligent men and women.

Of course food and shelter come first and much is being done in that direction. But one of the overlooked necessities is the basic school supplies—pencils, paper and crayons.

Three years ago The Forgotten Generation, a non-profit membership organization, was formed to supply under-privileged children anywhere, regardless of race, color or creed, with these necessary items. During that time thousands of school children in Italy, France and Holland have received the needed school supplies. The Forgotten Generation is now undertaking to supply some 200,000 elementary school children in Greece. The need is urgent. Won't you help? Send contributions to

The Forgotten Generation, Inc.
4 East 41st Street, New York 17, N Y.

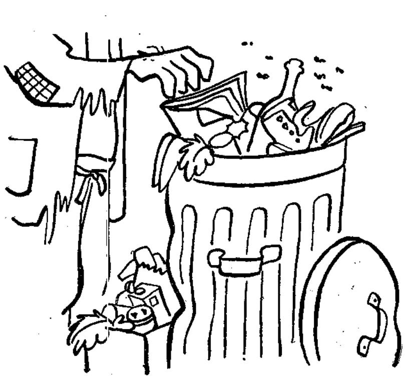
DONALD COOK • BARRY NELSON • JANET RILEY
2ND YEAR!
"NOTHING BUT FUN"
—CHAPMAN, NEWS
"THE MOON IS BLUE"
A New Comedy by
F. HUGH HERBERT
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 124 W. 43 St. Mats. Thur. & Sat.

"SMASH HIT MUSICAL!" —WALTER WINCHELL
Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan present
"Wish You Were Here"
A New Musical Comedy
by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan
Music and Lyrics by Harold Rome
"SPECTACULAR" N. Y. TIMES
Evgs. $7.20 to 2.40. Wed Mat. $4.20 to 1.80. Sat Mat. $4.80 to 1.80. Tax Incl
IMPERIAL THEATRE
255 W. 45 St., N. Y. 19

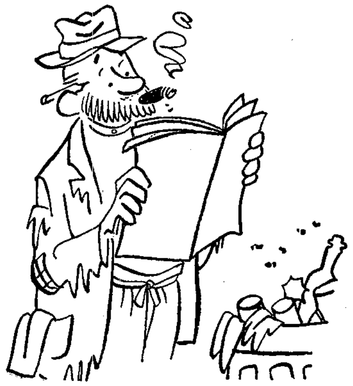
"SEASON'S FUNNIEST PLAY"
—N. Y. Times, Daily News, Newsweek, The New Yorker
JOHN GOLDEN Offers
ELLIOTT NUGENT · MARTHA SCOTT · ROBERT PRESTON
IN THE COMEDY HIT
The Male Animal
by JAMES THURBER & ELLIOTT NUGENT
Air-Cond. MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"IVANHOE"
Robert TAYLOR • Elizabeth TAYLOR • JOAN FONTAINE
Color by TECHNICOLOR • An M-G-M Picture
plus SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

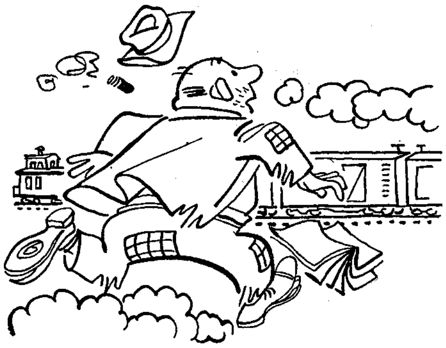
(*Advertisement*)



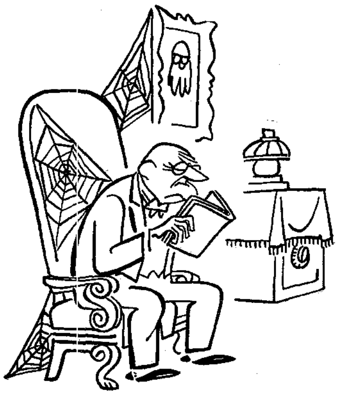
Some magazines . . .



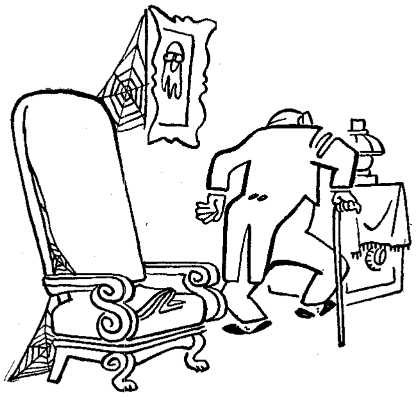
reach . . .



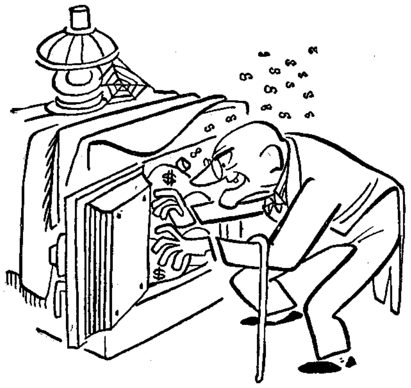
active people . . .



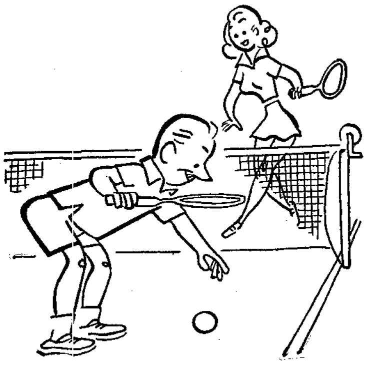
other magazines . . .



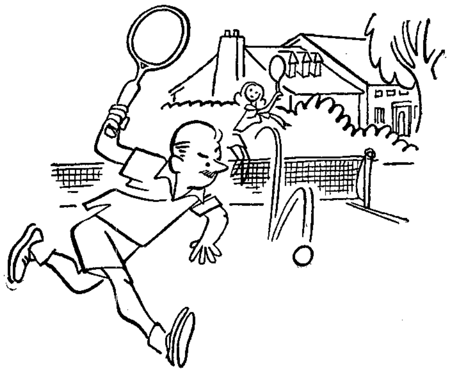
reach . . .



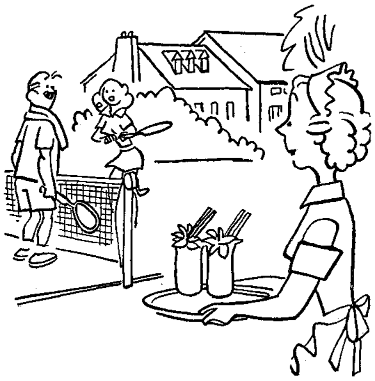
top-income people . . .



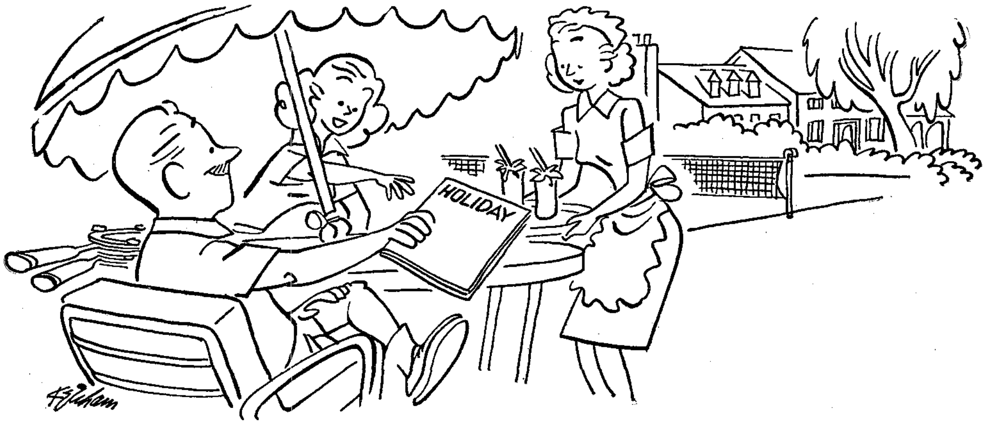
but people . . .



who are active . . .



and top-income too . . .



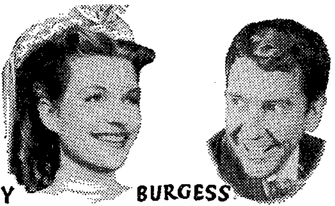
reach for Holiday magazine!

Holiday families drive twice as much as average — earn three times the average. For they're the nation's most active, top-income families. Each month Holiday reaches more than 850,000 of these responsive families and whets their appetites for new pleasures, new products!

HOLIDAY . . . *means pleasure and pleasure means business!*

N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
GUYS & DOLLS
A MUSICAL FABLE of BROADWAY
Starring
ROBERT VIVIAN SAM ISABEL
ALDA · BLAINE · LEVENE · BIGLEY
with PAT ROONEY, Sr.
Evenings: $6.60, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20 (Tax Included)
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
46th ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway
AIR-CONDITIONED

"AN IRRESISTIBLE COMEDY."—Chapman, N.Y. News
The Playwrights' Company presents



BETTY BURGESS
FIELD and MEREDITH
in the JOSÉ FERRER Production of JAN DE HARTOG'S Comedy
THE Fourposter
Evenings—Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Matinees Wed. & Sat.—Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.00. Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl. MAIL ORDERS FILLED
BARRYMORE Theatre 243 W. 47 St., N. Y. 36

CRITICS' AWARD BEST MUSICAL
VIVIENNE SEGAL · HAROLD LANG
IN
"PAL JOEY"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by LORENZ HART
Book by JOHN O'HARA
with HELEN GALLAGHER · LIONEL STANDER
Entire Production Supervised by ROBERT ALTON
Air-Cond. BROADHURST, 44 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
CURTAIN RISES 7:00 P.M. EVERY MONDAY

LELAND HAYWARD presents
HENRY FONDA
IN
"Point of No Return"
A new play by PAUL OSBORN
Based on the novel by JOHN P. MARQUAND
with
LEORA DANA • FRANK CONROY • PAUL HUBER
COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON • ROBERT ROSS
BARTLETT ROBINSON • PATRICIA SMITH • PHIL ARTHUR
Settings by JO MIELZINER • Directed by H. C. POTTER
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.80 to 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: $6.00 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20 to 1.80. Tax Incl.
CURTAIN RISES 7 P.M. EVERY MONDAY
Air-Cond. ALVIN THEA., 52 St. W. of B'way

"YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME AT THE ROYALE." —Gibbs, The New Yorker
Leonard Sillman's New Faces OF 1952
"BROADWAY'S NEWEST MUSICAL HIT" —Ed Sullivan
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
Air-Cond. ROYALE W. 45 St. Evgs., 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
MAIL ORDERS THRU JAN. 1st 1953

in which the irate millionaire sweeps the whole caboodle from the shores of the Pacific to the palm-waving beaches of dear old Cairo, with glimpses in transit of Barstow, Phoenix, Fort Worth, New Orleans, and the Straits of Gibraltar—fast-moving prose if ever I read any.

"It must have been quite a party," I said.

Colonel Stingo gave Louis, the lunch-counter man and waiter, a sign of the hand to bring on another round, and when he had seen this signal honored, he acknowledged that I was right. "It was a stupendous quaffery," he said. "Of course, my interest in the proceedings was purely cultural and Belshazzarian. I was engaged in the promotion of race tracks, and our mutual interest in the turf, rather than agriculture, had brought me into contact with Captain McKittrick, a grand fellow. But I could see the strength of the Pasha's racket immediately. If the Fates had been kind enough to vouchsafe a normal rainfall, he could have parlayed it into an empire like Pizarro's. My own entry into the rainmaking arena did not immediately follow my perception of its potentialities. For some time, I followed after false gods. I started a race track at Salt Lake City in 1909—had to do business with the elders of the Mormon Church to get the green light. After we got our track going nicely, an outraged husband, an old-time Mormon, shot our track manager for the usual reason. This caused a scandal, and the elders shut down our track and opened one of their own. Afterward, I got a heavyweight prizefighter named Tommy Burns, who is now a faith healer in Coalinga, California. We are still dear friends and correspond incessantly."

In evidence, the Colonel reached into his pocket again and produced a calling card, which read:

Compliments of
Tommy Burns
Former world's heavyweight
boxing champion
A demonstrator of Universal Love
Phone 442 Box 566
Coalinga, California, U.S.A.

Scrawled over the print was the inscription "God is Life & God is Love & Not a Human Being up in the Sky." On the back of the card was a printed message, headed, "Thinking Kindly Makes Perfection."

"He's a dear old Tommy," the Colonel said. "We severed our professional connection in Reno, Nevada, the day after the fight between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson, on July 4, 1910. Burns and I had previously agreed he should retire, but Tex Rickard, the promoter of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, offered us twenty-five thousand dollars to fight Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin. I put it up to Tommy. 'You fight him,' he said. 'I'm going fishing.' "

The Colonel sighed. "We could have beaten Ketchel, too," he said. "After that, I engaged in a variety of promotional ventures too multifarious to recount now, mostly in San Francisco. I would see an enterprise that needed the services of a good public-relations man, and I would talk myself in, always for a piece. It was in that manner I encountered Professor Hatfield, in about 1912. I was in a town called Modesto, California, where the chief attraction of the particular evening we met was a cocking main, to be held in the auditorium of the Salvation Army Temple following a meeting of the Modesto local of the Farmers' Guild. Cockfighting has never been my idea of the sport supreme, but, having nothing better to do, I attended, and for the same reason I got there early. Here was this tall, angular individual, Professor Hatfield, a squinty-eyed old fellow around fifty or so, up on the platform lecturing about something he called 'the induction of rainfall by vibratory detonation.' He had already been around for perhaps fifteen years with his theory, but had never yet made a major score.

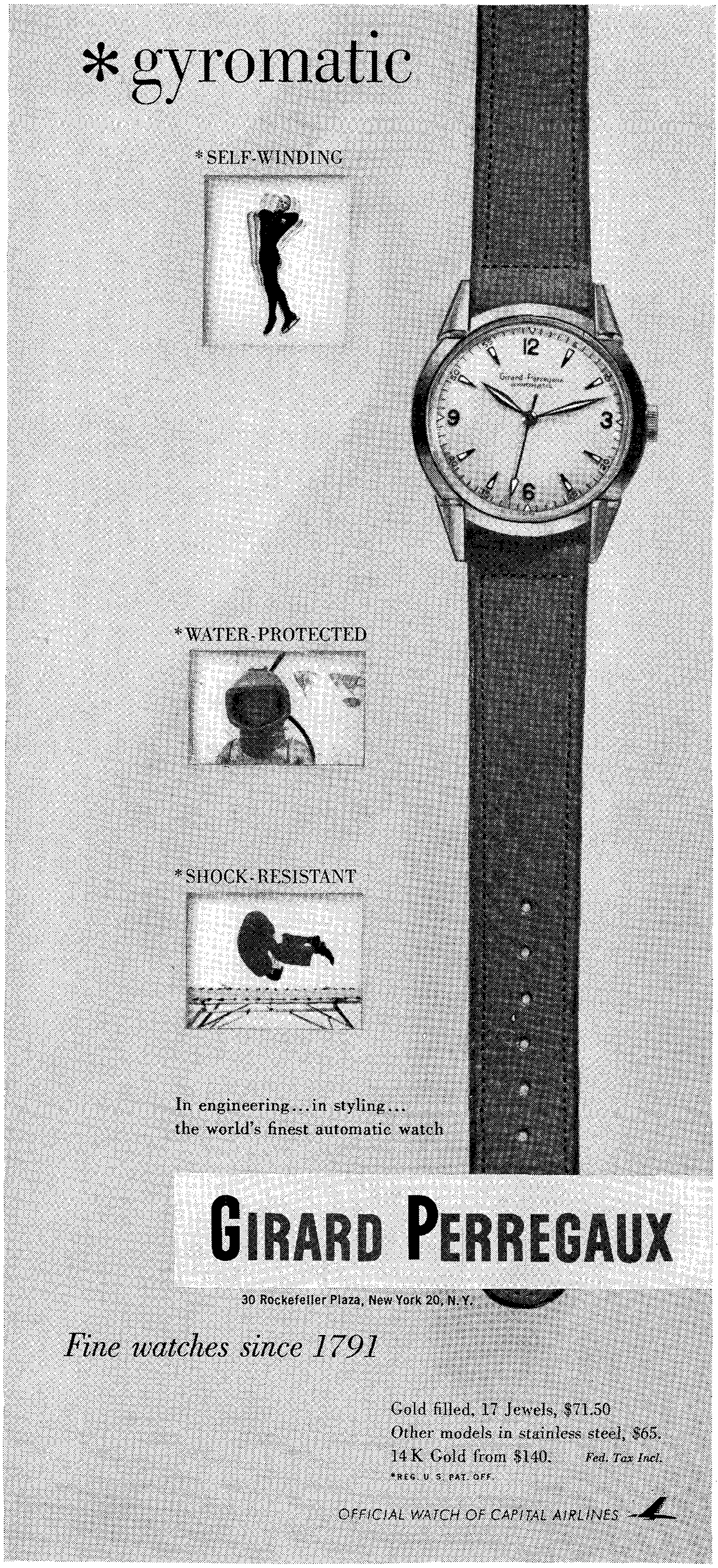
"The first wheatgrowers in California had owned huge ranches, but after the introduction of Turkey Red wheat to California between 1875 and 1890, a variety that could grow on poor and semi-arid lands, there got to be more and more small wheatgrowers, with ranches of about twenty-five hundred acres. These made up the membership of the Farmers' Guild, which arose, like the American Federation of Labor, as a bulwarkian defense of the individual against the exploitation of the big operator. The average local would comprise perhaps a hundred farms of substantially equal acreage, and perhaps two hundred members, since many of the farms were partnerships. Their primary effort was to protect prices and affect legislation, but the farmer had an even more vital concern—drought."

This time, I ordered up a replenishment of the Gambrinian, and Colonel Stingo continued, "Always the dread of the wheatgrower in California, in the valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento Rivers and of the farmers further north, in the terrain of the Columbia River and the tortuous Fraser River, is lack of rain precipitation. But the Professor didn't quite know how to transmute their apprehension into auriferous contributions. I clinched a deal for him with all eighty state locals of the Guild.

"I should point out that this old Professor Hatfield believed in all sincerity that cannon detonation at certain times under certain conditions would induce rainfall. He said he had been successful with it in South Africa—round about Pretoria and Ladysmith and along the Tugela River bottoms—in creating rain precipitation at the very precise time when the downpour saved the Boers vast crops of grain and fodder. He claimed credit for prolonging the Boer War a whole year. This incongruous Hatfield, a highly religious man, continuously bespoke the deities in his exhortations, as though the Gatling gun with which he produced his vibratory detonations would more surely serve scientific expectations through the kindly office of the occult. He availed fasting and a wing-and-buck salute to the morning sun as a means to further favorable propitiary. At the same time, I would remark at this juncture, recollection suggests the Professor knew the practical difference between the net and the gross and the possibilities thereof."

After taking the head off his newly filled glass, the Colonel went on, "Our deal was for each local to guarantee Professor Hatfield, in the event of optimum performance, just one thousand dollars, to be placed, in advance, with the bank at Tulare, California. On the part of the Hatfield Rain Precipitation Corporation, through device and service of our scientific detonationary method, we were to assume all expenses and full direction. The official gauges, containers, and measuring paddles were assembled and placed at the centrifugal point of test and calculation—the roof of the courthouse at Visalia, California, in the heart of the wheatlands. By the terms of our contract, we, the rainmakers, had thirty-two days and nights in which to deliver. If the rain at the end of that time totalled less than three inches, we'd get *nothing*. If it came to between three and four inches, we were to be paid at the rate of ten thousand dollars an inch, or thirty thousand dollars. If the total reached four inches, the rate was to jump to twenty thousand an inch—or the whole eighty thousand the locals had subscribed. Anything over four inches was gravy for their side.

"There wasn't a wheatgrower in the Valley who was not for our success. They did not begrudge the money and wished us well. The women prayed in



*gyromatic

*SELF-WINDING

*WATER-PROTECTED

*SHOCK-RESISTANT

In engineering...in styling...
the world's finest automatic watch

GIRARD PERREGAUX
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Fine watches since 1791

Gold filled, 17 Jewels, $71.50
Other models in stainless steel, $65.
14 K Gold from $140. *Fed. Tax Incl.*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OFFICIAL WATCH OF CAPITAL AIRLINES

How to fish with an old clothespin

A reader in Houston, Texas writes us about a trick he did after reading "The Fish That Spoke English" in Nation's Business, August issue.

Well might you ask why a busy businessman would take the time to read a story about a talking fish of all things, and then take still more time to write a lengthy letter on so unbusiness-like a subject. The answer is easy . . . this man likes to fish.

Anyway, Mr. Brown (that's his name) told a friend that fish didn't have any better sense than to strike at anything, including an old clothespin. So he painted one white, with a red head, and fastened hooks to it. The first day out, he and his fishing friend took their limit of four small mouth bass in a matter of minutes.

If any reader would like directions for making this clothespin lure, we will be delighted to send same at no cost, provided he or she remembers the moral of this tale . . . that businessmen are human beings, and that 800,000 of them read Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

the churches, and a score or more barn dances and picnics were given in our behalf, for the Professor was a natural friend maker and great all-round wonderful old rascal and good fellow. I wore off the O'Sullivans from a pair of French, Shriner & Urner twenty-dollar shoes that month of July dancing with the buxom farm girls. And what hoedowns they were—from sunset to sunrise. Their homemade whiskey and kitchen beer would cure cancer first time at bat.

"They say all first-class boob traps must contain a real smart ace in the hole. In all life, many of the potentials of destiny are very simple indeed, and here was no exception. Our ace was just the meteorological and rain-precipitation tables and charts for central California, issued by the Weather Bureau of the United States, the Department of Agriculture, and the Merchants Exchange in San Francisco. Many the long-hour midnight vigil I spent over those masses of demoniacal figures and equations, in collaboration with our statistician, Mr. Kid Rodgers, a mighty man with horse figures.

"Without going into a labyrinth of figures meaningless to the layman, it may suffice to state a rundown of them showed that for the thirty-two-day period the chances that four inches of rain would fall regardless of Professor Hatfield and his Gatling gun and stores of pure dynamite were slightly in our favor. That it would rain three inches, the percentage stood a good sixty-two per cent in our favor. Knowledge is power always, and here the exemplification of that fact was clearly convincing."

Colonel Stingo let that sink in and then, after clearing his throat, resumed in a voice grown suddenly dramatic. "And now the pièce de résistance," he said. "Early on a hot, dry afternoon beneath a burning California desert sun, five thousand people—state, county, and municipal officials, and the locals turned out to a man—forgathered on the northern slope of Mount Meadows, a sort of junior mountain. After the speeches, and the band had droned its last brassy blare, Professor Hatfield announced that he and his staff were about to ascend to the mountain's apex, and bade the crowds retire to a safe distance below. Presently, under the expert manipulations of our Director of Ordnance, Professor George Ambrosius Immanuel Morrison Sykes, D.D. Zoroastrian, our venerable Gatling went off like the clap of doom, followed by a repeat performance every five hours.

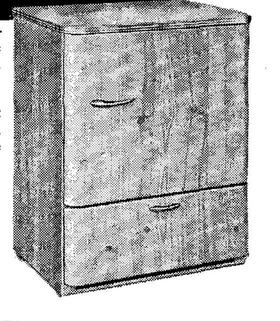
"Just about midnight, a perfect del-

DELECTABLE
Party Favorite

Bon Vivant
LOBSTER a la NEWBURG
with Imported Sherry Wine

Write for booklet of "23 Unusual Soups"
MOORE & CO. SOUPS, INC.,
137 Beekman Street, New York 7, N. Y.

the executive
REFRIGERATOR



Newly re-designed—now holds 9 ice-cube trays in horizontal type freezer, plus big inner door shelf. High quality 4-cubic foot refrigerator, acid resistant formica table top, and roomy storage bin. Mellow knotty pine shown. Also in blonde, walnut, mahogany, or gleaming white. 5-year guarantee. Ideal for offices, home bars, apartments, hotels, *Write*

GENERAL
air conditioning corp.
4520 E. Dunham Street, Los Angeles 23, Cal.
Chicago Office: Dept. 8, 323 W. Polk St.

VB

Since Prehistoric Days . . .

Apples have always been a popular food. Today, they're even more popular as VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce.

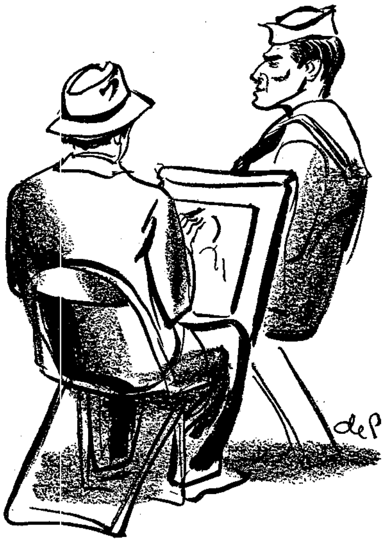
Old Fashioned
APPLE SAUCE

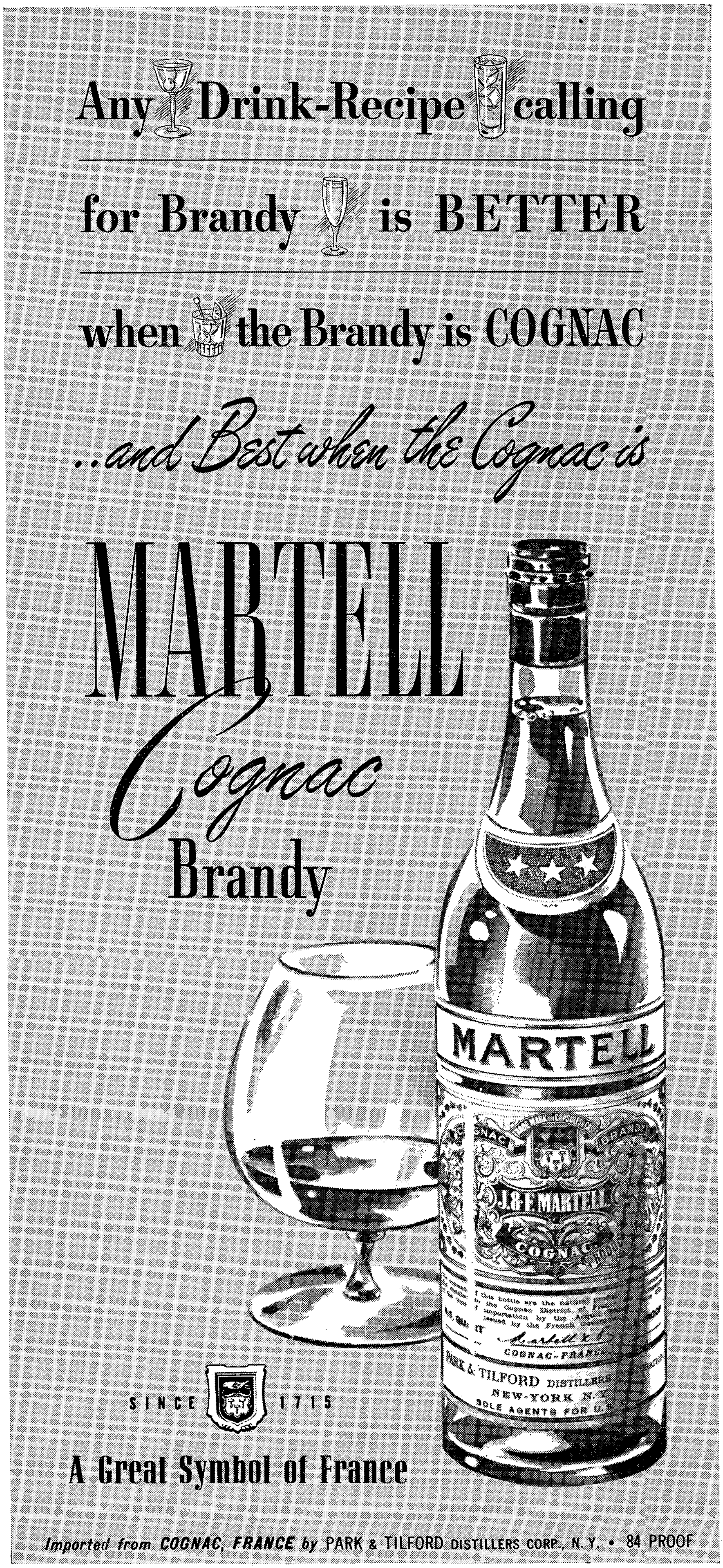
Packed by
Lyndonville Canning Co., Inc.
Lyndonville, New York

uge suddenly engulfed the countryside, causing Professor Hatfield to swell his chest and bleat his salutations like a toad in springtime. The old boy really believed, in his inner soul, that he had something scientifically on the ball. The precipitation that night was one and an eighth inches, which is a lot of rain in anybody's country. Next day, all the newspapers were full of the story and the Professor became slightly deified. The whole valley stood enraptured, and the fields and the ripening grain bloomed forth in gentle freshness wonderful to behold. The banks even began to loan money.

"Three times more during the thirty-two days and nights, we had real heavy downpours, besides many of the slight drizzles that are known only to a desert country. We made a total just under four inches. The overjoyed locals held a special meeting and voted us the full eighty thousand dollars, and invited Professor Hatfield to return next season. The crop came in most bountifully. It was a bumper. That winter, many a California wheatgrower spent Christmas in New York and at his childhood home in New England." I thought I saw a tear gleam in the Colonel's eye at the thought of the farmers' homecoming. He is a sentimental man.

"But we never did come together again, for the reason that the farmers figured out they could do just as well themselves, provided they had the right sort of cannon," Colonel Stingo went on. "While shooting off their cannon the following season, one of them lost his leg and several were chawed up a bit. The rain fell just the same and the jig was up. The idea cooled off to a whisper and became a story of the yesteryear." He sighed gently, and for a while we sat in silence, as in reproof to




Any Drink-Recipe calling for Brandy is BETTER when the Brandy is COGNAC

..and Best when the Cognac is

MARTELL Cognac Brandy

SINCE 1715

A Great Symbol of France

Imported from ***COGNAC, FRANCE*** *by* PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y. • 84 PROOF

Italian Originals

HANDMADE IN ROME

CREATED BY

ELEANORA GARNETT

FOR THAT FIRST ADDITION
to your fall wardrobe
for crisp days
on Fifth Avenue
The Corso
or Main Street—
in soft wool, slim torso,
long set-in sleeves,
interest focused on the tiered skirt
black, wine, brown.
sizes 10 to 18 195.00

exclusively at
Eleanora Garnett
47 East 51 St.
New York City
ELdorado 5-5275

a humanity that is never content to let well enough alone.

"MY next venture in the rainmaking business took the closely related form of rain prevention," Colonel Stingo said. "And I would suggest a replenishment of the crystal goblet. In the summer of 1930," he went on when this had been accomplished, "I had begun a period of non-holding. Dr. Orlando Edgar Miller, my associate in a campaign of religious education, had been laid by the heels in California. He was in durance vile, as a result of persecution by the American Medical Association, which contended he could not prolong people's lives by swinging them in a hammock, thus extending their vertebrae. An ice-skating rink that I promoted in San Francisco had been eclipsed by the opening of a larger rival, and it was too late to arrange a comeback for Tommy Burns, even had he been willing, because he was by now on the half-century mark. A storm cloud lowered over the American economy.

"Hearing of my lack of immediate projects, an old California friend of mine who had himself scored handily in New York had written to me, urging me to challenge the big city once again. I had a house near Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, staffed by a Chinese couple, man and wife, whose stipendia were somewhat in arrears. I presented them with the house and mortgage and came on, like the Argonauts, by a slow ship through the Panama Canal. But venture capital had apparently taken refuge. The depression was upon us, and the old town had changed. Resource stood baffled.

"When without specific objective, I have often found it rewarding to go to the race track. I have made it a lifelong rule since the age of fifteen never to bet on horses. Freed of this crass preoccupation, a man at the track can sometimes see opportunity beckon. So here I am at Belmont Park, this fine, though overcast, early afternoon in September, 1930, the Wednesday following the opening on Labor Day Monday, when the Fall Highweight Handicap had been won by that marvellous sprinter Balko, under a hundred and thirty-six pounds. The second day's racing had been marred by a torrential downpour beginning after the second race, and the question of the weather for the rest of the short meeting—only twelve more days—was, naturally, a subject of managerial concern. For the first time since the end of the First World War, attendances at all sporting events had fallen off, a circumstance imputable to the quasi-disappearance of tease from public circulation. The pari-mutuels were not yet grinding out their vast gist of vulgar geld for the New York tracks, though they were in operation in other regions, and not even bookmaking had been formally relegalized, as it was in a few short years to be. The only betting permitted was of the oral, or sub-rosa, variety.

"So the gate money was vital to Belmont's meeting the nut. The directors of the Association, although all millionaires, had not got that way by losing money, an ordeal to which they were still painfully unaccustomed, even if, in many cases, recently initiated. The president, Mr. Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, was even less accustomed than the lesser millionaires who surrounded him. He was a prince of good fellows, attired in atelierlike clothes and possessed of the divine inflatus for acquisition.

"Upon arrival at the park, I made my way to Mike the Bite's Lucky Shoe Shine Stand, just in off the extra-legal but condoned betting ring. The proprietor, a slightly colored man, perhaps an octoroon, was of true name William Beeson, but styled Mike the Bite because he was such an easy fellow to promote for a loan. This was because of native generosity, not lack of business acumen, for Willie had built up for himself a considerable fortune by his occult activities. The stand provided but a small portion of his revenues. He charged twenty-five cents for a slapdash polish with quick brushoff. But he also sold, to customers both male and female, a daily rabbit's foot for two dollars and an agreement to bet two dollars for him on his third-race selection. He must have been quite a figurator, or else quite a salesman, because he put out around fifty rabbits' feet per diem. Not all the rabbits'-feet customers took shines.

"On two long hanger racks in the rear the Bite undertook to care safely for your overcoat or umbrella, which was his way of assuring himself of the customer's return and, more especially, payoff. If the Bite's selection came down in front in the third, it requires no great computation to see he was a sure thing to become rich.

"The second dodge of the Bite was quite classic. Early in life, his back had been broken during a tornado in his home town down South, notoriously a region of high winds. It had never properly mended, with the result that, believe me, nobody ever had such a magnificently large hunch on his short, wide back as the Bite. And, be assured, he made the hunchback business pay him better than it had Lon Chaney, who played Quasimodo in the silent films. In this dodge, the Bite made a play for the lady horseplayers only. He bought two suits a year from Barney's, on Seventeenth Street, in the Village, one for the summer and one for the chilly days of autumn, generally at thirty-five dollars each. But he paid five dollars extra for a very special alteration. Where the coat rested plumb atop the hunch, this mastermind contrived a large patch pocket that opened and closed on a shiny zipper about six inches long.

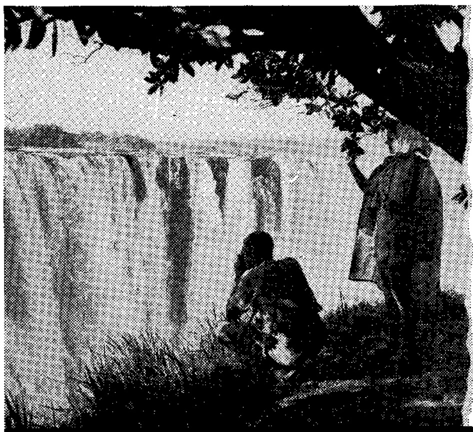
"For years, the Bite held to a psychic fixation, which was, in effect, that only women could enjoy good luck in playing the horses by the laying on of the hands upon that prodigious hump. He would say oftentimes that under no circumstances would he sell 'a touch,' as he termed the merchandise, to a man—only to a woman, and never for less than ten dollars. As the years went by, the Bite built up a large and steady patronage among women turf speculators. They would come sidling up quietly to the shoeshine stand and into the rear of the hanger racks. The Bite would follow, tiptoeish-like, and in a flash a tug on the zipper would bring exposure of the hump. Then, by a quick and dexterous move, the lady horseplayer would reach out a pinkie and the touch became achieved.

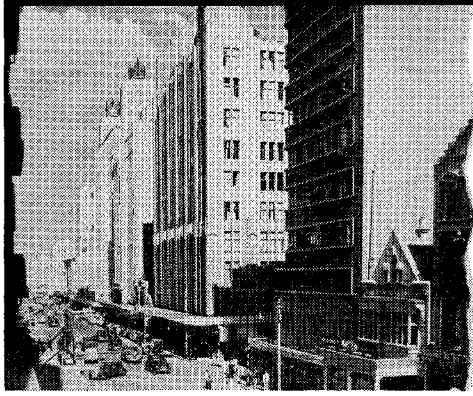
"I climbed up on Mike's stand, not because I was a candidate for the eleemosynary department, still less to get a horse in the third, but because it provided a perch from which I might survey briefly the hurrying throng, all panting with greed, intent on the accumulation of unearned increment. Also, I liked to exchange a greeting with the Bite, who had a particular esteem for me, because I always showed him respect by addressing him as Willie. From my perch, as Mike applied himself diffidently to my shoes, I perceived a friend of olden times—the tall, gaunt Professor Sykes, whom I had known first as assistant to Dr. Hatfield. The good Dr. Sykes was hurrying with long strides, but not in the direction of the betting ring. Hence, I judged he was on some tryst intent, and since he was not given to extraconjugal romance, I took it that his appointment was with a solvent boob.

"I followed with my eyes his progress across the clubhouse lawn and, to my astonishment, recognized the resplendent form encountering his as that of Mr. Widener, who was accompanied by

GRANDE BAROQUE TEA SET...Exquisitely wrought in heavy Wallace Sterling Silver! A fabulous gift—a matchless possession! Five piece set—Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Creamer and Waste $765. With silver plated Waiter 23" long, $875. Prices include Federal Tax. Available at fine jewelry stores throughout the country. Made by Wallace Silversmiths at Wallingford, Connecticut, creators of the famous "Third Dimension Beauty" Sterling Silver patterns.

WALLACE STERLING SILVER





CONTRAST—key to a magnificent South African vacation! The colorful blend of age-old and ultra-modern Africa...great cities, exotic native tribes and vast game reserves, matchless mountains, majestic waterfalls, fabulous gold and diamond mines! Every day is an adventure day in this land of the year-round sun!

SOUTH AFRICA ...*Land of Contrast!*

Plan to visit South Africa now—see your Travel Agent for information and literature, or write:

South African Tourist CORPORATION
SATOUR
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

for you

... a skin with the velvet texture of rose petals ... glowing with youthful radiance ... when you enjoy the world's most exclusive make-up—

Countess Isserlyn

Lisa Ferraday, Baroness Lisa deMezey, of Hungary
Portrait by Seawell of Paul Hesse

Anatole Robbins

2 oz. $30.00
Introductory Size
1 oz. $15.00
Economy Size
4 oz. $50.00

5533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

ar-1

KEEP YOUR MOUTH
Fresh as a Daisy
ALL DAY

- Recommended by doctors everywhere.
- Protects mouth and throat against tobacco impurities.
- Filters by cooling smoke. No soggy filters to replace.
- Avoids stains on teeth, fingers.
- Handy ejector.

SEE THEM TODAY!
At leading tobacco shops
Three sizes
$2.50

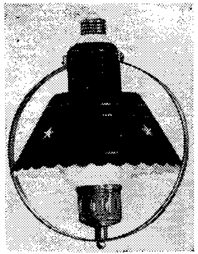
Kirsten

The Cleaner, More Healthful Way To Smoke Cigarettes

KIRSTEN PIPE CO., INC.
Seattle 7, Wash.

Theodore's
Finest ITALIAN DISHES
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner
SPECIAL DINNER $3.25 up
Also a la carte
Caterers to Italian Air Lines (L.A.I.)
Continuous Entertainment Nightly
from 9:30 to 3 A.M. at
Le Ruban Bleu
Both Establishments at
4 East 56 St. PL 3-6426

Screws in like a light bulb!
Amazing New HANGING LAMP


No wires to connect. Imagine, now you can change a lighting fixture with a twist of the wrist. Wherever a light bulb can be screwed in you can hang this delightful lamp. It's red tôle metal trimmed with shining brass. 8" in dia., 9½" high. Has opal glass reflector. Takes 100 watt bulb. No COD's, please. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

No wires to connect!
Only $5.75 Postpaid
ARTISAN GALLERIES N-11, FORT DODGE IOWA

the Racing Secretary of the meeting, Mr. Schaumburg—since, like his boss, gone under the wire. The incongruous three joined in colloquy and shortly moved away to a tree surrounded by benches, where they seated themselves. I, having by now felt the tug at my trouser leg that was the Bite's signalization of the completion of his once-over, descended from the chair and followed them. It was a cinch, I had already estimated, that Mr. Widener would not wish Dr. Sykes to bring on *more* rain, so I surmised that the good Doctor had found a method of keeping it away.

"The gentlemen had selected for their talk the Joyner Oak, set within a richly verdured parkway enclosed by four brightly striped benches of heavy hickory wood. I approached discreetly, to further observe the portentous circumstance, the better to evaluate the significance of it all. Suddenly, the knot of earnestly conferring men became restive, and Mr. Widener made his adieux. The Messrs. Sykes and Schaumburg would be obliged to cross my path if they directed their way to the Racing Secretary's office. Sure enough, that was the direction they took. Almost abreast of me, Dr. Sykes suddenly made me, and an effulgence of recognition resulted in an effusive greeting. Mr. Schaumburg was also an old acquaintance of my turf-writing days. What a coincidence!

"At that moment, from here, there, and everywhere, occurred a rush of persons—from beneath the paddock trees, from underneath the grandstand, and from out of the recesses of the Racing Administration Building—all headed toward the trackside rail, all in answer to the thrilling alarum 'They're off!' Like a red coon dog catching high scent, the Secretary broke into a run and was gone. That was the cue for me to edge Dr. Sykes away to Mike the Bite's stand and maneuver him back in behind the hanger racks, where we could talk unobserved. He came quickly to the point. He had been doing business in late years as the Weather Control Bureau, of Burbank, California. Out there, he said, he had received a letter from a lady with a name fragrant of millions, here in New York, asking whether he could prevent, as well as cause, rainfall. If so, she said, she would be willing to defray the expense of a conference here in New York. On arrival here, he was to report to the offices of the Westchester Racing Association, where a meeting would be arranged between him and Mr. Widener. All this had been done, and the two men had met as planned. 'My latest apparatus has proved as efficacious in driving away rain as in inducing it,' Dr. Sykes told me, with a perfectly straight face. 'But I would appreciate your assistance with the meteorological data.' I said I was agreeable, and asked him how matters stood at present.

" 'Funny thing about Mr. Widener,' the Doctor said. 'He allowed as how he couldn't make up his mind on the deal until we'd both talked it over with the lady. Said he had great confidence in her intuition. So we made another appointment for tomorrow, same time, but outside the Turf & Field Club, where the lady's car will be parked. These rich Easterners are very suspicious. Mr. Widener seemed to doubt my good faith.'

" 'That's because he has never done business with an honest rainmaker,' I said. 'I have known Mr. Widener for many years,' I added, 'and I am prepared to corroborate whatever assertions you may make, within reason, about your past accomplishments. Also, as you may recollect, I have an adroitness in handling the feminine component, a way with the ladies, and I suspect that Mrs. Harriman'—for that was the fair one's name—'will have the determining voice.' So I was in like Flynn, for forty-five per cent of the whole deal, which, like a promising but untried mining claim, we did not yet know the full value of, but it bore a bonanza aspect. The old Doc stipulated ten per cent for Mrs. Sykes, who he said had accompanied him to New York, and forty-five per cent for himself. I was to be the outside man, or talker, and old Doc was to contribute the esoteric, or abracadabric, touch. He was to profess the zealot, unapproachable and hard to understand.

" 'Now,' I said, 'I would suggest that Mr. Widener, who has in his life dragnetted an enormous accumulation of profits, is more attracted by the possibility of making money than of guaranteeing against loss. I would therefore propose that we offer him a forfeit for nonfulfillment of our promise.' I had in the back of my mind that it rains less than once a week on the average in early September—a hot, sultry time in the vicinity of New York, usually—but I was going to check it before I made the price.

"So the good Doctor and myself left Mike the Bite with his lares and snares, and, making headway to the Doctor's shiny Buick, we soon found ourselves speeding along the boulevard en route to New York. We felt no desire to see the rest of the races, having matters more emergent on our minds. I, for one, had to see what weather reports for

The lady Says "Yes"
to Forstmann "Camelaire". Lebow leads the fashion
caravan with 100% camel hair for suits,
sport jackets and topcoats. Camelaire has that
"extra everything" for men. It's a fashion first

by Lebow Clothes

A few of the stores where Lebow Clothes are sold. For other dealers, write Lebow Bros., Inc., Baltimore 2, Md.

New York, LORD & TAYLOR
Albany, McMANUS & RILEY
Austin, E. M. SCARBROUGH & SONS, INC.
Baltimore, HUTZLER'S
Boston, SCOTT & CO.
Charleston, SCHWABE & MAY
Denver, DANIELS & FISHER
Detroit, HARPUR, INC.
Jacksonville, LEVY'S
Louisville, RODES-RAPIER CO.
Memphis, LEVY'S MEN'S STORE
Minneapolis, NICOLAS
Philadelphia, WANAMAKER'S MEN'S STORE
Savannah, MORRIS LEVY'S
York, LEHMAYER'S
© 1952, Lebow Bros., Inc.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Luxury you can afford!

Wool and Cashmere
Beauty 59.95

Wonderful wool and cashmere
...styled by Davis...tailored
like a fine fabric should be,
with fashionable flare and strict
attention to style-important
details. Note its bias-cut
sleeves, welt-finished seams,
handsome shawl collar. It's
the coat you can't resist
at our remarkably low price.
Gray, navy, camel, nude
in 10 to 16. 4th Floor

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6,
Please order by Style Number N-18
Postage prepaid everywhere in the U. S.

AND 14 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

the Long Island district in past years were accessible at the New York Public Library, my source of avail in an endless variety of situations. 'Are you holding, Doctor?' I asked him. He shook his head. 'Just enough to live nice for a couple of weeks,' he said. It had just occurred to me Mr. Widener might demand a deposit in evidence of our ability to pay the first day's forfeit, in the event of our failure. But I had already fixed in my mind a potential source for such collateral. '*Semper Paratus*' is the motto of the long riders." "The long riders," a term the Colonel likes to apply to himself and all his associates, past and present, is an allusion to the train robbers who used to ride out of the Indian Territory of Oklahoma with Al Jennings, a character Colonel Stingo claims as a boyhood friend. The analogy is purely poetic, however. The only gunpoint at which the Colonel has ever taken money is the muzzle of Professor Hatfield's cannon.

"Dr. and Mrs. Sykes had taken a month's lease on an old brownstone house in the West Eighties," Colonel Stingo went on. "There I joined them in the late evening, after a long afternoon profitably spent in meteorological figuration. We could afford to lay Mr. Widener two to one, I had discovered, and still have a percentage of seventy-four point ninety-nine in our favor, while the greediest bookmakers content themselves with fifteen to twenty and the remorseless pari-mutuel, as at present constituted, a mere fourteen. And by a subtlety in the wording of our wager I increased the margin.

"But this old joker Sykes maintained the pretext that his manipulations were in fact capable of affecting the result. 'A lot of things have developed in our profession since your time, Little Mac,' he told me. 'Including radio. I'm going to employ actinic refracting mirrors and the gamma radio ray.' I said that was all right with me as long as we retained the percentage.

"That night, we dined with fine gusto, and remained at table for hours at the Café Conte, on Lafayette Street, recalling old times and old friends. Mrs. Sykes was a big woman. In our rainmakers' campaigns in the Far West, it had been her specialty to attend gatherings of the women of the farmers in their churches and meetinghouses, where she would lead the prayers for the evocation of the benign spirits on our behalf. This time, she said, she would exercise another talent. She could mix drinks as expertly and diabolically as any leering night-club bartender I ever knew. 'It should help with public relations,' she said.

"With freshening shower and spanking breakfast, I was in fine fettle as Dr. Sykes and myself stepped into his car for the long ride to Belmont Park next morning. And now the bugle call for the opening race of this drizzling, murky Thursday here at Belmont Park clarioned through the paddock and across the vast stretches of the queen of all racing courses in the New World. Precisely on the dot, we kept our appointment with Mrs. Harriman at the Turf & Field Club. A very gracious lady and one of the real beautiful women of her day and time, she chose to receive us upon the driveway leading up to the clubhouse veranda while lolling in a vast and handsome phaeton—a custom-built eight-cylinder imported Hispano-Suiza." The Colonel stopped, drank, and, after a moment of purposeful silence, resumed his narrative. "On the direction of Madame, the tonneau's side door swung ajar, revealing a vista of rich and ravishing splendor. Upon her golden barge in the simmering moonlight of a sheening night on the Nile, I am sure, Cleopatra never looked more completely devastating than does dear Mrs. Harriman as she reclines her elongated figure lissomely strewn upon the satin-cushioned coach seat while smoking a costly heaven-scented Carolina Perfecto à la Panatela with the poise of a Winston Churchill tweezing a Wheeling stogie. Tall, slim, and elongated she was, and her wide, wondering eyes were in shade the color of sea shells along the Caribbean beachway at sunrise. Her honey-tone-colored hair, beneath a resplendent picture hat, was bunched in braids after the affectation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and matched up with a single California pink rose in a long tendril, while her every physical movement bespoke the Delsartean motif in its fullest synchronization, albeit she appeared languorously and coquettishly lazy."

The Colonel's ideal of feminine beauty remains constant—a dashing woman, tall, lissome, understanding, and, above all, loaded down with tease. I ventured to congratulate him on his descriptive powers.

"Thank you," he replied, as if he had hardly heard me. "However, she had a weakness—an inquiring mind. She was curious of the occult, and had landed on the mailing list of every peddler of the esoteric from Father Divine to the Omnipotent Oom and the Rosicrucians. It was through one of her yogi cronies, no doubt, if not through a Bahai, that she had learned of Dr. Sykes' prowess, for the old boy ranked high in the mystic confraternity. She was therefore predisposed in our favor.

" 'Here at Belmont Park this season,' Mrs. Harriman said, by way of opening the meeting, 'we're confronted by a severe depression, and a continued period of rain would ruin us. It occurred to me that you California experts might be able to prevent it. What may be your reaction?' Mr. Widener, who, I think I neglected to mention, was standing on the other side of the Hispano-Suiza, concurred.

"The nudge that Dr. Sykes trained into my ribs was quite unnecessary, for I realized full well that my time at bat had come. 'The new and most modern method of meteorological control and precipitation engenderment will be utilized,' I intoned. 'The iodine-silver spray, based on canalized wave vibration. The cost of installation for the term of ten racing days or less will not exceed five thousand dollars, and it is our firm belief, after many years in the ancient and honorable profession of the rainmaker, that you will not have more than two days with a perceptible rainfall.'

"Then came the all-important dénouement—the terms. They embraced simply this: We, the United States Weather Control Bureau, hereinafter to be styled party of the first part, agree to induct, maintain, and operate the iodine-silver spray and gamma-ray radio system, the cost to us not to exceed five thousand dollars, cost of buildings and labor to be defrayed by the Westchester Racing Association, hereinafter to be denominated party of the second part, said cost likewise not to exceed five thousand dollars. The party of the second part agrees to pay party of the first part twenty-five hundred dollars on the Saturdays of September 6th and 13th and one thousand dollars on each intervening weekday for its services in preventing rain. Party of the first part agrees to pay to party of the second part two thousand dollars on any day on which the United

you save
Time!
Money!
Post Preferred
Eaton's
Post
Preferred
This crisp lightweight paper is equally well suited to general correspondence or air mail

by using Eaton's Post Preferred
in Open Stock

Lightweight Travel Wonder!
in airy-light tints

That letter with the delicate air – on Eaton's Post Preferred – is deceptively hardy, as befits a seasoned traveler. Its crisp lightweight strength proves it a quality-made paper. It travels by land, air, or sea for a *minimum of postage*, tells of your good taste wherever it goes.

Economical! Good value to begin with and non-waste because sheets and envelopes can always come out even – you mate your supplies from Eaton's Open Stock – available in fine stores, throughout this country. *Convenient!*

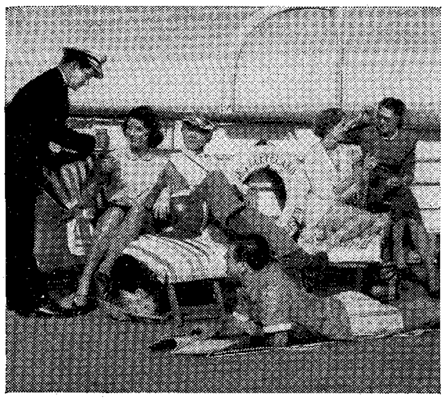
Use Eaton's Post Preferred – the postage-saving smart paper of dual usefulness – for handwritten and typewritten letters, for air mail everywhere.

Two sizes (5⅞" x 7¼" and 7¼" x 10⅜") of Post Preferred are available in Open Stock in single sheets in White, Blue, Grey, Tan at 95c the box. Matching envelopes with chalk-white interlinings, 50c the package of 25.

POST PREFERRED IS BUT ONE OF A WIDE VARIETY OF PAPERS IN

Eaton's Fine Letter Papers in Open Stock

We do not sell direct PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

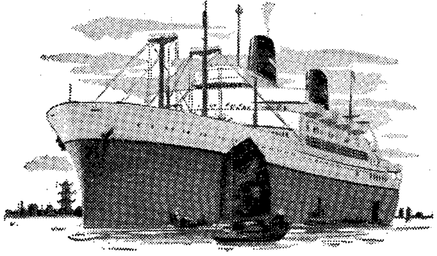


So Much To See...Enjoy...Remember!

Pacific Cruise

on the Distinguished, Luxurious

S.S. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND • S.S. PRESIDENT WILSON



See fascinating and different places of enchanting beauty. Enjoy six wonderful weeks in an air-conditioned "Country Club Afloat"...sunny days of sports, swimming, relaxation; evenings of dancing and romance; superb food, service, accommodations. Los Angeles or San Francisco to Hawaii, Japan, Philippines, Hong Kong. First class fare from $1147, plus tax. Sailings every three weeks (ask about special Christmas Holiday Cruise). *See Your Travel Agent* for *free* expert trip planning help. Or write to Dept. NY-28.

Passenger Wilbur Clark, connoisseur of fine cuisine and managing owner of Las Vegas' famed Desert Inn, rendezvous of gourmets and world celebrities, smiles approval of shipboard buffet to Commodore H. J. Ehman, skipper of the *S. S. President Cleveland.*

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
"TRAVEL WITH THE PRESIDENTS"

311 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 4
New York • Boston • Washington, D.C.
Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Honolulu

States Weather Bureau reports rain, even a trace, within the purlieus of Belmont Park between 11 A.M. and 5:30 P.M. Payment to be made each day at 6 P.M. at the office of the Westchester Racing Association, Belmont Park.

"Thus it was all perfectly clear, but Mr. Widener still hesitated, as one who feared a trap. The sum involved could be to him of no consequence—a fleabite—but he fancied himself a sharp guy. 'Will you put up two thousand dollars as evidence of good faith?' he asked. I agreed, with trembling.

"Then, sharply sudden, came a lull in the negotiative colloquy, with all eyes and attention veered upon Mrs. Harriman. Her brow bore a knitted texture just for a fleeting second or two, then came a faraway look, evidently penetrating the distant realm of occult portent, for with beatific transition she suddenly exclaimed, 'Joe, my boy, it comes to me clear as crystal. The augury is for you and fine success. Close the deal with the gentlemen. You'll avert rain and make plenty tease.'

"Without further ado, Mr. Widener accepted the terms, and extended a handshake to me along the diameter of the friendly little circle. The deal was a bet and was on as sure as you live. On Mrs. Harriman's suggestion, we adjourned to the Turf & Field Club for a snack and a service of illicit but authentic Irroy *brut*. In due season, over the wine and sweetmeats, the instruments were signed.

"But where would I get that two thousand dollars in those Hooverized days of tight money? Why, sure enough, there he was: dear old Mike the Bite, a real natural—'Fade my four for the Lord's sake,' as Dr. Orlando Edgar Miller used to say on occasion. And the Bite let us have it that same day. Loans of such a nature can be negotiated only on a race track, but the noisome breath of the mechanical mutuels has changed all that, and the old breed is dying out."

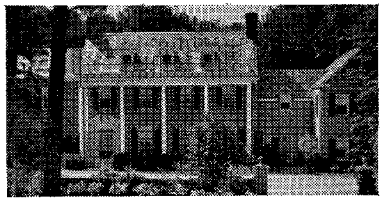
The Colonel sighed into his beer, creating a mournful, Byronic sound.

"Now we were set to go," he resumed, "but we had only about thirty-six hours left to install all our apparatus, for the good Doctor declaimed that he needed a start of a few hours to dispel rain clouds that might converge upon the track Saturday noon. 'It is not an instantaneous process,' he said. 'There are some types of clouds I can dispel with one punch, but others require a couple of hours of softening up before I shoot it to them.' So my role changed at once. Instead of a silver-tongued advocate, I now transformed my-

IN PINEHURST

Gentleman's Hunting Estate

Spacious Residence, 20-Acre Lake, Tenant, Farm Buildings, 1450 Acres



"Sandy Woods", in Carolina's famous golf, game-bird and fox-hunting country, is a beautiful home, luxuriously appointed. The distinguished brick residence, completely furnished, 7 tenant houses and apartment together provide 55 rooms, 13 baths, readily adaptable for a variety of uses. Perfect for a year 'round home, the estate could serve as a club or resort inn.

Wildlife abounds in the woodland. Bird feeding stations, tobacco, premium grain seed crops under cultivation. Ample pastureland. Stables, kennels, studio. Near tournament golf course, all facilities. Ask your local broker or us for illustrated brochure NY-60425.

To buy or sell property anywhere

PREVIEWS INC.
A Nationwide Marketing Service

49 E. 53 St., New York 22 • PLaza 8-2630
1518 Walnut St., Phila. 2 • PE 5-1400
20 Kilby St., Boston 9 • CApitol 7-4995

OTHER OFFICES: PALM BEACH • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Edith PIAF

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

Versailles
151 EAST 50TH ST.
PL 8-0310

for modern lamps and tables

LAMPLAND

579 Sixth Ave. near 16th
664 Lexington Ave. near 55th

Jon's

scandinavian shop

Beautiful Modern Things for the home and for gifts, from Scandinavia and other countries—at reasonable prices.—Come and browse—bring a friend. Saturday you're invited for delicious, refreshing Swedish punch.

179 WEST 4TH STREET
(The Craft Street of Greenwich Village)
Between 6th and 7th Avenues
Open 1—10 p.m. Sats. 1—12 p.m.

self into a construction superintendent."

At this point, I became a trifle boorish. "Colonel," I said to my old friend, "do you mean to tell me all this really happened?"

A pained expression contracted the Colonel's nostrils, but he recovered quickly. "I expected you'd ask that sooner or later," he said. "Anybody would. And so I brought along a few old clippings from New York newspapers of that period, which I happen to have preserved at the Dixie. I shall submit my exhibits at the proper place in the narration. But to continue. It was agreed we, the rain preventers, were to have at our disposal every possible facility available at trackside, including the fine old disused clubhouse at the head of the stretch, abandoned when the finish line was moved in 1920, and a constricted area of about half an acre at the head of the Widener Course, the straightaway down which the celebrated Futurity is run off annually.

"Sweeping down past the long grandstand on the afternoon of Friday, September 5th, 1930, the observer arriving by the old clubhouse would have seen piles of our paraphernalia and materials, with workmen and installators standing about awaiting our instructions. Inside the old clubhouse, on the top floor, busy as the proverbial bees, Dr. Sykes and his missis were directing workmen in the setting up of the two heavy Vibrator Units and the Chemicalized Repository. I am no adept in machinery, so I cannot describe their aspect more technically than to say they looked ominous. Here was their laboratory, and the lady, noisy as a steam teakettle, had just issued orders that no person might enter from this moment on except by presentation of a permit card. Experience had taught the Sykeses the lesson to beware of newspaper snoopers, particularly photographers. During the morning, the weird-looking detonatory compound had been completed at the head of the Widener Course and its equipment completely installed. There was little architectural ingenuity employed in the design of the compound thus established out in deep right field. It was a one-room structure made of plain lumber—a pentagon sixteen feet in height and twelve feet on a side, with an earth floor and no doors and no windows—an important point, counter-espionage-wise. A veritable packing box. Entrance was made through a nine-and-a-half-foot tunnel from an entrance immediately to the north of the layout. Sprouting from its roof were two vibratory rods of shiny steel, and within

Luxury without peer...

PHOTOGRAPH BY FABIAN BACHRACH

SUPERBLY HAND-CRAFTED
FLANNELS

Practically indispensable for Autumn wear and preferred by successful men throughout the country . . . luxurious lightweight Flannels, adroitly cut and needled by hand in our own workrooms with all the finesse and fashion authority we've acquired through 64 years of experience.

$90

Other Flannel Suits to $150

WITTY BROTHERS

Makers of Fine Clothes Since 1888

CREATORS OF WORLD-FAMOUS RAJURA CASHMERE OUTERCOATS
MAKERS OF 100% DACRON TROPICALS AND SLACKS

550 FIFTH AVENUE, bet. 45th and 46th Sts., New York
Other Stores in New York and Brooklyn

(*Advertisement*)

An occasion rare and wonderful

Humor is so rare, humor is so precious, that the appearance of a new, *genuinely* humorous work should be embraced and proclaimed.

Such a work is now appearing in the pages of HOLIDAY magazine. It's a new series by Ruth McKenney, who gave us her unforgettable *My Sister Eileen*. This is about another Eileen, sister's niece, and her brother, mother, father, nurses, and their impact on a surprised, but enchanted, Belgium.

Several have already appeared in HOLIDAY, more are to come. They're warm, they're funny, they're beautifully written, they stand an excellent chance of going on to fame and permanency, as did *My Sister Eileen*. If you have not already been exposed to the series, it is strongly recommended that you latch on to the October HOLIDAY now on the stands.

P. S. Also in this issue of Holiday you'll find other outstanding articles and features by such writers as Richard Llewellyn, Debs Myers, David Scherman, Irving Stone and Phil Stong, along with regular contributors such as Clifton Fadiman and Al Hine.

was an evil-looking contraption best described as suggesting a discarded old-time refrigerator, with an electric-charged battery, quite concealed, and a washtub full of the most noxious-smelling chemicals outside a slaughterhouse. It was in the compound that the Sykes pair diverted from the blue ambient some thirty-two thousand four hundred kilowatts of electric energy daily to the ethereal conduit."

Here the Colonel handed me, in corroboration, a clipping from the *Times* of September 10, 1930, which, in rather more pedestrian fashion, described the Sykes detonatory compound.

"But, ah, back to the good old clubhouse!" Colonel Stingo continued when I had read this with considerable interest. "The scene suggested the gauze and tinsel of the bazaar of Baghdad, for here, in long rows, stood bright-colored glass jars containing the various elemental chemicals used in explosive composition, which, in turn, discharged upon the air currents the silver-crested eidems, which dispelled aqueous concentrations on contact, thus lessening the incidence of rain precipitation. From the top of the vibrator, similar in grotesque appearance to the one set up at the compound, ran an insulative tubing to the ethereal conduit, jutting out from the building's rooftop to the skies above."

"What was really in those jars?" I asked the Colonel.

"Colored water," he said.

"Go on," I urged him.

"At eight o'clock Saturday morning," the Colonel said, "a cold gray mist came in off Jamaica Bay and overcast the whole backstretch area, but only for a brief moment. As the last batch of horses working out with their trainers and swipes departed the quarterstretch, the mists disappeared with them and a golden sweep of sunshine overspread the scene, bringing much joy and hope to the inwardly sweating coterie of rain preventers.

"All that happened was it cleared up, but, naturally, we took full credit for it. We had engaged a publicity man, at two hundred for the week, and he had invited all interested newspapermen to drop in at the Sykeses' town house any time after hours and sample Mrs. Sykes' pisco punch, a drink whereof she professed to have the ancient Peruvian formula, delivered to her by a medium, who had wheedled it from the ghost of the Inca High Priest during a séance in Riverview, California. Needless to say, the press was not unfavorably disposed toward us, and we were away running.

"The day was a success *extraordi-*

AH! MEN!

Only a completely man-tailored slack can be so trim, so slim! Beautifully cut with tapered legs, pleats, fly-front and two pockets. In imported British flannel in Black Watch or Royal Stewart tartan—lustrous, medium grey flannel—navy, chocolate, black, or tan gabardine, tan glen plaid worsted—or our famous tiny-check lightweight British worsted—all at **$18.** Sizes from 10 to 20 (waist 24 to 33).

MAIL ORDERS FILLED—SWATCHES UPON REQUEST

EDWARD REED LTD.
49 West 49th St. in Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20

ASTI
RESTAURANT
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley"
gay singing from 7:30 p.m. on
STEAKS OUR SPECIALTY
AIR CONDITIONED
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9773
ALgonquin 5-9095
OPEN 5:30 P.M. - 3 A.M.

ENGLISH ANTIQUES

Every piece stamped and guaranteed to be over 100 years old by the British Antique Dealers Association.

OGILVY'S ANTIQUE GALLERY
JAS. A. OGILVY'S LTD. DEPARTMENT STORE
Montreal, Canada Established 1866

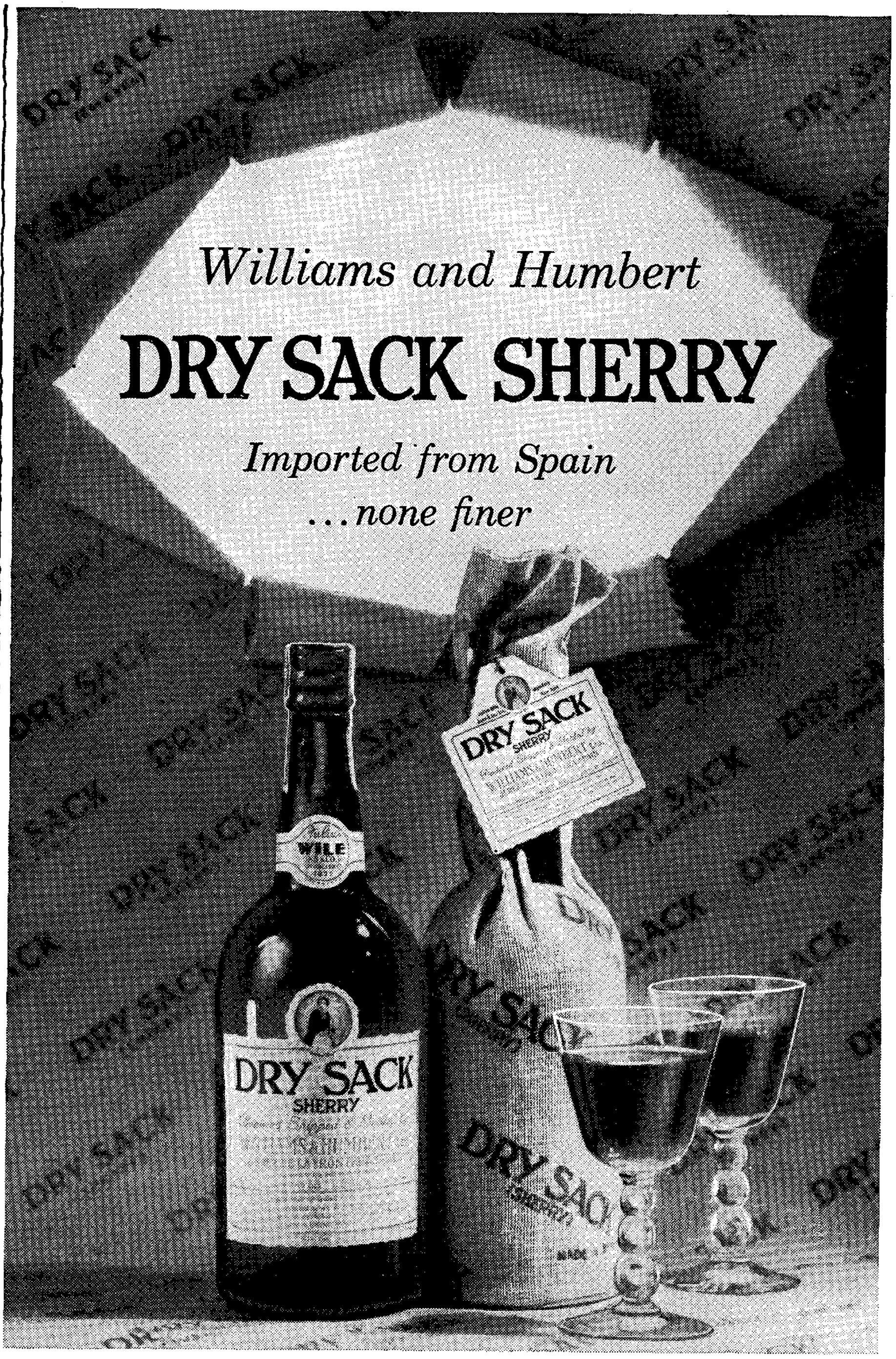
Terrific Speed High Altitudes–
Protect your Comfort... *Take*–
MOTHERSILL'S
AIR SICK
REMEDY
USED IN 64 COUNTRIES

naire. Twenty-five thousand persons paid admission—an excellent attendance for those depressed days—and William Woodward's mighty three-year-old colt Gallant Fox prevailed by a mere nose over James Butler's Questionnaire, his keenest rival. Gallant Fox had been beaten only once in his career—in the Travers, at Saratoga, on a muddy track. We of the Weather Control Bureau could flatter ourselves that we had preserved him from a second disaster. We received, however, no token of recognition from Mr. Woodward, which saddened us, for his horse had won twenty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty dollars—no meagre increment.

"But the most pleasing feature of the day for us, the rain preventers, occurred at 6 P.M., when, without demurrer and amid general acclaim, we collected our first check for twenty-five hundred dollars. 'Weather clear; track fast,' the chart said. After cooling out, we decided to pay Willie Beeson, the Bite, his two grand forthwith, plus the two hundred dollars interest that is standard for such a loan. He now declined the usufruct, vouchsafing, 'Getting the big chunk back is good enough for me.'

"The next five racing days were like a dream. We collected a thousand dollars every night. The beautiful Indian-summer weather brought on a track that was lightning fast, with a dusty cushion flying at all times. Coming up to Saturday—Futurity Day, the last inning—it begins to look like Dr. Sykes, with good support from the rainmakers' infield, is on the way to a no-hitter victory over the elements.

"On that last day, there was a precipitation no more substantial than that from an atomizer, but we accepted our responsibilities, however we might have felt inwardly about the bourgeoisie exacting its pound of flesh on such a technicality. The races drew twenty-five thousand paid admissions, as they had the previous Saturday, and the great Jamestown, owned by George D. Widener, the president's nephew, won the Futurity by a nose from the great Equipoise, with Mate third. The total stakes were a hundred and twenty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars, of which the victor's share was ninety-nine thousand six hundred. The Grande Semaine thus ended pleasantly for all concerned—the Westchester Racing Association, which had maintained its attendance; the Widener family; and even the general public, which had heavily backed Jamestown, a favorite at odds of eleven to five. But most especially was it a victory for the United



unique in name
Ask for Dry Sack—not just dry sherry.

unique in flavor
Mellow, nutty flavor—neither too dry nor sweet.

unique in wrapping
A perfect gift in its distinctive cloth sack.

unique as an apéritif
The ideal light drink before lunch or dinner.

Let this Seal be 75th ANNIVERSARY Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877 your Guide to Quality

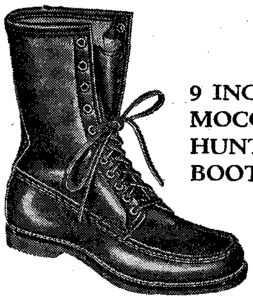
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. • 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. • Sole U. S. Agents

A&F

PRIVATE PROPERTY NO HUNTING

For hunters

Special footwear is a vital necessity for comfort in the field. For many generations we have supplied American men and women with footwear for outdoor life.



9 INCH MOCCASIN HUNTING BOOT

Pliable oil-tanned leather uppers with non-skid rubber soles and heels for all day walking. Hand sewn vamp, overlap on seam to protect stitching and prevent leakage.

Men's Sizes $26.50
Women's Sizes 24.75

6" Tramping Moccasin Shoe. Men's and women's sizes $22.75

TAN "CHUKKA" COUNTRY BOOT

Cut higher than an oxford to keep out dust and dirt, give ankle support. Specially tanned uppers are water-repellent, dry out soft after a wetting. Leather lined, rubber soles.

Men's Sizes $19.00
Women's Sizes 15.00

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

States Weather Control Bureau, which showed a net profit of eight thousand dollars in eight days, including a nonprofitable Sunday—not bad on an investment of zero capital.

"Mr. Widener, in handing over the final check, thanked us for our satisfactory services, and said he hoped to see us back again the following season. I have heard that to the end of his days he deprecated derision of Dr. Sykes and his theories."

"Did you ever work the dodge again?" I asked.

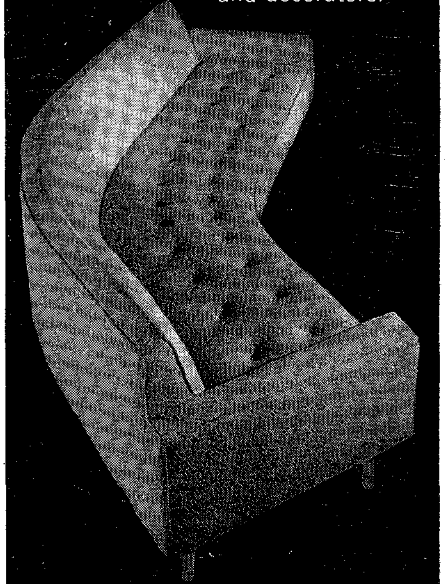
The Colonel shook his head. "The newspapers killed it," he said. "But poor old Dr. Sykes assisted them. He walked right into a haymaker. I should have kept him incomiado with his arcane impedimenta. It seems that right at the top of his success some Park Row wag accused him of ineffectuality and taking a free ride. The old boy, incensed, retorted that he would show he *could* control weather by *producing* rain as soon as his contract was finished. He overweened himself.

"Monday, September 15th, the next racing day after the Futurity, was set for the test. Sykes promised the reporters that he would produce torrents of rain on the track between two-thirty and four-thirty that afternoon. I was not out at the track myself on the day of the test, for the Doctor had purposely neglected to inform me of his foolhardy undertaking. He knew I would have disapproved. Perhaps I should not judge him too harshly, for if he had pulled it off, it would have been a great publicity stunt. But when you are sitting pretty, you should refrain from endangering your position. It is like breaking up a full house to draw for four of a kind.

"The day dawned bright and sunshiny, the papers subsequently reported. The mockers assembled just before post time for the first race, when the good Doctor strode out to his cavern and interred himself. Almost immediately, clouds began to gather. At three, he emerged from the depths and informed observers that there would be a whale of a storm at four. He explained that he needed the intervening time to assemble more clouds. It was cloudy and threatening all afternoon, but the deadline came and passed without an obedient drop, and the old Doc looked mighty chapfallen.

"Colonel Matt Winn, who had made us a tentative offer to prevent rain at the Churchill Downs meeting, in Kentucky, dropped the proposition like an option on a horse that proves un-

furniture designed by
HARVEY PROBBER
individualized modern—and just one of a large versatile collection.
Through accredited dealers and decorators.



HARVEY PROBBER, INC.
136 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK
Other showrooms: Los Angeles, Miami, Boston, Milwaukee

the new Bermudiana
HAMILTON, BERMUDA
One of the Island's finest. Ideal location. Swimming pool . . . Sunken Garden Dance Terrace . . . air-conditioned theatre. Modified American Plan.

For descriptive folder see your Travel Agent or
WILLIAM P. WOLFE ORGANIZATION
New York • Boston • Chicago
Cleveland • Philadelphia • Toronto

Salt-Free Diet?
Our selection of low sodium foods—such as canned soups, fish, meats, chicken, vegetables, cake, cookies, crackers, cheese, seasoning—is the largest ever. Also sugar-free, low calorie, weight-gaining, and allergy foods. Prompt shipment anywhere. *Call, write, or come to*
HEALTH FOODS DISTR., Dept. N-3
Retailers in Diet Foods for 28 Years
123 E. 34th St., New York 16, N. Y.
LE 2-4367 FREE Catalogue on request

CROW'S NEST TRIPS TO EUROPE
Sixth Summer 1953
Language teacher & French wife tour Europe extensively but leisurely in own private automobiles. Small group. All ages. To be included, inquire NOW.
Donald R. Hart, Jr., The Gunnery, Washington, Conn.

sound, and the deluge of derision breaking upon our heads deterred Mr. Widener himself from extending another contract. So, as once before in California, the rainmaker's art died the death, not to be revived for a score of years. You have to have an airplane now to practice it, and I am too old to qualify for a pilot's license."

"And what happened to old Doc Sykes?" I asked.

"I don't know," the Colonel said. "I haven't heard from or of him in many a year, and if he's still alive, he must be near ninety." He appeared to be finding insufficient solace in his beer. Then a recollection cheered him. "You should have had a snort of Mrs. Sykes' pisco punch," he said. "One night while we were working out at Belmont, we threw a grand party. Sherry did the catering and the Philharmonic Chamber Music Quartet entertained the guests, playing everything from 'Wozzeck' to 'Turkey in the Straw.' The Banjo-Eyed Kid, Coob-Can Artie, and Commodore Dutch lent their arms to the season's débutantes in the grand march. But the pisco punch constituted the standout. It was said New York had never before ever seen or heard of the insidious concoction, which in its time had caused the unseating of South American governments and women to set records in various and interesting fields of activity. In early San Francisco, where the punch first made its North American appearance, in 1856, the police allowed but one drink per person in twenty-four hours—it was that propulsive. But Mrs. Sykes served them up like *pain, à discrétion,* as the signs used to say in front of the little restaurants in Paris, meaning you could have all the bread you wanted. As a consequence, discretion vanished. Two hours after the salon had gotten under way, even the oldest gals were hunting the bartenders. Many of the old-time veteran Cellini, who hadn't scaled a garden wall in forty years, made a double score for themselves that evening. It was a memorable amoristic occasion." —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of three articles on Colonel Stingo.*)

•

According to Edward Scheidt, days and decided to move in Friagent in charge of the F. B. I.'s New York office, the bureau had the four under surveillance for day night following Heroux's arrest.—*The Herald Tribune.*

That's according to Edward Scheidt. We'd like to hear somebody else's version.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Time Will Tell—accurately and handsomely. Men's wrist watches, with finest Swiss movements. Steel calendar watch, small second hand, $100; 18kt gold watch, sweep second hand, $195; steel alarm watch, sweep second hand, $79 . . . Prices include Federal Tax

Cartier, synonymous with finest quality and value

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

BEA
SILVER WING

Luxury Flights between London and Paris

THE SILVER WING is BEA's luxury flight which leaves London airport for Paris every day at 1:00 p.m., arriving at Le Bourget at 2:25 p.m. This very fast flight is the most luxurious of all between the two capitals.

AN EXCELLENT CHAMPAGNE LUNCH is served with BEA's compliments to passengers on the Silver Wing. Moët et Chandon *première cuvée* champagne is also included in the fare. And the Silver Wing is the *only* daily flight to Paris which offers a hot lunch.

NEW LUXURY ELIZABETHAN AIRLINERS FLY the Silver Wing. For further information, consult your travel agent or British Overseas Airways Corp., General Sales Agents.

more Americans fly BEA in Europe than any other airline

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

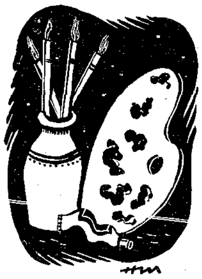
how to make onion
soup parisienne...
without a tear
C.B.
Crosse & Blackwell
Onion Soup
With
Beef Stock
KRAUS

FINE
FOODS
SINCE
1706

Don't weep over onions... try this. One sip and its magic flavor whisks you away to a table on the Champs Elysees, Pierre at your command. Only *Crosse & Blackwell Onion Soup* has captured this magic of France. Crosse & Blackwell Vichyssoise, Cream of Shrimp and Crab à la Maryland capture magic, too. Try them.

THE ART GALLERIES

Start of the Season



As the season ends, so it always begins, with group shows, and as usual a number of them are about at the moment. There are a few one-man affairs as well, and a couple of these—Lucien Day's exhibition of paintings at the Passedoit and Frederic James' at the Associated American Artists—are worth your attention, too. Of the two men, James is by far the more accomplished technician. He works in water color, which he handles with so dry a brush and so smooth an over-all treatment that it frequently looks like tempera, and there are times when he gets carried away by the mixture of sharp definition and transparent clarity that such a medium makes possible, with the result that some of his pictures ("Colorado Canyon" and "Hurricane Toll" are examples) are a little too brittle and brilliant. His design, moreover, is on the tight side, and when his invention lags, as it seems to have done in "Hunter in Winter" and "After the Shower," he is likely to fall back on patterns that are too neatly concentric (and unfortunately too hackneyed) to have much interest.

These two quibbles aside, it must be said that his paintings are almost invariably direct, crisp, and ingratiating. Landscape is his specialty, the subjects alternating between Midwestern and coastal scenes, and for all his restraint he is capable of producing pictures of considerable quiet power. His "Town Hall at Jaffrey," with its square-towered white Colonial building, has a chill serenity that is reminiscent of the early Sheeler, and there's an effect of real monumentality about his "Gay Head Cliffs," while "Missouri Winter"—technically the most successful of the lot—is truly remarkable for the way it manages to convey the very feel of damp snow in thawing weather. The show closes this Saturday.

Lucien Day had his first one-man exhibition two years ago, when he, too, showed water colors. He has now shifted to oils, and though he is a good way from realizing the full potentialities of the new medium, the change has appreciably increased the range and the strength of his work. To be sure, his attack is still uncertain. At times, as in "Pears" and "Interior with Recorder," both still-lifes, he paints flatly, in broad, unaccented areas, almost abstract in their absence of detail; again, as in "Black Pastorale," and to an extent in "Jay Peak, Winter," he shows a curious tendency to use oils as if they were water colors, applying the paint in thin, nearly transparent washes. The latter piece, for all its sketchy treatment, is one of the best in the show—as it is, in size at least, the most ambitious—for it has a bold assurance of design that many of the others lack. I liked, too, "Trees near Craftsbury Common," with its swirling pattern of dark greens and browns, as well as "Small Trees" and the sharply silhouetted "Lowell Mountains." This show also closes on Saturday.

Among the group exhibitions, the largest, though not the liveliest, is the thirtieth anniversary exhibition of the member artists of the Grand Central Art Galleries, a clublike aggregation of three hundred painters and sculptors whose combined conservatism is so sternly unrelenting that even the National Academy looks dreamily liberal beside it. Knowing this much, you can probably guess the character of the collection, and yet, after dutifully inspecting the hundred-odd items that make up the affair, I must report that I came upon a smattering of fairly good pictures. Apart from portraits (which are always a mainstay of the conservative artists), *trompe-l'œil* seems to be the members' specialty, and in this category I spotted a number of pleasantly executed pieces, notably Lodewyk Bruckman's "Laurel and Fruit," F. H. Redelius's "The Pendant," and the whimsically contrived and beautifully painted "Two O'Clock Shadows," by Ernest Albert Land. Except for Sidney E. Dickinson's "Portrait of John Wummer," Martha Moore Burnett's "Mme. Leja Gorska," and Raymond P. R. Neilson's forthright study of Dr. Matthew Griswold, the portraits rarely rise above the level of honest competence, but in other sections I noted such generally attractive canvases as Lamar Dodd's "Thawing Valley," Alfred Mira's "Rain—14th Street and Eighth Avenue," Anthony Thieme's crisp, sunny "Harbor Afternoon, Rockport," and the deliberately naïve winter landscape called "Ski Train," by John Wheat. These, it seems to me, have some painterly qualities, in both concept and execution. But, oh, the welter of cottony snow scenes, pasteboard mountains, and sheet-metal waves one has to wade through to get to them!

NEXT in size, and far more wide-awake in feeling, is the exhibition of seventy paintings by contemporary Texas artists at Knoedler. This began as a summer show, but it has been held over, and I recommend it heartily, for it brings to light several artists, some young, some fairly old, and few of them nationally known, who together maintain a surprising standard of excellence. I shan't attempt to list many of the examples, but from the abstract "Pagan Forms," by Seymour Fogel, through the Expressionist (and very powerful) "Caddo Lake," by DeForrest Judd, to the handsome, traditional "Portrait of Nina," by Dickson Reeder, nearly all of the paintings have that indefinable feeling of style and finish that is the mark of true maturity in art; and some of them, such as Ralph White's "Dark Mountains," Everett Spruce's "Comanche Peak," Kelly Fearing's "Annunciation with Humming Birds," and the Rousseaulike and charming "Early Morning, Mountain Roost," by Fulton Genke, rise to high levels of imagination and execution.

AT the Borgenicht is an exhibition called " '52-'53 Prospectus," of work by this gallery's group. It's a colorful affair, generally advanced in style, and while there are no standouts, the average of quality is high. I liked most of all Ilya Bolotowsky's adroitly designed non-objective "Diamond Shape," Gabor Peterdi's misty "Strata," Milton Avery's cool, pale "Reclining by the Sea," and, of the sculpture, the compact, blocky "Symbolic Group No. 3," by Peter Grippe.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Then there are the more common words, as:

Philanthropy, pronounced fiadelphos, "brother," thus: "love of brother.") And so Philadelphia is called the City of Brotherly Love.—*Frank Colby in the Los Angeles Times.*

Tell us about an unusual word.

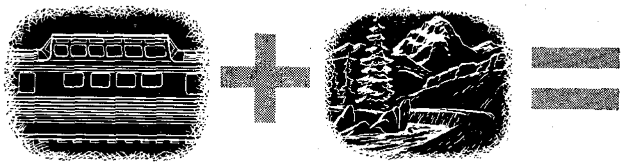
•

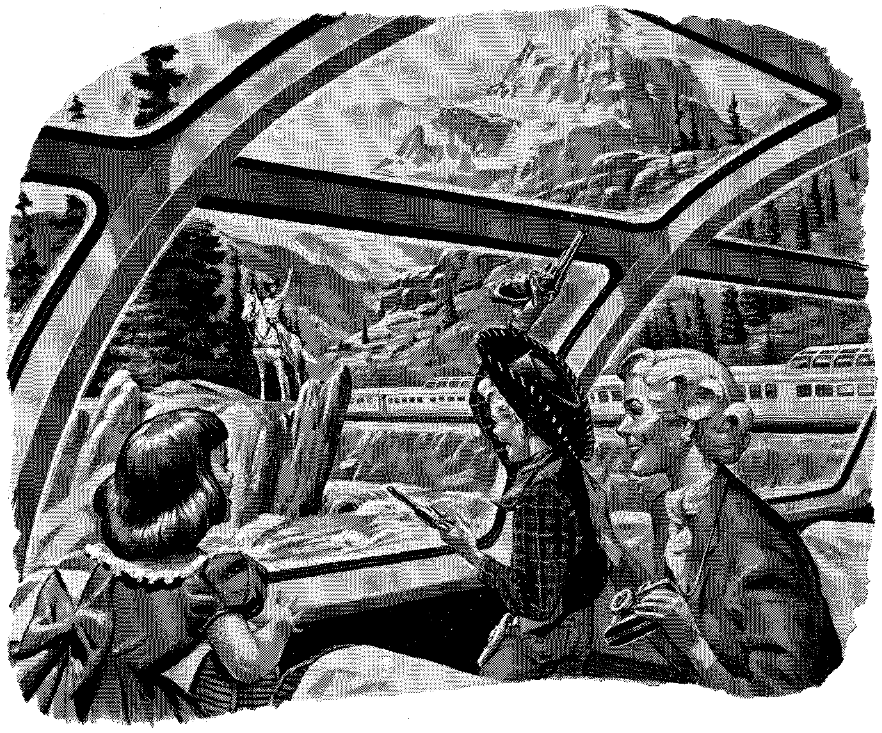
BATTLE CRIES WE DOUBT EVER WENT UP

[*From the News*]

The Giants were happily dressing in the clubhouse when the Brook final came over the radio.

Up went the battle cry: "On to the double miracle with Monte Irvin!"





Tops in Travel...

Vista-Dome CARS ON 4 RIO GRANDE "SEE-LINERS"

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR
Chicago—Denver—Salt Lake City—San Francisco
(With thru New York—San Francisco Pullman)

ROYAL GORGE
Denver—Colorado Springs—Pueblo
Salt Lake City—Ogden

PROSPECTOR
Overnight, every night, Denver—Salt Lake City

COLORADO EAGLE
Denver—Colorado Springs—Pueblo
Wichita—Kansas City—St. Louis

Complete stopover privileges at all points...Rail-auto plan available at principal stations.

No Extra Fare on Any Rio Grande Train!

Prospecting for Travel Pleasure?

CLIP AND MAIL TO:

H. F. Eno, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 150, Rio Grande Bldg.
1531 Stout Street, Denver, Colorado

Vista-Dome MAIN LINE Rio Grande THRU THE ROCKIES

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

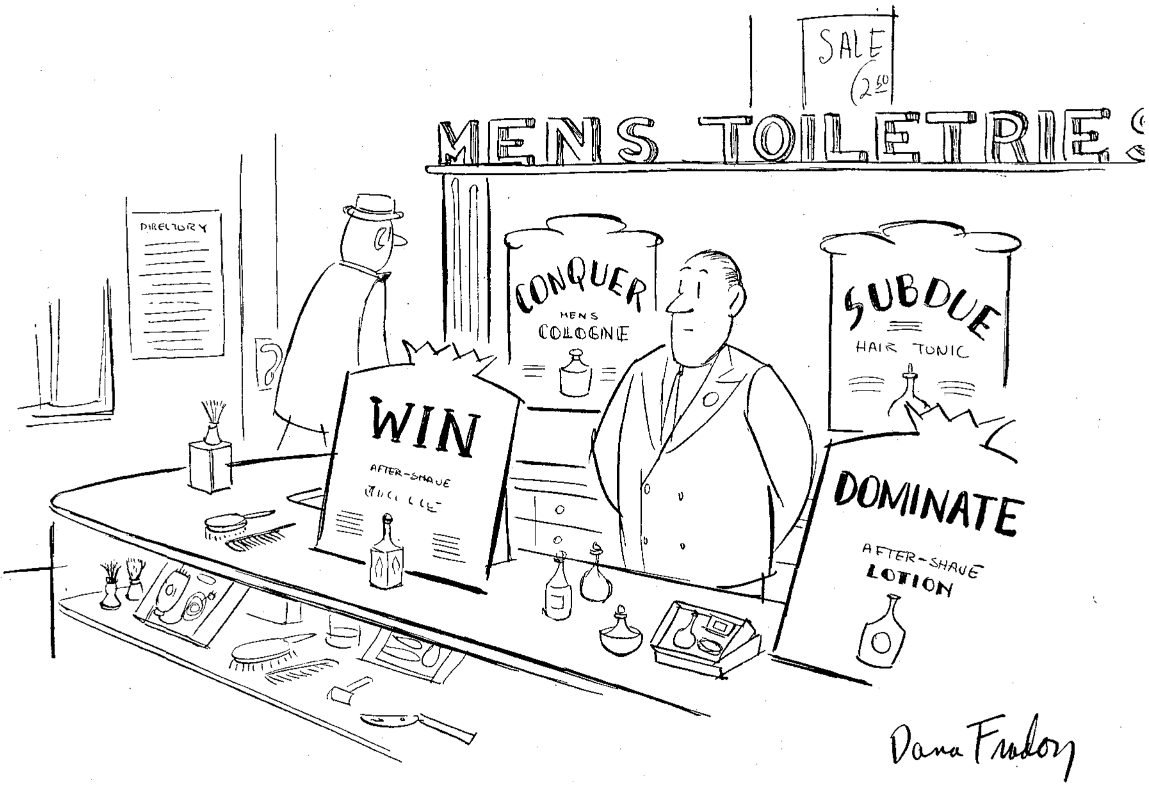
FEMININE FASHIONS

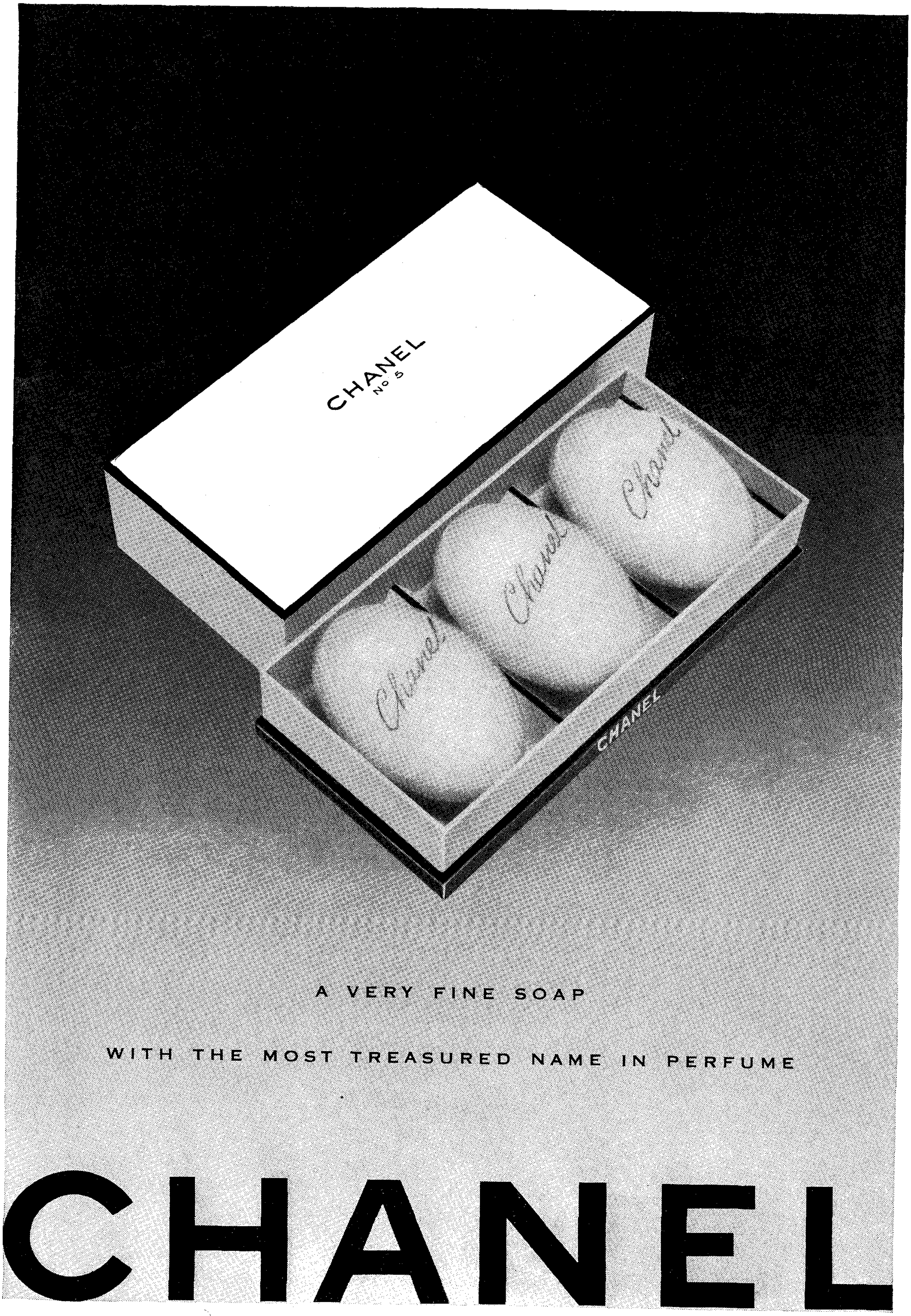
FOR years, the American woman who dresses herself in ready-to-wear has been scolded by the fashion authorities and ordered to express her individuality. The scoldings are immediately followed by the laying down of rules that dump her into one or another of, at the most, three categories. This season, however, the ready-to-wear boys have given her real leeway, and she'll have no trouble looking as casual, exciting, gamine, tailored, or exotic as she wants. Skirts that are wide and skirts that are slim as asparagus stalks are both around in volume; jackets are nipped-in, boxy, or barrel-shaped; waistlines occur under the bosom, where God put them, or way down on the hips. There have, it is true, been many alarums about a return to the boxy silhouette of the twenties, when manufacturers neither knew nor cared about bias cut and other manipulations of fabric. They do now, and they have a public that insists on suppleness, so I think the danger is not great. But the *mood* is twenties—easygoing, gay, and let's-not-fuss simplicity, at least for daytime. Anyway, that's the impression engraved on me after a prolonged tour of it's hard to say how many arrays of new fall ready-to-wear clothes. Most of the clothes are on view in a number of shops, so I'll point out, as we go along, where I happened to see them. Others are in just one place.

I'll begin with day clothes and steer as straight a course as possible toward sunset and moonrise. There is lots and lots of sheer wool, indistinguishable at first glance from silk crêpe. Trigère, who has always preferred wool to silk for any time of day, has done one beauty that has many new features. Such as an oval yoke curving down from the tips of the shoulders front and back and then going up into a cowl collar that stands a bit forward from the neck. The sleeves (her newest, which she calls "keyboard") have inverted tucks that cover the top of the upper arm and are released at the sides below, providing a fullness there that makes underarm gussets unnecessary. The dress is princesse (Trigère is a master of the style), so it really doesn't need the tiny self belt that goes with it. This dress, and other wool ones from the same stable, are reminiscent of the grace and ease that were Vionnet's in her prime (Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth). Among the colors are reseda green, purple, beige, and amber.

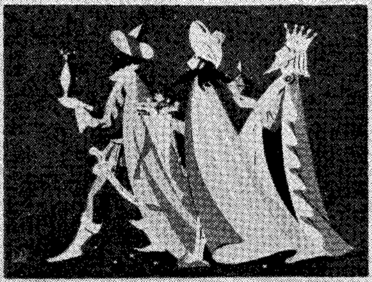
Color, come to think of it, is rampant all over town. Ice blue crops up even in tweed topcoats, and Maurice Rentner is making his trim little tweed suits (which could easily do double duty at Hialeah) in bright, light hues like avocado or a brilliant pink saved from sissiness because it is muted with gray threads. (Jay Thorpe is one of his many admirers.) Jersey of every color (and every weight) is widespread. Fira Benenson uses red jersey for a dress with multiple crisscrossed darts through the waistline and a yoke seam running across the chest and down the sleeves to the cuffs (Lord & Taylor only).

And there is a universal surge toward small-pattern, smooth-finish tweeds that would look just as good at a fairly formal lunch as at the country club. A typical Zuckerman ensemble has a straight tweed skirt, a velveteen overblouse, and a longish tweed jacket with deep pleats at the sides in back to give a bloused effect. This is snug on the hips, thus effecting a slight barrel look. While we are on the subject of snugness, overblouses, tops of two-piece dresses, and the like cling to the body, and though they are now alarmingly being dubbed middies, they are pretty much like the long-torso line that crops up season after season. Adele Simpson does an overjacket with this barrel air; her fine black-and-white tweed one is cutaway in front but clings to the hips in back (De Pinna). It's worn over a simple gray wool dress. Simpson is also up to the minute with a neutral-color thin wool two-piece dress that has everything customers seem to have been yearning for—an easy cowl neck coming forward under the chin; a fitted, long-waisted top shirred up the ribs and buttoned down the back; a straight skirt; *and* a matching stole with fringed ends. This has all the ease of the Bramley uniform of the twenties—plus Shape (Bendel and De Pinna, among others). Simpson's tweed "winter" suits are not, like Rentner's, designed to double at resorts. Her tweeds are soft and murky, with a brushed, sort of angora surface. Sometimes seven bone buttons go down the front; the skirts




CHANEL
No 5
Chanel
Chanel
Chanel
CHANEL
A VERY FINE SOAP
WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

THE "MAGI": 6" X 8", $30 PER 100



Now on view:

1952 exhibit of our exclusive

Lunning Collection

Christmas cards in a host of imaginative treatments...some are traditional, others modern, all in rich glowing colors.

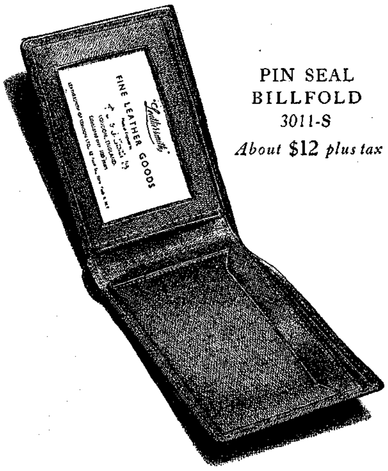
From $10 to $60 per 100 cards; name additional.

Come in to see the Lunning Collection now. Other features of this Exhibit are Christmas seals from six countries...rare Christmas cards from Great Britain and America...and Royal Copenhagen porcelain Christmas plates from 1908 to 1952.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED—ELDORADO 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

FINEST ENGLISH LEATHERGOODS



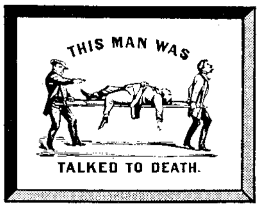
PIN SEAL
BILLFOLD
3011-S
About $12 *plus tax*

In a choice of fine leathers at better stores

Leathersmith®
of London, Ltd.
Unexcelled Craftsmanship Since 1839
516 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

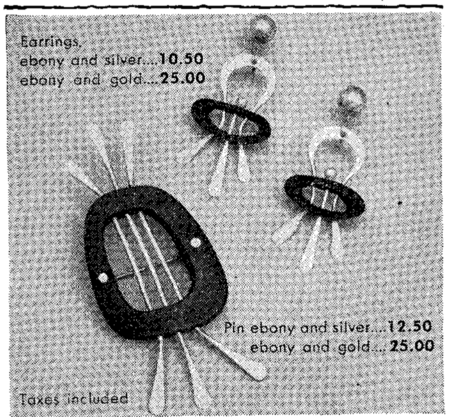
TIMELY HUMOR

in fine
litho print
for Game
Room or
Office



from CURRIER & IVES

An election campaign . . . yakety-yak friends . . . high-pressure salesmen probably inspired the original of this old print. Just as timely and amusing today. Sure-fire laugh maker. Limited edition authentic litho print reproduction of black and white 1873 Currier & Ives, 11 x 14 in., ready for framing. Send check to Richard H. Moulton, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass. $2.85 POST PAID



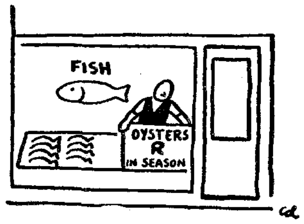
designed and handwrought by
ED WIENER
ARTS & ENDS STUDIO 27 W. 55 ST. NYC

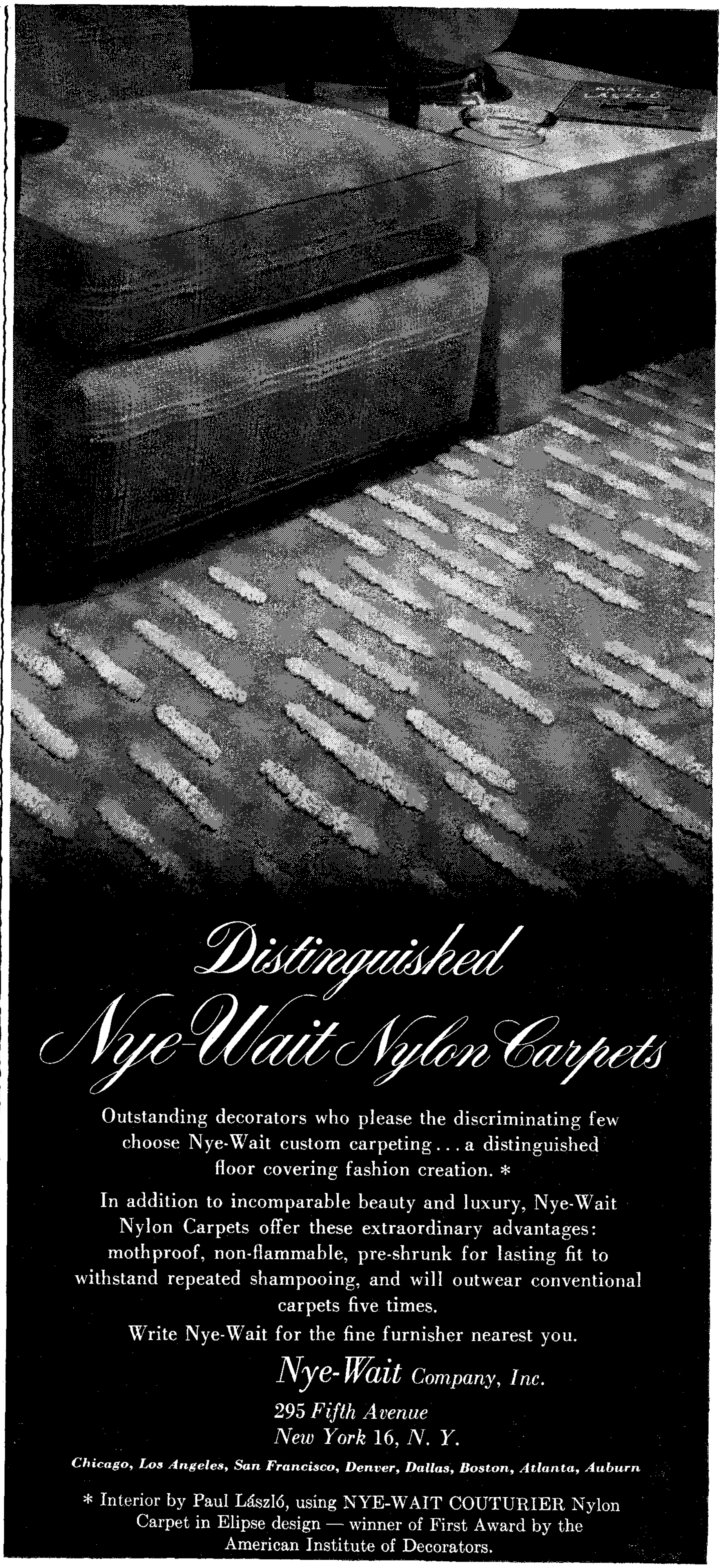
are straight, and as warm as they are beautiful. Wools in big, multicolored plaids, also once confined to the country, are likewise coming into town. Patullo uses such stuff in a trim jumper jacket with what is called a "blind fly" closing, to be worn with a straight gray flannel skirt (Saks). Bonwit Teller own (but will reluctantly part with) a Mangone suit of the same type of fabric, nice and suave, with welt detail giving the effect of slanting pockets. Mangone is aware of the continuing fondness for scarves and stoles; his circular-back coat of red-and-blue diagonal plaid has a loop slanting downward at each side of the big button at the neck to anchor an impressive stole (De Pinna).

The wrapped, slim cocoon look is one of the latest words in coats. Among Montesano's beauties, a collarless job in Scotch monotone tweed has melon sleeves howling to be pushed up (Bonwit). Bendel's own copy of a Fabiani cocoon coat, done in a checked tweed, is given a deep fold below the shoulders to emphasize the deep armholes; there's a narrow shawl collar, and the whole thing wraps nonchalantly down to one hip. The rather clumsy belted-in look is around, too, in dresses. Saks Fifth Avenue are daft about a two-piece business, from Dior-New York, of a flat-surfaced black-and-white tweed. The skirt is straight; the top, with big kimono sleeves and four jutting patch pockets, is cut quite full, and is to be belted in ad lib. Traina-Norell offer a jersey dress with a round, self-bound neck and a few buttons below. Subtle seaming makes it cling artfully, but it looks something like a long-sleeved nightshirt in the hand. This, too, can be belted in wherever you like. (Every one of the top specialty stores buys Traina-Norell.) To supply good old-time trimness, Harvey Berin, a perennial supplier of all-day-long charm, has gone and done it again with trim shirtwaist-type dresses of imported materials—plain gray wool or gray flannel with a darker vertical stripe and lighter figures (such as horses) woven into the fabric. Usually they have small, prim collars, and sometimes slightly gathered skirts. They are in good shops everywhere. One, with collar and cuffs of the piqué used in men's evening shirts, also comes in black velvet for that young partying daughter; this is at Rosette Pennington.

AS we advance toward late afternoon and early evening, we find the wide, crushed cummerbund still prevalent. Bendel's own little round-collared black crêpe sheath has a satin sash attached at the sides, to be wrapped at will; most designers do your wrapping for you. Traina-Norell still like that fine, crumpled look through the midriff of their inimitable black crêpe dresses with demure collars. The revived vampire school of hootchy-cootchy drapery coming from the hips down over the stomach and looping there to make a panel front has many addicts too, particularly females with long and sinuous torsos. Balmain's version (at De Pinna) has the grace to start the drapery at the side seams and not let it go around to the back to cover the buttocks. It's a black crêpe sheath with gray and brown chiffon coming forward from the hips and dipping low in front. Irene (her dresses are at Jay Thorpe) is a long-torso aficionada for fair; she shows a dress of peacock-blue wool with fullness around the hips gathered into a flat plaque on the stomach. Hannah Troy does a jersey dress, in black or red or other colors, with a round neck, elbow sleeves, a straight, zippered back, and harem drapery coming forward to make a pleated panel down the skirt (Bergdorf).

Everywhere, for formal evenings, there are magnificent full-skirted ball gowns. Nettie Rosenstein, as usual, turns out great, sweeping ensembles—white satin stoles, studded with tiny rhinestones, over white satin dresses; full-length black velvet evening coats, studded with iridescent sequins, over black velvet dresses; cocoa satin halter evening dresses, the skirts all box pleats, with short jackets whose collars are mink—and Bonwit Teller's luxurious customers love them all. De Pinna shows her cocktail-length velvet coat sprinkled with amber, jet, and rhinestone dewdrops, and its accompanying short, formal velvet dance dress. But there is none of the conventional grande-dame stuff about a brazen new entry—the glittering, sequinned mermaid dress that was the hallmark of the "Kiss me, my fool!" sirens. Traina-Norell (Bonwit) have done a sumptuous treatment of it, entirely in black or red sequins. Many other versions are long-sleeved and high-necked and slithering down the body, while some have fringe on the skirt for extra refinement. Ceil Chap-




Distinguished
Nye-Wait Nylon Carpets

Outstanding decorators who please the discriminating few choose Nye-Wait custom carpeting . . . a distinguished floor covering fashion creation. *

In addition to incomparable beauty and luxury, Nye-Wait Nylon Carpets offer these extraordinary advantages: mothproof, non-flammable, pre-shrunk for lasting fit to withstand repeated shampooing, and will outwear conventional carpets five times.

Write Nye-Wait for the fine furnisher nearest you.

Nye-Wait Company, Inc.
295 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

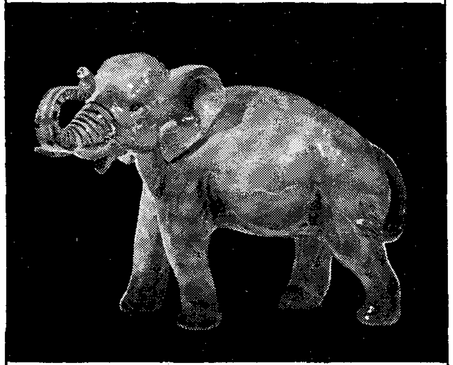
Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Dallas, Boston, Atlanta, Auburn

* Interior by Paul László, using NYE-WAIT COUTURIER Nylon Carpet in Elipse design — winner of First Award by the American Institute of Decorators.

Give **Royalty**

Be her dream man. Give her the gift of her dreams . . . a coveted collector's piece by Royal Doulton.

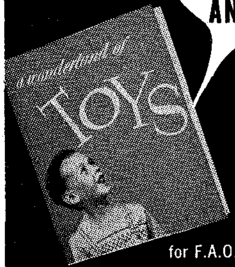
FLAMBÉ ELEPHANT, $20, $27 OR $34



Send for china leaflet 10¢; figurine booklet 25¢

Give **Royal Doulton**

DOULTON & CO., INC., DEPT. Y-10, 11 E. 26TH ST., N.Y.C.



F.A.O. SCHWARZ

FOR HOURS OF *enchanted* OOH-ING AND VIEWING...

send for this FREE F.A.O. SCHWARZ toy catalog today! In it you'll find a wonderland of unique creations, made by genius-inspired craftsmen the world over, expressly for F.A.O. Schwarz. For a ton of fun for you and the little ones . . . FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

F.A.O. SCHWARZ

745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

"Quality toys, at competitive prices, from America's most famous toy store"

Also: Boston • Washington, D. C. • Ardmore, Penn.

PLEASE SEND AT ONCE Dept. NY1

the new, exciting Toy Wonderland Catalog to

Name __________

Street __________

City ______ Zone ___ State ______

man's black, beaded one, with lots of glitter and a slashed skirt, ends in a strapless top, above which is a bra of black net (Bergdorf). And Talmack manages to make all-sequin dresses ingénue by cutting them like short-sleeved shirtwaist dresses and giving them a round satin band collar.

IN this ramble through the ready-to-wear scene, I have so far dwelt mostly on clothes that, though not for everyone, will certainly get around a bit. It is now time to consider things for women who like to be months or seasons ahead of the others. A great challenge in the ready-to-wear market is Charles James, the custom designer who has clothed famous women (for famous prices) these many years and whose work is wholeheartedly looked up to even by the French couture trade. He is more of a sculptor than a dress designer, building clothes on women that round them deliciously in the right places, and he's particularly good with women who are petite or who want to look that way. Now ready-made clothes of his, meticulously engineered, are on view (Lord & Taylor only). The suits are likely to have tiny waistlines, short peplums, dropped shoulders, rounded hips, collars that stand away from the neck at the back, and skirts that taper toward the hem. A marvellous Chesterfield of rough black-and-white tweed has a flat back but is definitely rounded out at the stomach—a line to watch, even if it makes you cringe now. Other coats are narrow and similarly padded in front, and very full in back. This bulkiness is caught in by a curved band just below the shoulder blades. And James' evening clothes are completely romance. My fervent recommendation is that you run to see them right away; for once, words really fail me.

Traina-Norell, also always up in front, never let their public down. A suit that the best specialty houses bought en masse has a mid-thigh-length whipcord jacket whose wide flare is emphasized by broad belt detail level with the hips. Part II of this is a sheath, ending right under the bosom, of heavy black wool with a linen sort of weave. A taffeta brassière is attached. Over *this* goes a sweater, with a modified turtle neck, that descends to just under the breast. Another Traina-Norell startler is their Norfolk suit—absolute Norfolk, yoke detail, up-and-down bands, and all. The belt is well down on the hips, and there is absolutely no indentation on the way down. The firm's Balkan

WHEN THE SPOUSE OF THE HOUSE "DESERVES A 14 KT. GOLD MEDAL"

HIS ↑

HERS ↙

The ideal gift. She'll wear it as a tag on her bracelet or necklace. He'll wear it on his watch chain or key ring. The cost $35.00* Your clever citation engraved at a modest cost on the back.

*Including Federal Excise Tax.

Olga **TRITT**

18 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

CURRIER & IVES

Winter & Farm Scenes—Railroads—Clipper Ships —Authenticity guaranteed.

Send 25c for new October PORTFOLIO describing, picturing and pricing Currier & Ives prints.

The **OLD PRINT SHOP**

Harry Shaw Newman

150 Lexington Ave. *at* 30*th* St., *New York*

Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

TAILORED IN LEEDS, ENGLAND

DRIWAY

MEN'S WEATHERCOATS

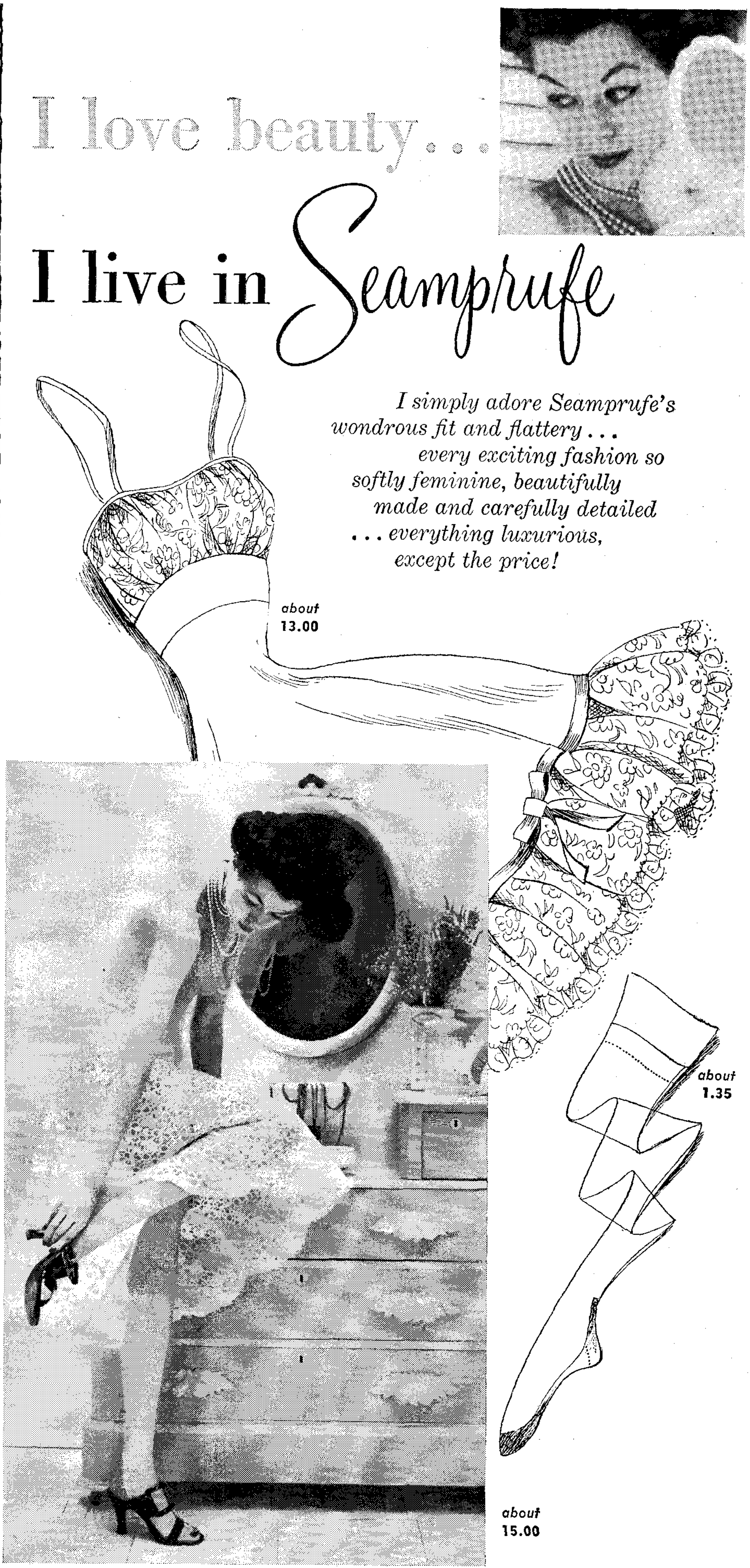
For free style booklet and name of nearest franchised store, write:

WM. R. BRADSHAW & SONS, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16

top (it was suggested by a peasant blouse), for two-piece dresses of jersey or wool, looks like an elongated lumber-jacket. The waistline is well below the hipbones, and a childish round collar and little buttons complete it. For evening, in addition to slinky siren dresses, they show Gaby Deslys things—white satin with folds coming to a deep V in front (roses nestle there to cover the cleavage), a pleated peplum edged with black fox below the wrapped waistline, and a skinny, slashed underskirt (Bonwit). A short dress of black tulle, one that literally stands alone, has black sequins around the diaphragm (Bendel).

Two of Pauline Trigère's princesse evening things made spectators at her show gasp, but with pleasure. One is of ice-blue or coffee-ice-cream satin with a naked top and a reverse halter neck that comes from the *back* to loop around the throat. The rear façade of the dress shoots outward into a point above the waist, like a hood. The other triumph, of amber faille, is willowy and skin-tight, with a trumpet flare low in back to allow movement. A fold in front juts up over a white satin brassière that is decorated with beading and embroidery. (Both are in most of the extra-special specialty shops.) Trigère is another leading designer who's experimenting with the Chesterfield and making it with a Difference; hers is straight in back but suggests an Empire nip in front. A good example appears in tweed at Bonwit. Another slim coat, of a fuzzy Kelly-and-black tweed, buttons up one side of the bodice into the high, nose-tickling collar that is a Trigère trademark (Bendel).

There are plenty of other things that belong in the looking-to-the-future group. Dior-New York's day dress of a gray fabric that is seventy-nine per cent wool and twenty-one per cent cotton, which gives it a shiny, streaky effect, has a tiny shawl collar bound with black satin, a black satin cummerbund, and a broad, diagonal fold on the chest. The skirt is narrowish in front but all box pleats and quite full in back—a significant Trend this year. (Lord & Taylor is one locale.) The Dior-New York suits are moderate in length and waistline indentation. One of black wool, with a wraparound skirt and a crushed-upward collar, is typical (Bendel). Balmain's neutral-color jersey dress, with a wide, slanting band on the chest, is accompanied by a vast pinky beige wool Italian shawl, hand-drawn and embroidered along the edges, fringed, and lined with the jersey (Saks Fifth Avenue). Oleg Cassini's little dress—the



I love beauty . . .

I live in Seamprufe

I simply adore Seamprufe's wondrous fit and flattery . . . every exciting fashion so softly feminine, beautifully made and carefully detailed . . . everything luxurious, except the price!

about 13.00

about 1.35

about 15.00

SLIPS • GOWNS • PETTICOATS • PANTIES • STOCKINGS
Seamprufe, Inc. • 412 Fifth Avenue • New York, N. Y.

SHOP IN BERMUDA

Smart Gifts for the Kiddies

What finer gifts would you find for the children or grandchildren than a selection from Smith's extensive stocks of distinctive British garments.

Tartan skirts and smart jackets for girls—or English flannel shorts and Tartan blazers for boys—are just an inkling of what we have in store for you.

So when you visit Smith's to make those traditional Bermuda purchases of your own, be sure to stop by our children's wear department. Youngsters of all ages will be as "pleased as Punch" with what you find for them there.

H.A.&E. Smith Ltd.
BERMUDA

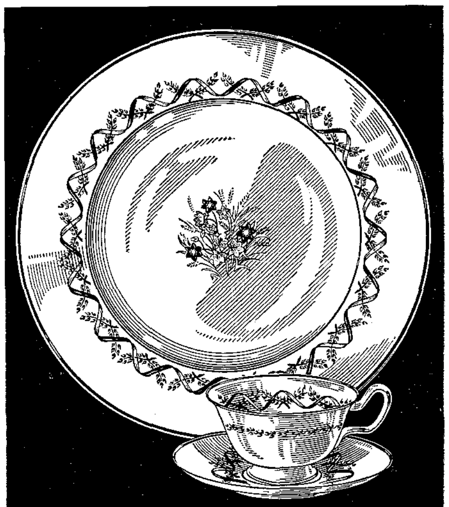
Write us for a free copy of "Key To Bermuda." This colorful folder, with map of the Islands, will help you plan a more enjoyable visit.

SHOP AT SMITH'S

top of jersey shirred down the ribs, the narrow skirt of a crocheted-type knit—is very willowy along the torso (Rosette Pennington). The newish House of Kunel uses lightweight wool to make a dress in muted mustard, sapphire, or lettuce green. You get both a wide matching cummerbund and a narrow, regulation belt with this (Bergdorf).

Nanty is doing beautiful copies of beautiful French dresses, notably by Dessès, at the moment. Dreamy types will love a long one with a white chiffon strapless top, a scarf stole, and a skirt that is a sheath of black velvet split at one side to allow the chiffon underskirt to swirl outward. It's also done all in red, for Edie-was-a-lady moods. Bergdorf has it both ways. Nanty's short formal dress of pink faille has a crisscross pink chiffon bodice that ends in dangling panels down the hips (Rosette Pennington). This one was specially designed for him by Dessès. Rentner's ensembles with capes instead of jackets include a dress of a pin-dotted black-and-white wool in a weave that suggests sharkskin. Over this goes a black Alaska seal cape, elbow length and reversible, that's lined and edged with the wool (Bergdorf). Another involves a dress of brown wool, with dolman sleeves ending in mink cuffs, and a cape edged with mink (De Pinna). Talmack is wonderful about keeping right in stride with the times at fairly moderate prices. Lord & Taylor have exclusive rights on his bright-red jersey suit, whose waist-length jacket has dolman sleeves. All very daytime, but underneath is a sleeveless bodice of black sequins, cut in a deep V front and back. This dress comes entirely in black, too. Talmack's straight box jacket of black-and-white tweed has wool knit fringe and crescent pocket detail; the dress beneath is a sheath of black knit (Rosette Pennington). Zuckerman's dressy coat called Conchita, of black wool, is tightly buttoned down the bodice. There are epaulettes and a skirt made of five flaring flounces (Saks Fifth).

Hattie Carnegie's black-and-white tweed dress has a normal waistline but a band around the hips on the bell-shaped skirt. Like most of Carnegie's day dresses, the top suggests a round-necked sweater. The waist-length jacket has a shawl collar and cuffs of Persian. Carnegie's Blue Room offers its own versions of Carnegie custom clothes in lots of not too expensive suits, most of them with prim, convertible collars above small vestee detail. Lots of little string ties as well, casually decorating shawl collars, the cuffs, and pockets. Fira



"BLUE SANDRINGHAM"

Fine bone china by Wedgwood. Entwined pattern, pale blue, brown and yellow on light cream border banded in gold. Center floral design combines delicate pastel colors on white base.

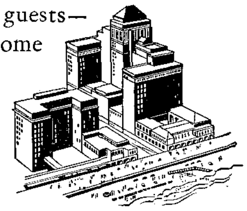
Place Setting (dinner, salad, bread and butter plates, tea cup and saucer) $19.85
Starter Set for Four $79.40

Add $1 per place setting for postage & packing
Mail orders filled by Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

ADDICTION

It's only fair to warn prospective guests—we may become habit-forming.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 62 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3

UNITE dual headboard swing bed

At leading furniture and department stores. Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Benenson (Lord & Taylor only) has a perfect cocktail dress in olive, blue, or red satin (satin is doing a mighty comeback for daytime this year, if you hadn't noticed). There's a deep V neckline squared off at the bottom in front, little self-covered buttons below, and a skirt whose box pleats make it look bell-shaped. Like all her clothes, it is charming, subtle, and insidious. Jacques Fath (also only at Lord & Taylor) has a superlative gray jersey dress with a fold across the front at the hipline; a checked yellow-and-brown taffeta scarf goes around the neck, comes through the belt, and flattens out on the fold. His cape suit is of black-and-white checked tweed combined with jersey. It's a jersey sweater top with round bone buttons; a straight tweed skirt with a high waistband in front, and vest detail below; and a huge cape of the tweed, knotting in front like a shawl. Bergdorf's Bernard Newman has made a heavenly day-or-evening dress of black sheer wool. It has short sleeves and a deep oval décolletage, all bound with velvet ribbon and decorated with delicate tucks. A white silk gilet with a tiny diamond weave fits inside and makes you nice and decent for mornings.

Hold on! I haven't said a word yet about the fall custom clothes!

—Lois Long

•

"From what they all say he really was a terrific lover," said Patrolman Emile Nolan who, with Frank Curiosity, got this explanation from Holzman about how he did it.—*The Post.*

Hey, that's the fellow who killed our cat!

•

Boston, Aug. 25—The Old North Church, from whose belfry the lights of two crude lanterns flashed an historic signal 177 years ago, today dedicated a signalling device that might have spared Paul Revere his midnight ride.—*Publicity release received by a Bennington (Vt.) paper.*

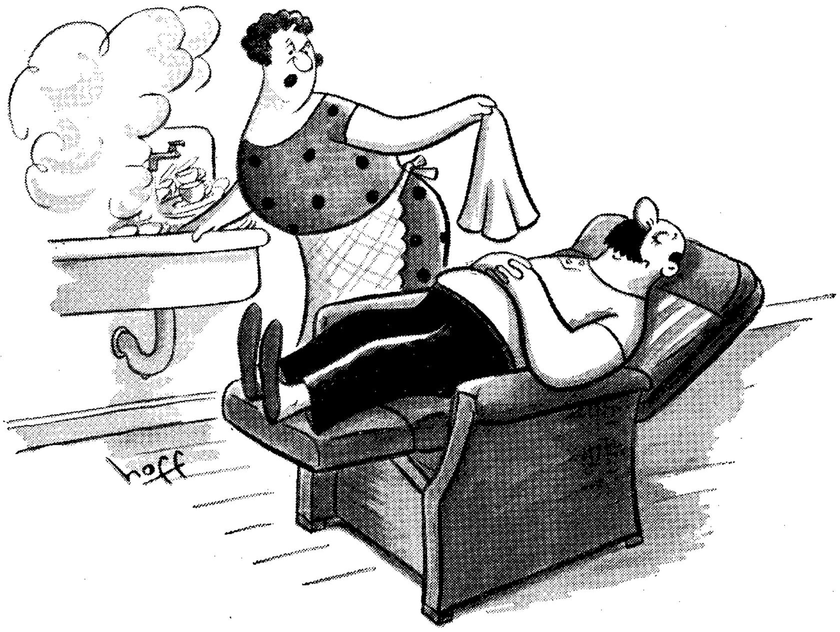
And saved Henry Wadsworth Longfellow a heap of trouble.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Washington Post*]

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. (AP).—Edward and Russell Robinson, commercial fishermen, found a moose exhausted in deep water in Lake Superior near here yesterday. They towed it to shallow water, patted its head.



"All right, Mr. Captain of Industry, your fifteen minutes is up!"

Fifteen minutes in a BarcaLounger may not make a new man of you. But it's the greatest adventure in relaxation since the invention of the bed.

The secret is "Floating Comfort", a patented design made from photographs of people floating in water. Only the BarcaLounger has it. Only the BarcaLounger adjusts automatically with the motion of your body to any position from sitting to full reclining . . . without knobs or levers.

Just sit down, lean back, and relax. Instantly, the BarcaLounger eases the strain on the heart, soothes jittery nerves and frayed tempers. Yet the BarcaLounger isn't a gadget. It's a fine piece of furniture and looks it . . . the kind of chair your wife will be proud to have in the living room or library. See the *genuine* BarcaLounger at your department or furniture store. Look for the trade name "BarcaLounger" under the footrest!

Sizes to fit everyone in beautiful decorator fabrics, plastics, and leather.

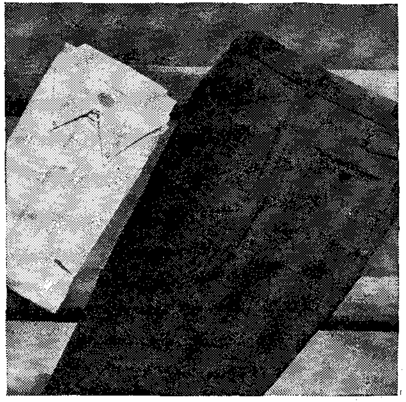
THE ONE AND ONLY **BarcaLounger**
PATENTED

Barcalo Manufacturing Co., Buffalo 7, N. Y. In Canada, T. EATON CO.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLETS!
Barcalo Manufacturing Company, Dept. N9, Buffalo 7, New York
Please send me free of charge:
☐ "An Adventure in Relaxation"
☐ "Feel Years Younger Without Exercise"
☐ Name of nearest BarcaLounger dealer
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City*____________ *State*________

Own Make Specialties

For over fifty years our label has graced the best in men's wear with a unique standard of quality and make. Here are two of our best known specialties.



GRAY FLANNEL TROUSERS

Patterned to give clean hanging, flat-hipped and slim-legged proportions—made pleated or plain front with adjustable back strap.

Woollen Flannel, charcoal only $18.50
Worsted Flannel
(two-fold warp and weft)
charcoal or dark gray $22.50

Mail orders filled with bottoms uncuffed. Please specify height and waist measures.

BUTTON DOWN SHIRTS

Full cut, pullover style with wide back panel pleat—unlined collar and cuffs—buttoned down collar points, collar back, and pocket flap.

Combed domestic cotton oxford, white or blue $6.00
Also same details with round point to pin collar attached, white or blue $6.00
Long staple Egyptian cotton oxford, white, blue, tan, yellow or pink $7.50

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.

262 York Street
New Haven

341 Madison Avenue
New York

82 Mt. Auburn Street
Cambridge

Complete ranges of J. PRESS productions as in our stores can be seen at our travel exhibits to the following centers. Dates mailed on request.

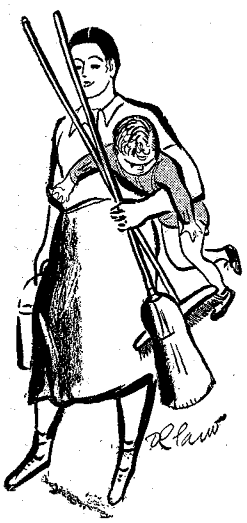
Buffalo
Charleston
Charlottesville
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Dallas
Dayton
Detroit
Erie
Hanover
Houston
Memphis
Minneapolis
New Orleans
Oklahoma City
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Princeton
St. Louis
Tulsa
Washington

TO BEGIN WITH

UNTIL I was six years old, I had a reassuring concept of the universe. I was born in eastern Transylvania, on the outer fringe of the Carpathian Mountains. Our village, Paulis, lay in a valley so narrow that some of the houses, including ours, were crowded up onto the mountainside. Our back yard went straight up. From our windows, higher than the steeple of the village church, I could see the Maros River meandering through the valley, and, on the other side of the river, another mountain, with houses and terraced vineyards going up and up behind them, just like the houses and vineyards on our side. The world was between these two mountains, a narrow strip coming from far away in the east and stretching even farther away toward the west. Beyond the mountains was nothing. The mountains weren't difficult to scale, but I had never tried to climb them. I wasn't curious to find out what nothing was like.

On the first day of school—six grades in one classroom—the stationmaster's son, five years my senior, boasted about a bear-hunting trip with his father in the forests beyond the mountains. I called him a liar. There was nothing beyond the mountains, I said; there couldn't be. The stationmaster's son slapped my face for calling him a liar, and, what was worse, he laughed at me. There was another valley, he insisted, and other ranges of mountains, and other rivers and villages. The teacher agreed with him.

I broke out in a cold sweat. It was the end of the world, the end of my world. The teacher felt my forehead, said that I was sick, and sent me home. However, I did not go home. I had to see for myself whether there really was anything on the other side of the mountain.



The view of the next valley and the mountain ranges was anything but awesome. Cattle were grazing on the downward slope, and the little sounds of stillness hummed in the air just as they did in the quiet fields beyond the village on our side. My fears vanished and in their place came sorrow. The world was too big and I was too little. I had a feeling that life was going to be hard and that I would never again find my place in it. Six years later, I had the same sensation all over again. This time, the disturbing new panorama was the English language.

The winter I was twelve, I was sent off to board with a private family and go to school in the city of Arad, twenty-five miles away, Paulis being too small to have a *Gymnasium* of its own. Along with my other studies, I took on Berlitz English 1, and when I went home to Paulis at the end of the spring term, I had, I felt, a firm grasp on the language.

One July evening, Dr. Bernath, the circuit doctor, was at our house playing chess with my father, and suddenly he looked up from the chessboard and asked me if I would like to work for the Varnays. They had asked him, he said, to recommend a quiet, well-mannered, intelligent boy.

My father was the manager of the stone quarry, and most of the men of the village worked for him. The Doctor, the grammar-school teacher, and the priest were our friends. I tended to think of the village as all ours, until summer came and, time after time, dispelled this illusion. Paulis was a summer resort, and late in June every year people of a much higher social stratum descended upon the village, opened their boarded-up summer homes, and, by their splendor and their display of wealth, relegated the natives to social insignificance. Among the most aristocratic of the summer people were Count Varnay and his family. During the winter, they lived in Budapest. Their villa in Paulis, hidden from the road by dense, neatly trimmed shrubbery but visible from the elevation of our prosaic, middle-class house, had a lightning rod on the main chimney; wastefully and unfairly, I felt, modern science protected a house that was empty most of the year. It was something of a letdown when I discovered that the job Dr. Bernath was recommending me for was chasing tennis balls for the Count's two grown daughters, but I accepted anyway.

A couple of mornings later, dressed in my Sunday best, shoes polished, hair slicked down, I presented myself at the gate of the Varnay estate. The gateman saluted and directed me to the tennis court, where the two countesses were waiting. The older and taller was about nineteen, and wore her hair in a chignon. Her sister was a year or two younger, and her braids encircled her head. Both girls had the aristocratic speech affectation of lallation. When they addressed me at all, it was in Hungarian. They spoke to each other in English. I was able to follow their conversation without difficulty.

In my imagination, while I was running after balls, I saw myself as a tennis champion walking down a fashionable London street, wearing spotless white flannels and a white sweater with red and black piping, and sporting my tennis racket with careless abandon. This daydreaming made the reality of being a ball boy easier to take—for I had misgivings about the chore I was doing.

In the days before I had been out of the village, I didn't resent the summer people, or even think very much about them. They were associated in my mind with certain images of luxury. As a little boy watching the trains go by, I had caught blurred, fleeting glimpses of people in the plush-upholstered first-class compartments and brightly lit dining cars of the Orient Express, and had realized that the people on the train and the summer people belonged to the same world. But now I was a city man myself, and had lived in one of the places where the trains came from, and I shrank from the idea of being demoted to the status of a local nobody. And the cheerful thought of the korona (a neat silver coin of about the size and value of a quarter) I had been promised was more than offset by an uneasy fear that retrieving tennis balls was a menial occupation, with a stigma attached to it, and that I might never live this down.

At one point, the game was interrupted by the countesses' little dog, who bounded out onto the court and gave me unexpected competition by running after the balls. The girls made a fuss over the dog, and then it took them awhile to put him off the court.

"Boy," the older countess said when they were ready to play again, "do you know what the score is?"

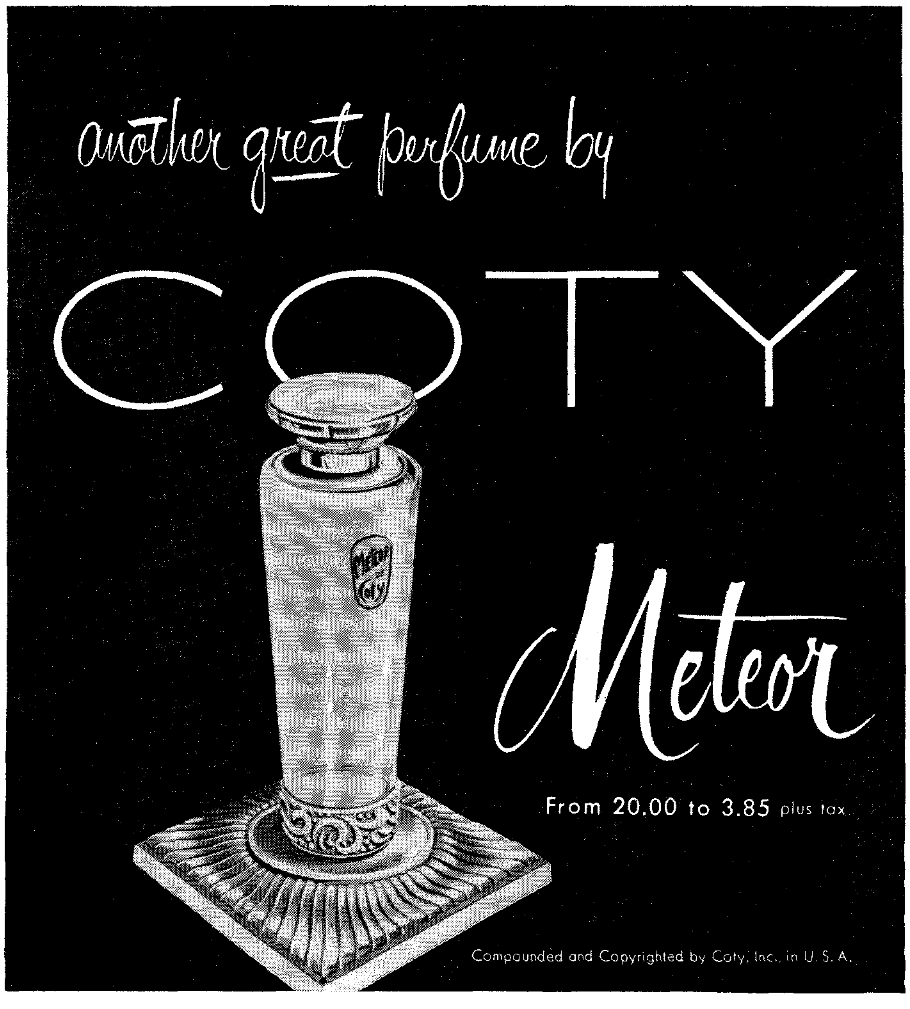
"Thirty–love," I said, in English. I am afraid I pronounced it "Sirtee–loave." They did not notice my pronunciation. That is how they said it, too.

"You speak English?" the older countess asked, astonished and, I thought, rather irritated by my intrusion on their linguistic exclusiveness. This was my big moment. "It is my plan that I will new-translate Shakespeare's

(*Advertisement*)

Van Schreiber

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."


another great perfume by
COTY
Meteor
Meteor Coty
From 20.00 to 3.85 plus tax
Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U. S. A.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER

BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE PRINCE OF WALES
1930 - 1936

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

"QUEENSWAY"
In natural tan and iridescent tones of Lime Green, Gold, Orchid and Turquoise. *About* **$55**

Women pictured in the fashion news on the Continent choose Aquascutum for its endearing—and enduring charms. Every coat is so delightfully man-tailored . . . so definitely British and so exclusive with that seen-in-the-world's-smartest-places Aquascutum look.

Aquascutum
OF LONDON ENGLAND

Available at shops of merit, including . . .
BIRMINGHAM, MICH., CAMPBELLS • **BOSTON**, DELANO
CHICAGO, VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
COLUMBUS, THE UNION CO.
DETROIT, J. L. HUDSON • **EAST ORANGE**, MITTLER LTD.
HARTFORD, HENRY MILLER • **LEXINGTON, KY.**, MEYERS
LOS ANGELES, J. W. ROBINSON • **LOUISVILLE**, BYCK'S
MADISON, MAC NEIL & MOORE
MANHASSET, L. I., JUDITH BERTRAM
MILWAUKEE, MAC NEIL & MOORE
MINNEAPOLIS, HAROLD'S
NEW YORK, ABERCROMBIE & FITCH • DE PINNA
N. CONWAY, CARROLL REED • **PASADENA**, BULLOCK'S
PHILADELPHIA, JOHN WANAMAKER
PITTSBURGH, KAUFMANNS • **SALEM, ORE.**, PRICE'S
SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT KIRK LTD. • I. MAGNIN
WASHINGTON, D.C., LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ
Also at better shops in Canada

ENQUIRIES: 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 1 • CH 4-0097

'Tempest' into Hungarian," I said proudly and, of course, in English.

"Really? Why?" the girl asked.

"Sirtee–loave?" the younger countess said impatiently. "Let's play."

When the game was over, the older countess went into the house and came out with a book, which she handed to me, explaining that she knew it would mean more to me than the money. It was a Tauchnitz edition of "A Christmas Carol." Though the idea of owning an English book appealed to me—and helped me decide I hadn't lost my amateur status, after all—I thought regretfully of the korona I had been promised. I noted with some satisfaction that the book cost a few fillérs more than a korona. I was sure that I could read it as easily as I had the excerpts from "The Happy Prince" and "The Little Match Girl" in my reader, and that before the day was over I could boast that I had read my first English book in the original. A rather thin volume, true, but a book all the same.

As soon as I got home, I put a new nib in my penholder and wrote my name—"Andrew" instead of "Endre"—on the flyleaf. It looked impressive, particularly the "ew," for a sound that in the Hungarian alphabet was designated by the plain, prosaic, and lonesome "u;" "ew" was cosmopolitan, and exciting. I then took my new book out to the quarry to show my father, who looked at it wistfully and asked, "Can you really read that?"

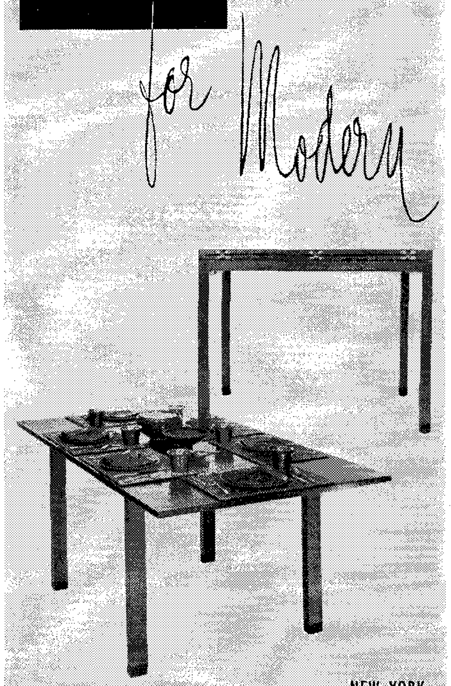
"I don't think Dickens will be any more difficult than Oscar Wilde," I said lightly.

That night, I waited until I was reasonably sure the rest of the family would be asleep, and then I got out of bed, sneaked out into the arbor, and lit a lantern. It was past nine o'clock. Probably the only other person still awake in the village was the man on duty at the railroad station. I had decided that one's first book in English should be read at night, by lantern light. The mosquitoes buzzing around me I knew only by a common, ordinary Hungarian word. I remembered the English word "frogs," though the word for the sound they were making was playing hide-and-seek with me at the moment. I listened to the chirping of the crickets and said, out loud, "Chirping, crickets." I heard a train whistle just as I opened the book to Chapter 1, and I told myself that I was about to embark on a journey, too—my first trip into the vastness of a new language.

I read the first sentence: "Marley was dead, to begin with." That was as

Designed especially for Home Fashion Time by Edward Wormley. Through decorators and dealers only.

DUNBAR



No. 5235 Flip-top Table

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
BOSTON
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES

DUNBAR FURNITURE CORP. OF INDIANA • BERNE, INDIANA

NO SIR, THERE'S NOT A NOISY ROOM IN "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

. . **BECAUSE** every room and suite is equipped with an individual air-conditioning unit which brings in fresh filtered air and keeps out all street noises. Every room has 17" TV, too, plus butler's pantry and refrigerator and each room is a combination bedroom-living room at least 14'x22'.

Yes, every luxury and convenience is yours at the Tuscany, including room service, restaurant, bar, night maid service, laundry, valet, adjacent garage and others. What's more, we are just around the corner from Grand Central Station and the Airlines Terminal.

THE Tuscany

39th Street, just east of Park Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.
Teletype N.Y.1-392
Bertram Weal, *General Manager*
P. S. *May we send you a brochure?*

MU 8-7550

Restaurant
400
Bar-Lounge

400 E.57

OPEN EVERY DAY

far as I got. My trip was over before it started. I understood every word without having to refer to a dictionary; nevertheless I couldn't understand the sentence. "Marley was dead"—that part could, or should, mean only one thing. "To begin with." *With?* The sentence failed to yield to logic. If Marley began by being dead, was he stillborn? Or had death just that minute snuffed out his life?

I was familiar enough with English literature to know that Dickens wasn't an esoteric author, with layers and layers of hidden meaning adding up to an elusive total effect—like Goethe, for instance—and I also knew that "A Christmas Carol" was read to English children on Christmas Eve. It was unlikely that a very popular storyteller would deliberately try to confuse the reader right in the first sentence. The meaning must be obvious, even to a child. I might be a newcomer to the language, but I should be able to outthink an ordinary English child; I must.

English suddenly loomed like the panorama of mountain ranges that, when I was six years old, I had not wanted to know about—endless, hopeless. If an ordinary preposition could become an insurmountable obstacle, what chance had I of ever being at home in the English language? I read the remainder of the first paragraph, through "dead as a doornail," without difficulty, but I was haunted by that undigested sentence, and felt that it would be cheating to go on without understanding it. I knew that I could find a translation in the morning and see what the translator did with it; on the other hand, if I resorted to a pony, I would not be able to say that I had read a book

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1930-1936

Available at shops of merit, including

ALBANY, McMANUS & RILEY
ALBUQUERQUE, PELLETIERS
ALLENTOWN, JUDD'S
ASBURY PARK, CHARLES LEVINSOHN
ATLANTA, RICH'S INC.
ATLANTIC CITY, CHARLES
BALTIMORE, CANTERBURY SHOP
BEVERLY HILLS, EDDY HARTH
BEVERLY HILLS, JERRY ROTHSCHILDS
BIRMINGHAM, McCOY TAILORS
BOSTON, ZAREH INC.
BROOKLYN, ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BUFFALO, KLEINHAN'S
BUFFALO, PELLER & MURE
CAMBRIDGE, J. AUGUST CO.
CHARLESTON, SCHWABE-MAY
CHARLOTTE, J. WOOD LTD.
CHICAGO, CAPPER & CAPPER
CHICAGO, HIGGINS & FRANK
CINCINNATI, DUNLAP CLOTHES SHOP
CLEVELAND, BUNCE BROTHERS
COLORADO SPRINGS, MacNEIL & MOORE
COLUMBUS, THE UNION CO.
DES MOINES, UTICA CLOTHING CO.
DETROIT, HIGGINS & FRANK
DETROIT, J. L. HUDSON CO.
DETROIT, JERRY MORSE
DETROIT, SCHOLNICK'S
EAST ORANGE, MITTLER LTD.
EVANSTON, WALLY REID MENS SHOP
GARDEN CITY, L. I., STREETS MENS SHOP
GRAND RAPIDS, A. MAY & SONS
GREENWICH, KEPPLE & KEPPLE
HANOVER, JAMES CAMPION
HARRISBURG, RATCLIFF & SWARTZ
HARTFORD, HENRY MILLER
HARTFORD, WM. POWERS & CO.
HEMPSTEAD, L. I., ABRAHAM & STRAUS
HOLLYWOOD, JACK BELL
HOUSTON, SAKOWITZ BROS.
KALAMAZOO, A. W. JOHNSON CO.
KANSAS CITY, WOOLF BROS.
LEXINGTON, MEYERS
LOS ANGELES, BULLOCK'S
LOS ANGELES, MORGAN GREEN
LOS ANGELES, J. W. ROBINSON CO.
LOS ANGELES, PHELPS-TERKEL
LOUISVILLE, ROCHE & ROCHE
MADISON, MacNEIL & MOORE
MEMPHIS, HENRY HALLE & BROS.
MILWAUKEE, MacNEIL & MOORE
MINNEAPOLIS, HUBERT W. WHITE INC.
NEW BEDFORD, MARTY SULLIVAN
NEW HAVEN, GENTREE LTD.
NEW ROCHELLE, BLOOMINGDALE'S
N. Y. C., BLOOMINGDALE'S
N. Y. C., LORD & TAYLOR
N. Y. C., PEYTON LTD.
N. Y. C., WHITEHOUSE & HARDY 54 & 5th
N. CONWAY, CARROLL REED SKI SHOP
OAKLAND, L. CUNNINGHAM
OMAHA, NEBRASKA CLOTHNG CO.
PASADENA, BULLOCK'S
PASADENA, HARRY FITZGERALD INC.
PEORIA, O'BRIEN JOBST
PHILADELPHIA, JACOB REEDS SONS
PHILADELPHIA, JOHN WANAMAKER
PHOENIX, McDOUGALL & CASSOU
PITTSBURGH, KAUFMANN'S
PORTLAND, RAY BOLGER CO.
PROVIDENCE, HILLHOUSE LTD.
RED BANK, HUBER'S
ROSLYN HEIGHTS, L. I., CLYDE SHOP
SACRAMENTO, ROBERT WALLACE LTD.
SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT KIRK LTD.
SAN FRANCISCO, SPENCER-ANDREW
SANTA MONICA, CAMPBELL'S
SCOTTSDALE, CRAIG HOUSE
SEATTLE, LITTLER
SOUTH BEND, PARKER-WINTERROWD
SPOKANE, DAVENPORT SPORT SHOP
SPRINGFIELD, HAYNES & CO.
ST. JOSEPH, CLIFF W. GEISS INC.
STAMFORD, CHARLES ROSS
SYRACUSE, HOTEL SYRACUSE MENS SHOP
TOLEDO, DAMSCHROEDER & BERRY
TOPEKA, HANNA'S MENS SHOP
UTICA, WEBB'S
WASHINGTON, D. C., LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ
WELLESLEY, ARA'S
WILLIAMSTOWN, HOUSE OF WALSH
WILMINGTON, JOHN A. CARLSON CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, ROSENBAUMS
Also at better shops in Canada

THE "KINGSWAY"
Weatherproofed and tailored in London with handsome checked lining.
About **$55**

Probably no other article of attire lends a man such swagger, such dashing nonchalance as an Aquascutum coat. And the pre-eminence of Aquascutum in this field is twice born! . . . from its own 100 years of tailoring craft—and from the long English tradition of knighthood and chivalry.

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

ENQUIRIES: 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 1 · CH 4-0097

When in London, England, visit the House of Aquascutum at 100 Regent St.

EXCLUSIVE TARTAN SLACKS

29.50

The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Avenue, at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Our original idea!
PATTERNED HOSE
of Cashmere and Nylon

A tremendous success from the moment we introduced them. Neat Scottish checks in our wonderful cashmere and nylon hose by famous Exeter. *Will not shrink.* In our special longer anklet length with elastic top. Colors: natural, brown, navy, grey and black, with contrasting checks. 10½-13. Now only **$3.95**

U. S. mail orders postpaid

Whitehouse & Hardy

695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)
New York 22, N. Y. **PLaza 9-1225**

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

entirely in the original English. I closed the book and put out the lantern and went indoors to bed, hoping that in the morning the meaning would come to me.

THE sentence was just as obscure in broad daylight. The verb "begin" was not coupled in my Hungarian-English dictionary with "with." There was no clue in my English grammar. Could it have been a misprint? After all, the book was printed in Germany. I gave up that idea. The Germans were too meticulous; they would never overlook a typographical error in the very first sentence. If only someone in the village spoke English, I thought, and then I remembered the Varnay girls.

Only the younger, more arrogant one was at home when I called on them. She was playing diabolo in the garden, tossing the spool higher and higher, and she didn't speak to me until she missed. Even then, she made me fetch the diabolo first. I told her I had taken the liberty of presenting myself because I needed a little help with my new book and no one else in the village spoke English. She gave me a patronizing smile and took the book from me. "Just what is it you want to know?"

"The first sentence," I said. "The very first sentence, here. I can't translate it."

She looked and her smirk vanished. "You had the nerve to come here for *that*?"

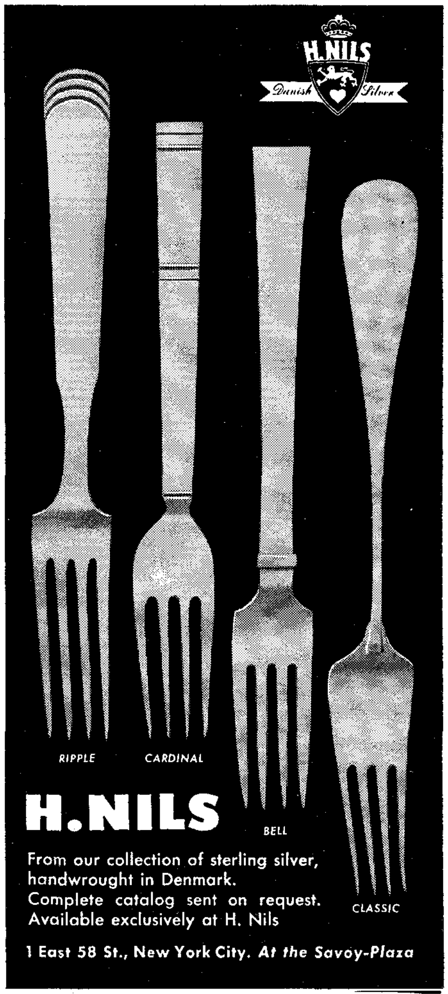
"Only that one word, 'with,'" I said apologetically.

"There's no Hungarian word for 'with,'" she said. "In French, it's '*avec*.' We won't need you today."

"I meant the whole sentence," I said, ignoring the peremptory dismissal. "What does it mean altogether?"

"We gave you the book out of the kindness of our hearts. You expect us to give English lessons with it?" The countess tossed the book in my direction and began to twirl the diabolo. I knew I was not going to be called to fetch balls again, but I also knew I was not the only one who was baffled by that sentence.

I WENT home and picked up the morning paper, *Aradi Kozlony*, published in the town where I went to school. I saw that it had articles with London, New York, Brisbane, and Washington datelines, and that gave me an idea. No doubt the newspaper office received cables from all these English-speaking places. Some-



H.NILS
Danish Silver

RIPPLE CARDINAL BELL CLASSIC

H.NILS

From our collection of sterling silver, handwrought in Denmark.
Complete catalog sent on request.
Available exclusively at H. Nils

1 East 58 St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza*

The Gourmet Mustard for
BARBECUES!

Try this "manly mustard." Rich and robust—yet paradoxically *mild.* Now prepared in the U.S. from an old Dijon, France formula. Look for "Mister Mustard" in the "open refrigerator," meat, cheese or dairy department.

IF your food market doesn't have Mister Mustard, we will send you post paid 3 (6 oz.) jars for $1. Offer good only in U.S. Address Frank Tea & Spice Co., Dept. N., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

FRANK'S
Mister Mustard
"Keep Me Cold and I'll Stay Hot"

DON'T BITE!

They're so real you'll want to, but they're marble, carved, textured and colored in Italy, and they look for all the world like fresh picked fruit. Apple, peach, green or ripe fig, persimmon, banana, orange, tangerine, pear, lemon, 1.25 each. Black grapes, 2.50, walnut 1.00. Minimum order: six pieces. No C.O.D.'s please. Add .50 postage, .75 west of Miss.

Open Saturdays 9-5

Piazza **HOUSE OF ITALIAN HANDICRAFTS**
217 East 49th St., New York 17, PL 9-6510

body on the staff must know English. I would call *Aradi Kozlony* on the telephone. In spite of the twenty-five miles between Paulis and Arad, it wasn't a long-distance toll call, since our telephone service was handled by the exchange at Arad. I asked for the number with trepidation, and stated my problem to the girl who answered. She connected me with the editor.

"Why are you studying English?" he asked when I had again explained my difficulty with the first sentence of "A Christmas Carol." "French is more beautiful, German more practical. I speak both."

"The genders," I said. "No mixup about what is 'he' and what is 'she' and what is 'it.' "

The foreign articles, it seemed, came to the paper already translated, from a central news bureau in Budapest. No one on the staff spoke English. The editor suggested that I try the British Embassy.

The first draft of my letter to the British Ambassador covered fifteen typewritten pages, single-spaced; I managed to condense them to three. I told the Ambassador that I had been an Anglophile as far back as I could remember, that I wanted to visit England at my earliest convenience, and that I was teaching myself the language of the Immortal Bard, to which fact this epistle would testify. After I had paid tribute to English literature, I wound up by informing the Ambassador that I was at present enjoying England's Charles Dickens, and would he please tell me what he thought of the first sentence of "A Christmas Carol"?

As I read my letter over and over again, I could not help being impressed with the subtle manner in which I had simultaneously presented my problem and achieved the right note of Anglo-Saxon understatement.

The answer came promptly, and was brief:

MR. ENDRE BOHEM
MY DEAR SIR:

His Excellency the Ambassador has referred your letter of the 12th inst. to me. He wishes me to convey his appreciation for the commendable sentiments expressed therein. As to your proposed visit to Great Britain, Hungarian subjects are not required to obtain visas. It is advisable, however, to have in your possession a passport issued to you by your own government.

Yours truly,
AUBREY MEREDYTH,
Corresponding Secretary

Not a word about Marley and why he was dead to begin with. Could it be

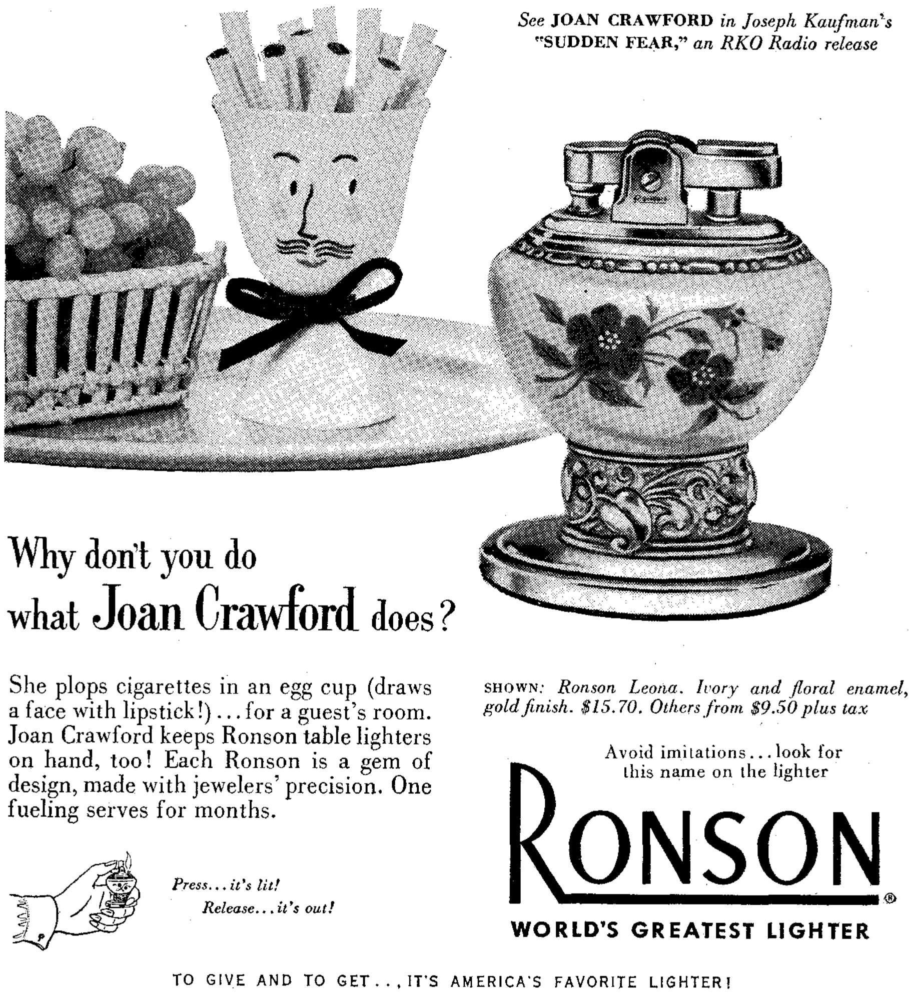
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

For those who choose the finest... the Booth's "House of Lords Martini"

BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S
"HOUSE of LORDS"
The World's Finest DRY GIN
Imported from England

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF


See JOAN CRAWFORD *in Joseph Kaufman's* "SUDDEN FEAR," *an RKO Radio release*

Why don't you do what Joan Crawford does?

She plops cigarettes in an egg cup (draws a face with lipstick!)...for a guest's room. Joan Crawford keeps Ronson table lighters on hand, too! Each Ronson is a gem of design, made with jewelers' precision. One fueling serves for months.

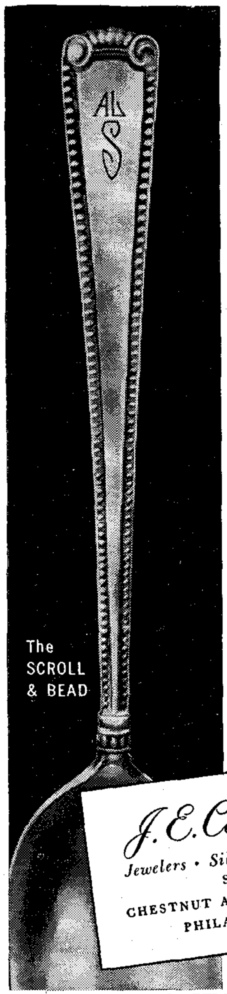
Press...it's lit!
Release...it's out!

SHOWN: *Ronson Leona. Ivory and floral enamel, gold finish. $15.70. Others from $9.50 plus tax*

Avoid imitations...look for this name on the lighter

RONSON®
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

TO GIVE AND TO GET... IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE LIGHTER!



For now— and then

In this pattern—which combines so tastefully the ancient motifs of the scroll and bead with a feeling that is distinctly modern—there is character as enduring as the sterling silver in which it is expressed.

6-PC. STANDARD PLACE SETTING
$32.50

Write for our illustrated brochure "In Choosing your Sterling."

Price includes tax

J. E. Caldwell & Co.
Jewelers · Silversmiths · Stationers
SINCE 1839
CHESTNUT AND JUNIPER STREETS
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.

Those who **KNOW** *Prefer* **TRIBUNO**

TRIBUNO
DRY for MARTINIS
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH

The Cocktail **VERMOUTH**

DRY FOR PERFECT MARTINIS AND DRY MANHATTANS...
SWEET FOR REGULAR MANHATTANS.

"21" Brands, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE AGENTS U. S. A.

that they were avoiding the issue? Avoiding it because they could not grasp its meaning, either? Or was it beneath the dignity of the Corresponding Secretary to answer such elementary queries?

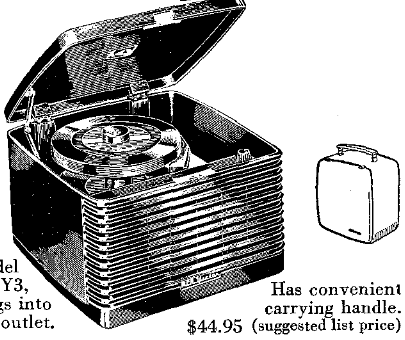
In making another fruitless stab at the Hungarian-English dictionary, I spotted the name of its compiler, Dr. Arthur B. Yolland, B.A. Cantab., Phil. D., Late Scholar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, Lector of the Budapest University of Sciences. If anyone knew about Marley's beginning with, I thought, he should, and perhaps he would even see fit to tell me.

I composed another letter, embodying in it my tribute to English literature from my letter to the Ambassador but saying outright this time that "Marley was dead, to begin with" was my Waterloo, and that I would be forever grateful to the Professor if he would deign to enlighten me as to the purpose and significance of the preposition "with" placed at the end of the sentence, in a manner that seemed to me like linking the caboose to the wrong train.

The letter was returned to me in an official envelope of Cambridge University. Tenses had been corrected and words questioned in red ink. The word "caboose" was circled and a note on the margin read, "An Americanism. Caboose—from the Middle Low German *Kabhûse*, a little room or hut—meaning 'galley.' A more fortunate choice of metaphor for you would have been 'tied the tail to the wrong kite.' " The Professor had even graded my letter; he had given me 90. Beneath my signature he had written: "Excellent effort. Remarkable spelling. Hope to see you in my class after you matriculate. You have an alert grammatical eye to spot the minor irregularity of separating preposition from clause to which it refers. It is incorrect grammar, not sanctioned, but permissible. Take preposition 'with' erroneously placed by Dickens at the end of the sentence, couple it with the clause to which it applies, and you will have no trouble in comprehending this somewhat awkward and colloquial sentence."

I tried the word "with" in front of every word in the sentence: "With Marley was dead, to begin," "Marley with was dead, to begin," "Marley was with dead, to begin," etc. Then I composed a second letter to Professor Yolland. His praise had made me self-conscious and my letter took days to

Go places with this **"Victrola" 45** *automatic portable!*



Model 45EY3, plugs into AC outlet.

Has convenient carrying handle.

$44.95 (suggested list price)

- "45"—the *modern* way to play records
- World's simplest, surest automatic record changer
- Plays up to 14 records (up to an hour of music) at the touch of a button
- Has *famed* "Golden Throat" tone system

Other "Victrola" 45 record changers as low as $16.75. See them today at your RCA Victor dealer's!

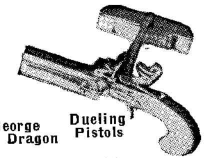
Only **RCA VICTOR** *makes the* **"Victrola"**
Tmks. ® Division of Radio Corporation of America

CURIO CUFF LINKS

For the collector of the unusual. Ideal for gift giving . . . in their individual suede pouch. $7.50 pr. plus 20% Fed. Tax.

St. Christopher

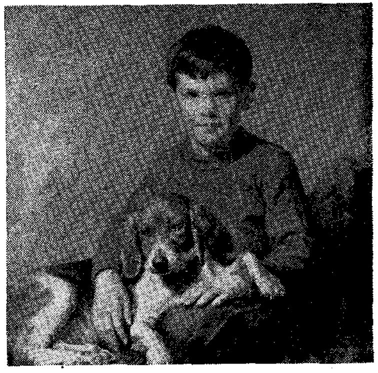
St. George and the Dragon



Dueling Pistols

Fashion Booklet sent on request. Add 30¢ postage on mail orders. Send check or Money Order

Geo. L. Brown
THE London Shop
441 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

write. I thanked him profusely for his corrections and informed him that I had proudly placed the letter with his annotations in my autograph collection. I apologized for the word "caboose," which I had picked up from an expatriate Hungarian home on a visit, and confessed sadly that his suggestion had not worked; I hadn't succeeded in coupling the divorced preposition with its rightful mate. Would he please forgive my second intrusion and give me eyeglasses for my grammatical astigmatism?

The answer was written in Hungarian—to my chagrin, in correct Hungarian. Professor Yolland explained that, in English, phrases or clauses that can be taken for granted are often omitted—no worse a sin than the Hungarian habit of omitting understood verbs, which would offend an Englishman's sense of grammatical balance. What was missing in this instance was "the fact or event or information which was chosen for the chronological point with which to begin the story." He trusted that I wouldn't have any more difficulty with my sentence.

I didn't. For the words "Marley was dead, to begin with" I substituted "The fact with which we are beginning our story is that Marley was dead," and understood at last what Dickens meant. But I didn't read further. By this time, I owned a second English book, Shaw's "Man and Superman," and I decided to read that first.

—Endre Bohem

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*Blurb in the back of a Penguin book*]

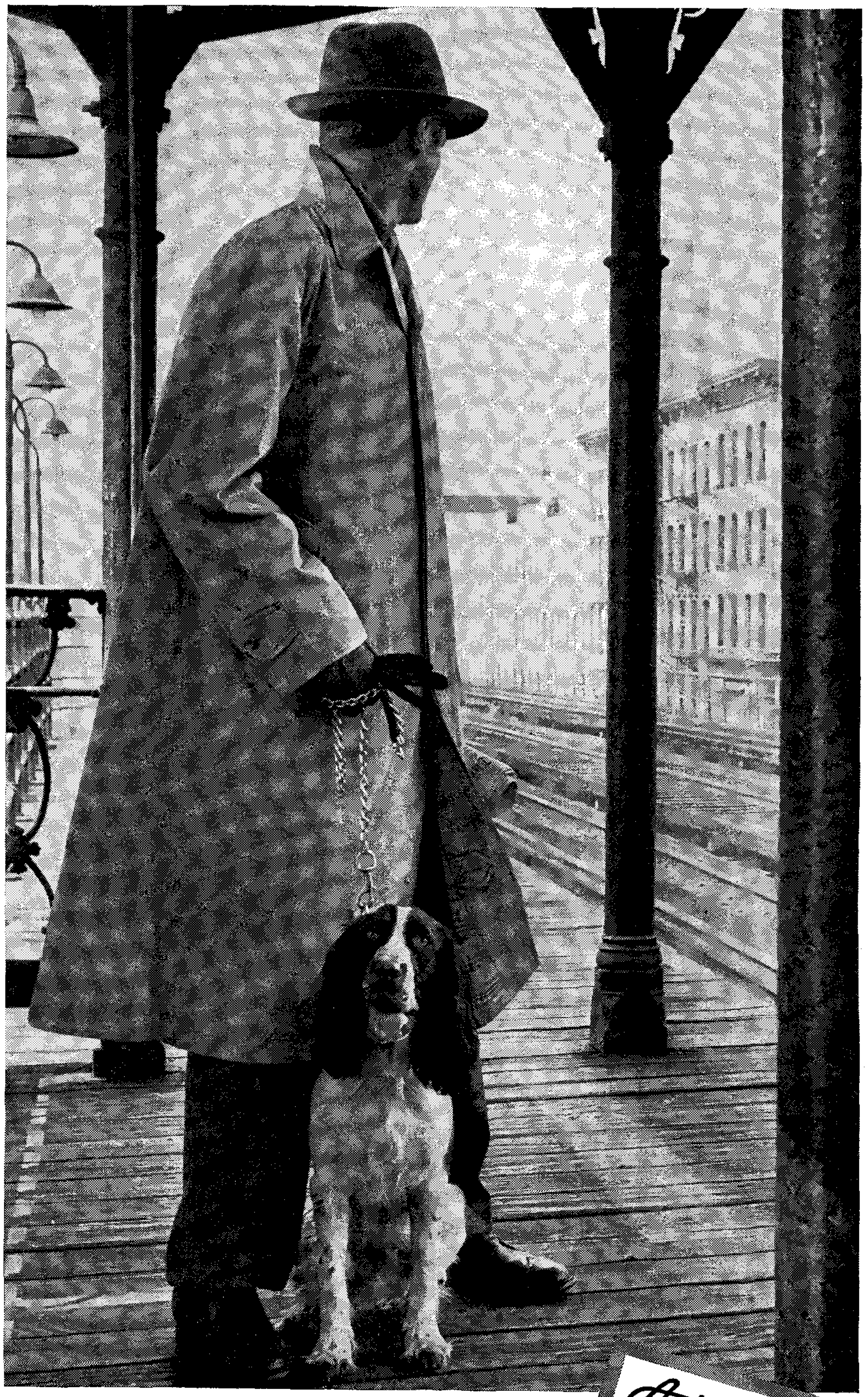
Mary learns with a shock that her husband's ship has been mined, and as she lies, sleepless, in bed, waiting to hear whether he is among the survivors, she reconstructs in her mind all the little incidents of her life leading up to the present moment. Those who read "*Thursday Afternoons*" (714) will remember the author's skill in writing about people whose lives, whilst unsensational, are full of the delights and disappointments of every day.

•

CAIRO, EGYPT, AUG. 26—(UP)—FEZ MANUFACTURERS PROTESTED EN MASSE TODAY AGAINST A PLAN TO DRESS EGYPTIANS IN TEXAS-STYLE SOMBREROS INSTEAD OF THE TRADITIONAL MOSLEM HAT.

THE SOCIAL AFFAIRS MINISTRY HAD BEEN ADVISED THAT THE "10-GALLON HAT" IS MORE PRACTICAL THAN THE FEZ BECAUSE IT PROVIDES PROTECTION FROM THE SUN.—*U. P. dispatch.*

It won't keep Malik off.



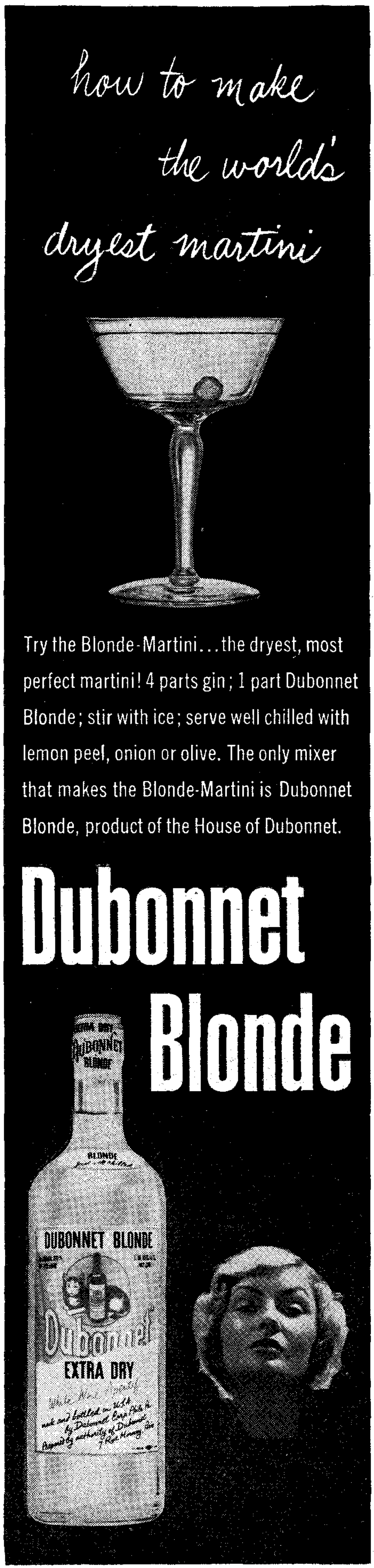
Coat Laureate of England

Antirain REGD. English County RAINWEAR

...famous ANTIRAIN County Rainwear! New to America, ANTIRAIN has, for 100 years, been a British bulwark against the weather. Developed and test-proved in rain-swept Manchester, with custom-built tailoring that reflects traditional British dash...this fully cut city or country-man's classic is designed for rain and shine, of poplin that's fine as silk, plaid lined.

Moderately priced in stores everywhere.

For where to buy, write: **BRITISH ANTIRAIN LTD.**
607 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Try the Blonde-Martini...the dryest, most perfect martini! 4 parts gin; 1 part Dubonnet Blonde; stir with ice; serve well chilled with lemon peel, onion or olive. The only mixer that makes the Blonde-Martini is Dubonnet Blonde, product of the House of Dubonnet.

DUBONNET BLONDE APERITIF WINE,
PRODUCT OF U. S. A.
© 1952 DUBONNET CORP., PHILA., PA.

THE THEATRE

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

THE new theatrical season, as is the custom, opened with a more or less deplorable exhibit, this time called "Seagulls Over Sorrento." It is a species of comedy-melodrama by Hugh Hastings, which has been running triumphantly for two years in London and has optimistically been compared by its press representatives with "Mister Roberts" and "Stalag 17." There is practically nothing in this claim, since the piece at the John Golden contains very little that can be identified as humor and even less that, outside of television serials, could be described as drama. The wit, to dispose of that first, can probably best be summarized in the curtain line, which, according to my notes, goes, "That was no lady, that was our wife;" the serious sections offer two rather muffled offstage explosions, one onstage fist fight, and a good many remarks about unsung heroism ("All right, chaps, this is it"). Like the cast of "Journey's End," another import from Britain, almost equally dismaying to me, the cast of "Seagulls Over Sorrento" contains no ladies, and although copious reference is made to them, the feeling persisted that the boys were really happier with one another. There are no quotations from "Alice in Wonderland," and this may well be my only wholehearted tribute to the author. It is quite possible that Mr. Hastings has given us a valid report on the conversation and behavior of British seamen—in this case, a moderately tough bunch of torpedo experts who have volunteered for a dangerous assignment—but it is hard to believe that the Armada was turned back and Trafalgar won by such a crew as he has imagined.

The action, what there is of it, takes place on an abandoned fortress off Scapa Flow, now converted into an experimental station devoted to the development of underwater guided atomic missiles, or something of the sort. The plot has to do with a protracted wrangle between the enlisted men and a chief petty officer, who is alleged to be a coward and tyrant, though he never struck me as much more than a bore; with the assorted sexual and emotional problems of the four volunteers (two have lost their wives to more appetizing men, another is a foundling and so naturally unstable, and the last is simply preoccupied with his dreams of pinup girls); and with a lottery to decide who is to go out on what is presumably a suicidal mission. The first explosion destroys an operative in the radar shack, which, according to my guest of the evening, who has had some experience in these matters, would be practically impossible; the second takes place out at sea and destroys nobody but is so successful that it is decided to drop the whole project. This is about all I know about "Seagulls Over Sorrento," and certainly all you need to.

The acting and the production are a good deal superior to the play. J. Pat O'Malley, in spite of being required to do a female impersonation, with a dish mop on his head and a couple of tin pans elsewhere, is excellent as an old salt who has very little use for the sea; and there are adroit and sensible performances by John Randolph, Leslie Nielsen, Guy Spaull, and Rod Steiger. They are asked to assume a variety of British accents, which must be a severe trial to them, but on the whole they manage admirably. Melvin Bourne's scenery and lighting suggest the mysterious locality of the play as well as any could. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Life of Peter Collinson," by Norman G. Brett-James*]

It is a remarkable fact that so great a scientist as Linnæus actually believed that swallows spent the winter under the water.... Linnæus never publicly recanted his views which were shared by Samuel Johnson and Gilbert White, but in a copy of his *Regnum Animale* belonging to the Linnæan Society the statement that swallows hibernate is erased in Linnæus' own handwriting.

THE WELFARE STATE IN ACTION

[*A letter received by a lady in Kentucky*]

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
RAILROAD RETIREMENT BOARD
844 Rush Street
Chicago 11, Illinois

In reply refer to
R.R.B. No. A-395672

DEAR MADAM:

This letter refers to your application for a spouse's annuity under the Railroad Retirement Act.

Our records show that your husband, in addition to being entitled to an annuity under the Railroad Retirement Act, is entitled to an old-age insurance benefit under the Social Security Act. Although the payment of retirement benefits to the same person under both the Railroad Retirement Act and the Social Security Act is permissible, amendments to the Railroad Retirement Act which were enacted on October 30, 1951, require that the retirement annuity under that Act, if based to any extent on service before 1937, be reduced by the amount of the social security old-age benefit or by the portion of the annuity based on service before 1937, whichever is less. Therefore, the annuity which would otherwise have been payable to your husband must be reduced under this provision of the 1951 amendments to $3.85. Under these amendments your spouse's annuity would be equal to one-half of your husband's annuity after applying this reduction and would amount to $1.93.

The amended Act guarantees, however, that the reduction in your husband's annuity, because of his entitlement to an old-age benefit under the Social Security Act, cannot lower the total benefits which he and his family are entitled to receive, on the basis of his employment, under both the Railroad Retirement Act and the Social Security Act to an amount less than the sum of the retirement annuity and the social security benefits which he and his family were entitled to receive on his employment as of October 29, 1951, the day before the enactment of the amendments. Under this guarantee your husband's annuity as reduced would be raised so that the amount of his annuity plus the amount of your spouse's annuity would equal the annuity he was entitled to receive on October 29, 1951. The effect of the guarantee, therefore, is that you and your husband would receive separate annuities totaling the same amount that your husband alone was entitled to receive on October 29, 1951, and has since continued to receive, as his annuity. This means that the amount of annuity your husband has been receiving after October 1951 would have to be reduced by the amount of your spouse's annuity.

Since the payment of a spouse's annuity to you would not increase the amount of benefits payable under the Railroad Retirement Act to you and your husband together, on account of your husband's employment, you may wish to withdraw your application. Further, withdrawal of your application would avoid a possible interruption in your husband's annuity payments to recover the excess payments to him for the time after your annuity would begin.

Please notify us immediately whether, under the circumstances, you wish to withdraw your application for a spouse's annuity.

Very truly yours,
A. R. WELLS
Director of Retirement Claims

Relax for health and enjoy fine styling, too!
You'll be proud of your King-of-Ease by
KITTINGER
the chair that combines
Relaxation with beauty

King-of-Ease

Completely automatic in any reclining position. Send for KING-OF-EASE folder showing many styles. Sold by leading dealers and decorators.
KITTINGER COMPANY, 1883 Elmwood Avenue • Buffalo 7, New York

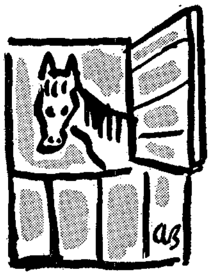
RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
Jewelers
607 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

SAPPHIRES
1. Ring $2,430.00
2. Ring 3,870.00
3. Brooch 1,170.00
4. Bracelet 7,542.00
5. Ring 1,620.00
6. Earrings 3,510.00
All prices include Federal tax

"Rosehill" —Lexington, Ky.
Built in 1820.
OLD FITZGERALD
your key to
Kentucky Hospitality...
Old Fashioned...
but still in style
GENUINE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
SOUR MASH
BOURBON
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND
MADE ON OUR OWN FORMULA
OLD FITZGERALD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD FITZGERALD
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Bottled in Bond
Made, mellowed
and bottled only by...
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY
Established 1849
Louisville, Kentucky

THE RACE TRACK

Nothing but Praise



As if horseplayers didn't have enough to puzzle over, the Beldame Handicap was run off in two sections at Aqueduct last weekend, Next Move winning the first and Real Delight the second—both in exactly the same time, if you please. The upshot was that a lot of people went home atingle with excitement but a little uncertain where top honors belonged. Of course, the management, having put up one extra fifty-thousand-dollar purse, might have put up another and arranged a runoff during the afternoon, but I'm not sure that Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns Next Move, and Ben Jones, who trains Real Delight for Calumet Farm, would have sent their horses out for a second go at a mile and a furlong.

The Beldame Handicap was the best show I've seen since the Suburban, but then it has never been a dull race. The field was split because there were nineteen entries, too many to start on a narrow track like Aqueduct. (Remember the to-do eighteen runners raised in the 1949 Beldame, when Harmonica was disqualified?) Incidentally, instead of having the Clerk of the Scales make the division by lot, as is customary, Jack Campbell, the Racing Secretary and Handicapper, put Real Delight in one section and Next Move in the other, and so distributed the rest that there were no complaints among the horsemen—an almost unheard-of situation.

It's a tossup which was the more stirring race. In the first section, Princess Lygia, the filly that L. B. Mayer gave more than $100,000 for a year ago, led for about six furlongs, then tired. She seems very small to have cost so much, but I suppose $100,000 or so really doesn't matter to Mr. Mayer when he wants a horse. Next Move, who won the Beldame two years ago, was never far behind the Princess, and long before she turned for home, you knew she was going to win. Even when she got into close quarters in the stretch, there wasn't a doubt about it, and she beat Renew by a couple of lengths. Nilufer was third. After the finish, Wall, who rode Miss Traffic, and came in fourth, lodged an objection against Next Move, charging she bumped his mount, but the complaint was dismissed.

Real Delight had a harder time winning. She carried a hundred and twenty-six pounds, unusually high weight for a three-year-old running against older horses. She had difficulty catching Gay Grecque, to whom she gave seventeen pounds, and she was whipped out to withstand Marta's rush in the last furlong. Perhaps she wasn't at her very best, but she was good enough. She has grown and filled out since I saw her in the spring, and developed into a beautiful animal. Going off the deep end once more, I'll make her my pick of all the three-year-olds. As you'd expect, Next Move and Real Delight were heavy favorites; a parlay on them would have paid less than 3–1.

To my mild surprise, Invigorator, who won the Babylon Handicap early in the meeting, took the Cowdin Stakes last week. However, it seemed to me that Price Headley's Reprimand would have won it if he hadn't been short of work—something you rarely see in one of Mr. Headley's horses. Travellers who saw Invigorator run at Chicago this summer say he isn't within ten pounds of either Mr. Paradise or Mr. Good, the tops out there.

Tulyar, the Aga Khan's colt who galloped off with the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, in England, last weekend, must be a whizzer. He has won all seven of his starts this season, including the Derby, the Sandown Eclipse, and a new race, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, at Ascot; his earnings total $214,808—an all-time high on the British turf. He's not a handsome fellow, they say, and that probably explains a story I heard the other day. It seems that when the well-known trainer Jim Ryan was buying yearlings abroad a couple of winters ago, he was offered Tulyar for $24,000. He declined with thanks.

—Audax Minor

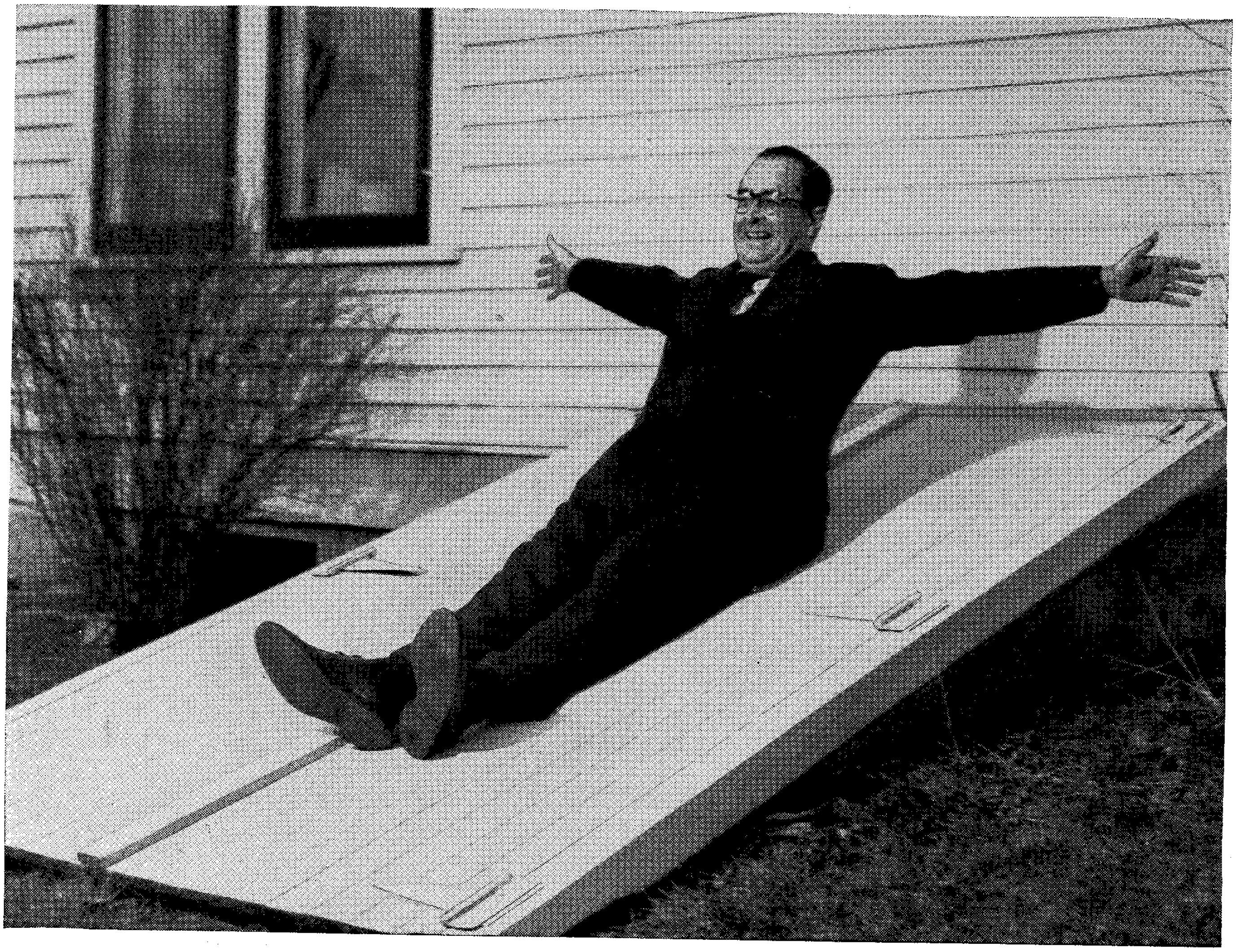
•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc.
Publishers
50 West 47th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

Have you ever received a "high-pressure" sales letter? You are reading one now—probably one of the worst and most bothersome of all the species. I warn you: if you read this letter through, you . . .



What makes a newspaper great?

Cedric said it was **FUN!**

How long has it been since you slid down a cellar door . . . or thawed out a pump on a zero morning . . . or walked barefoot through a dewy meadow?

Every so often waves of nostalgia for The Good Old Days wash over the populace of America's Upper Midwest. The hankering becomes general for pantry pickles, molasses cookies and spring-house buttermilk. Whole families get the urge to set on the back stoop and whittle. The phenomenon explains itself simply: Cedric Adams has been back to Magnolia again.

Few newspapermen today exert a more potent fascination over so many people as this Magnolia, Minnesota, boy who became the nationally famed "In This Corner" columnist of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

Whatever Cedric Adams writes about, from small town memories to big town doings, the effect can be astonishing. When Adams tells a good story or launches a quip, chortles will echo through four states and you're likely to find it next month in the *Reader's Digest*. When Adams espouses a cause, residents of 224 counties pelt him with currency to help an unfortunate, or give their time freely to promote one of Cedric's worthwhile endeavors. Cedric Adams, according to *Time Magazine*, can have almost anything he wants in the Upper Midwest for the asking.

Residents of other areas are no more impervious to the Adams magic: a series of his columns published as Star and Tribune ads in national magazines was so popular that subscribers still beg to have him back. He was recently voted the 1952 Headliner Award for the most consistently outstanding feature column in America. He is renowned among the awed statisticians of readership surveys for attracting the largest regular audience of any local newspaper columnist in the land. Some of his best columns will be published October 16 in a book, "Poor Cedric's Almanac" (Doubleday, $3.50), with foreword by Arthur Godfrey, rear-word by Bob Hope.

A lot of Magnolia still clings to Cedric. He is neighborly and friendly and uncomplicated. His style is as cozy and comfortable as an old shoe. His warm-hearted interest in people stands out among headlines that too often say nobody cares about anybody any more. Perhaps more than any other newsman on the staff of two of the nation's important newspapers, Cedric Adams helps to foster the indefinable spirit and personality which make the Minneapolis Star and Tribune true "home town papers" . . . best-read, best-liked and most-respected . . . among people in almost every community throughout America's great Upper Midwest.

Minneapolis
Star *and* Tribune
EVENING **MORNING & SUNDAY**

620,000 SUNDAY · 490,000 DAILY
JOHN COWLES, President

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

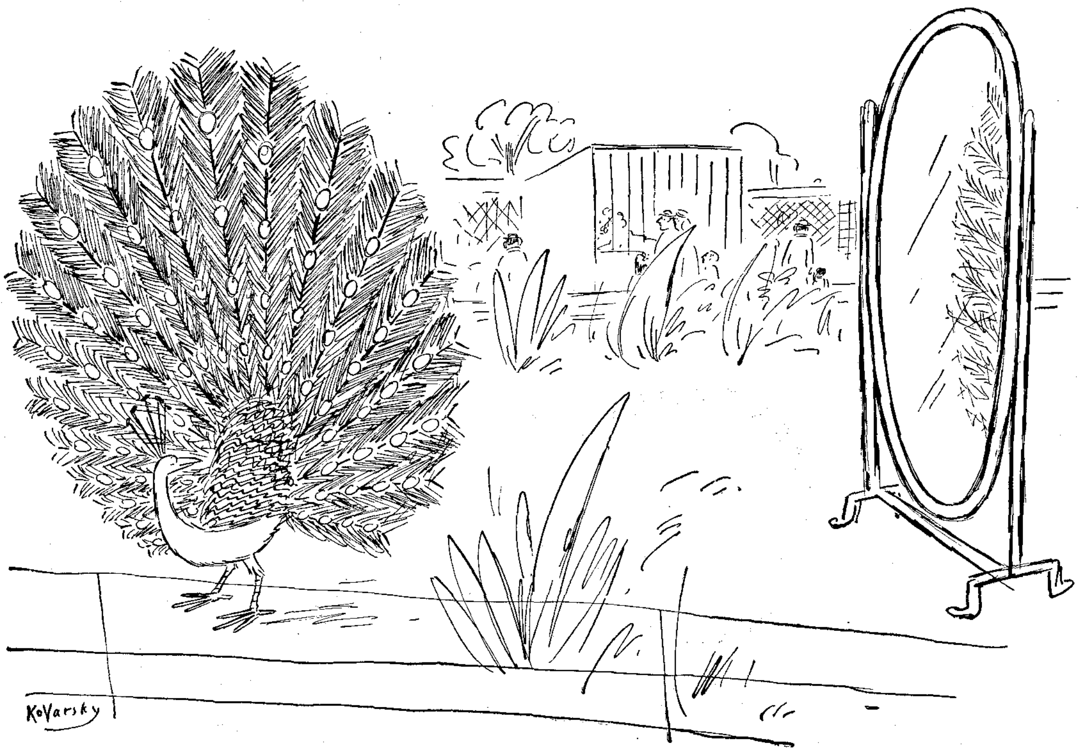
BLACKJACK AND FLASHES

LAS VEGAS, NEV.

OF the many atomic-energy installations now in operation throughout the country, probably the only one that tallies to any great extent with the layman's conception of such projects is the continental proving ground for nuclear weapons, which was started sixty-five miles northwest of here, in the desert of southern Nevada, a little over a year and a half ago. The other manifestations of the thriving new industry—factories producing radioactive fuels, piles cooking fissionable materials, laboratories housing novel research equipment, and so on—have thus far turned out to be eerily silent and generally as well-behaved as a hosiery mill. Here, on the other hand, there is a bit of action. Neither the tight security watch that is maintained over the government-owned proving ground nor the distance between it and Las Vegas has prevented the taxpayers in these parts from getting at least a sketchy idea of the nature of the product they are helping to finance. On numerous occasions, a piercing flash of light, many times the intensity of the sun's, has burst over the proving ground in the very early morning, momentarily transforming a gloomy Nevada dawn to a dazzling noon. The same light, pale and diminished, has been seen simultaneously as far away as San Diego, on the Pacific Coast, and Kalispell, Montana—three hundred and fifty and a thousand miles, respectively, from the proving ground. The atomic clouds, with their unearthly hues, that accompany nuclear detonations have been plainly visible from Las Vegas, and sound, in the form of shock waves, has hurtled into this mecca of gamblers, divorcees, and elopers, cracking hotel walls and demolishing restaurant china. Merchants have seen the panes of their display windows shattered and strewn on the sidewalk. Last fall, the owners of Allen & Hanson, a local haberdashery, placed a barrel filled with plate-glass fragments outside their shop and posted a sign over it: "ATOM BOMB SOUVENIRS—FREE!" Within an hour, the barrel was empty. At last reports, four hundred and twenty-six people in this region have collected damages from the government, amounting to nearly fifty thousand dollars, and additional claims are pending. The detonation of one bomb broke a vase in Modesto, California, five hundred miles from the testing area.

Thanks to their new neighbor, Las Vegans have picked up a little physics. When they see an atomic flash in the sky, they immediately consult their watches, for they have learned that it takes the ensuing shock wave about seven minutes to reach their town from the proving ground. They know, too, that the low-pressure wave that follows a shock wave does not push windows in but sucks them out, and that the best thing to do to escape damage from both waves is to open a window or door. Despite all the rainless lightning and thunder the Las Vegans have been subjected to, it is possible to find among their other reactions a certain pride in their proximity to the proving ground. "It annoys me to read about some statesman saying that the *world* is living with the atomic bomb," a divorce lawyer here told me the other day. "Damn it, it's not the world. It's Las Vegas."

LATE in 1950, when word got around that the government was planning to detonate atomic bombs in the desert near Las Vegas, the news was greeted here with as much enthusiasm as would have greeted the news that gambling, the principal local industry, had been legalized in California, the state from which this town draws its most prodigal players. The general feeling was that the nearby bombing range would scare visitors away, disastrously upsetting the local economy. In its own peculiar way, Las Vegas, at the time, was doing quite well. It had become so popular as a divorce center that some of its more optimistic inhabitants were looking forward to the day when it would pull even with Reno in that respect. An increasing number of couples from southern California, too impatient to bother with the blood tests required by their own state, were eloping to Las Vegas, to be married in such chapels as the Hitching Post, Gretna Green, and the Wee Kirk o' the Heather. (A typical sign outside one of these chapels reads, "ORGAN MUSIC—FLOWERS—PHOTOGRAPHS—IMMEDIATELY!") But while it would be bad enough to lose the marriage-and-divorce trade, Las Vegans were concerned above all lest the proving ground impair their town's standing as the gambling capital of the only state in the Union where gambling is legal. The gambling business in Las Vegas was flourishing. Western Air Lines was providing non-stop service for players from Los Angeles, three hundred miles away, and gambling members of the affluent movie crowd were showing up with gratifying regularity. So was Nick the Greek. Along the Strip—a short stretch of Highway 91, about two miles south of the center of town, that is flanked by the



more elaborate hotel-casinos—the revenue from gambling was substantial enough to enable hosts to favor their patrons with lagniappe. Leading entertainers, such as Josephine Baker, Jimmy Durante, and Joe E. Lewis, could be seen going through their routines in hotel night clubs where there was never a cover or minimum charge, and the same hotels strove to outdo one another in the magnificence of the fare they provided on their so-called chuckwagons—buffets at which, from midnight to eight in the morning, the customers could help themselves to all they wanted for a mere dollar and a half. "If a man loses enough money, we'll even pay his fare back home," a stick man at the Thunderbird told me. "It's a wonderful town, all right! Where else can a fellow gamble all day, get drunk, go to sleep, get up at four in the morning, and find plenty of company when he walks into the lobby?"

On January 11, 1951, the government officially confirmed the reports of its plans to build the proving ground, and shortly thereafter the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce printed up some publicity releases intended to allay the qualms of future visitors. One showed a girl sporting an Atomic Hairdo, the product of a Las Vegas beauty parlor. Another heralded the Atomic Cocktail, invented by a bartender in one of the hotels here, and consisting of equal parts of vodka, brandy, and champagne, with a dash of sherry. In a third, a girl wearing a Bikini suit was brandishing a Geiger counter as she checked the beard of a grizzled desert prospector for radioactivity. "The angle was to get people to think the explosions wouldn't be anything more than a gag," a Chamber of Commerce official explained to me.

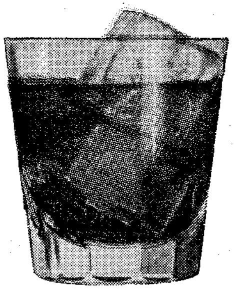
During the early days of the proving ground, I have been told, the heads of two or three of the casinos tentatively discussed some rather special civil-defense plans. "We were afraid the bombs might shake the tables so hard that the dice would be tipped over and the roulette balls would bounce out of one number into another," one of them recalled. "We thought we might have to post signs warning players that in such an event the house man's ruling, as always, would be final." Such precautions were subsequently found to be unnecessary, and they would have been unavailing anyway on the one occasion when the physicists out at the proving ground did disturb Las Vegas gamblers. That was last November, when a plate-glass window near a crap game in the El Cortez Hotel was broken by a shock

Blend-ability
makes your highball taste better
Pin-Point Carbonation
keeps your highball lively longer

Only Sparkling Canada Dry Water gives you these two exclusives that make the most wonderful drink you've ever tasted. Ordinary soda water won't give them to you. Neither will plain water. For the best highballs, use the best club soda—Sparkling Canada Dry Water.

Makes drinks taste better
Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER
THE CLUB SODA WITH Blend-ability

how to make
the world's
mildest drink



Bored with the usual drink? Try Dubonnet-on-the-rocks! Place 2 ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with Dubonnet (only drink of its kind in the world!). Add a twist of lemon. Delightful any time during the day. The world's mildest cocktail! It's smart to say:

Dubonnet

DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Apéritif
MADE SINCE 1846

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE,
PRODUCT OF U. S. A.
© 1952 DUBONNET CORP., PHILA., PA.

wave. The players turned briefly to see what had happened and, when they got back to their game, found that the pot was shy twenty dollars.

As word of what was in store for Las Vegas spread, motoring tourists began making it a point to stop here long enough to shop for merchandise, which, they calmly explained, they wanted not for utility but as mementos of a town that archeologists would in all probability soon be exploring. "It got to be pretty grim," a salesman at the local Sears, Roebuck store said to me. "One morning during those last days of waiting, an elderly lady from Los Angeles came in and told me to hurry up and sell her two shirts, that her husband was waiting outside in the car with the motor running. She said she wanted to hand them down to her grandsons, as heirlooms that had come from Las Vegas just before it was wiped off the face of the earth."

To add to the general apprehension, it began to appear that the Commission had decided not to make known in advance the hour, or even the day, when its bombs were to be exploded (a policy it later discarded). Provoked by this, some Las Vegans, upon learning that the local office of the Civil Aeronautics Authority would be responsible for clearing air lanes near the proving ground several hours prior to a detonation, took to calling that office daily, pretending to be pilots of private or commercial planes and asking for the latest reports. Others called the Bonanza Air Lines, in Las Vegas, to inquire whether its Reno-bound flights, which would be halted by the C.A.A. when a shot was impending, were leaving on schedule. The movements of known scientists staying at Las Vegas hotels were carefully observed by bellhops and guests. "It got so that, besides worrying about gambling takes, we were worrying about our own skins," an assistant manager of one of the hotels told me.

THE members of the Atomic Energy Commission, being quite unconcerned about either the marriage-and-divorce business or the comings and goings of Nick the Greek, proceeded unhesitatingly with their project, convinced that they had chosen a site that was ideal for their purpose. To be sure, the Commission already had a proving ground at Eniwetok, out in the Pacific, but that was five thousand miles from its weapons headquarters, at Los Alamos, New Mexico. While the isolation Eniwetok affords was—and still is—considered advisable for the testing of certain bombs, the A.E.C. people felt that the majority of shots, to use the trade term, could be safely run off closer to home. Ralph Carlyle Smith, the Assistant Director of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, enumerated for me some of the considerations that prompted them to establish the Nevada proving ground. "It's a terrible waste of valuable time to have our scientists spend all those days travelling to and from Eniwetok," he said. "Since the island is hardly within commuting distance of New Mexico, whenever they go there, they stay there—for six months or so, without their families or any of the amenities of life. And it's a nuisance to have to keep the island free of pests by continually spraying it from the air. Screens are useless there. The corrosion caused by that tropical climate is something fierce. I've seen buildings practically disintegrate before my eyes. Apart from all this, it's important for us to be near our laboratories, with their instruments. Some of the radioactive samples that have to be analyzed are extremely short-lived."

The Nevada site, which, as at least one of the blasts has proved, is within hearing distance of Los Alamos, had several things besides its handiness to recommend it, Smith went on. Consisting of six hundred and forty square miles of unpopulated land, it was looked upon as large enough to accommodate experiments with most kinds of atomic weapons. By the time radiation resulting from the explosions reached the nearest inhabited places, the A.E.C. figured, it would be sufficiently dissipated to cause no ill effects. (The A.E.C. also figured that if radiation in lethal strength *should* drift toward populated areas, there would be ample time to alert and evacuate the threatened citizens.) Furthermore, it was felt that delays caused by the weather would be fewer in the equable desert climate than in most other parts of the United States. Because rain tends to concentrate radiation, the desert's scant rainfall was regarded as an asset. So was the circumstance that strong winds, capable of carrying radioactive matter quickly to populated areas, are rare in this part of Nevada. And the almost daily clear blue skies over the desert would simplify the task of Air Force crews charged with precision bombing and with the tracking and sampling of atomic clouds. Moreover, the tract was already owned by the government (it had been bought during the war for an Air Force bombing range), so it would cost the Commission nothing. Finally, Las Vegas was considered both near enough to and far enough away from the proving ground—near enough for supplies to be delivered to the freight yards of the Union Pacific Railroad, on the town's outskirts, and for its population, of twenty-five thousand, to furnish the labor needed for constructing and maintaining the proving ground, and far enough away to insure the isolation required for reasons not only of safety but of security. "Out on the desert, anything that moves, animal or human, is an event," Smith said. "It can be seen for miles."

On January 26, 1951, the Commission let it be known that two nights earlier there had been a "dry run" to test the proving ground's communications and other facilities. At this point, the atmosphere of suspense in Las Vegas became almost unbearable, but it was dispelled at dawn the next day by an incredibly brilliant flash and, seven minutes later, a whacking blast that left a trail of broken glass from downtown Las Vegas clear out to the Strip. Operation Ranger—the name the A.E.C. gave its first series of tests—was under way. Most of the residents were awakened by tumbling window shades and shaking walls; some of them were tossed out of bed. Nobody was hurt, but one of the town's two daily newspapers, the *Review-Journal*, indulged its readers' dire expectations with the front-page headline "VEGANS ATOMIZED." All that day, there was worried speculation as to whether this might be only a tame curtain-raiser, but on the following morning a second shot came off and turned out to be no worse, and the atomized Vegans began to take their obstreperous neighbor in stride. Some of them expressed their relief by filing damage claims, of varying validity. Several homeowners declared that the shock waves had cracked the walls of their houses, but in more than one instance investigators found an accumulation of dust and cobwebs in the fissures. Others wanted reparations for broken water pipes, a few of which had obviously been corroding for years. The government was asked to provide new roofs to replace roofs that had been patched and repatched. A rancher in an area where no shock wave had struck charged that his chimney had been shaken loose and his house set on fire. A hermit living miles from town complained that his farm implements had been stolen "in the general excitement."

Operation Ranger consisted of five shots, which occurred on an average of

The 3.95 Sacony shirt women are ordering by the half-dozen. Washable mat jersey (acetate) that rejects wrinkles, needs little ironing. Wear it in or out, night or day, absolutely simple or piled with scarfs and jewelry. White, black, navy, brown, aqua, green, ochre, sizes 10 to 20. 2% sales tax in Maryland, 25¢ postage beyond delivery area. **HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND**

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

★
NEW 1952 COLLECTION
Personal representatives
in most important social
centers.
HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47
★

This way to the best shave of your life

use Old Spice FOR MEN

EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice Shaving Cream SHULTON

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS .50

AFTER SHAVE LOTION 1.00 plus tax

And—for a New Kind of Social Security, use OLD SPICE STICK DEODORANT, 1.00 plus tax

SHULTON
New York Toronto

SHIP GRAND TURK
Spice
SHIP GRAND TURK

one every forty-eight hours. Out along the Strip, the gamblers and divorcees took to throwing what became known as dawn parties—drinking and singing sessions that began after midnight and ended, if there was a shot that morning, with the sight of the flash or, if there was no shot, by just petering out around breakfast time. The Desert Inn's Sky Room, a glass-enclosed cocktail lounge with a sweeping panoramic view, was an especially popular spot for dawn parties. "It was a wonderful place for what the customers wanted," a waitress there told me. "They could sit around and listen to our piano player and look out the big windows and see the pretty hotel fountain and the guests swimming in the pool and the traffic speeding by on Highway 91, and then, just when they were starting to get tired, the A-bomb." The patrons at bars without views had to keep on their toes. As a bartender in one of these places recalled the other day, "Some fellow who'd been sitting around with his girl all night would suddenly look at his watch and say, 'Guess it's time for the bomb.' They'd grab their drinks and dash out, and then the rest of the crowd would follow them. After the damn thing went off, they'd all disappear, but by that time we'd have done more business than if we had television out here."

One night early in February, at the proving ground, Carroll L. Tyler, the Test Manager, and Dr. Alvin C. Graves, the Test Director, received a weather report from their meteorologists that led them to postpone a shot originally scheduled for the coming dawn. The two officials drove back to Las Vegas, arriving at their hotel—it was the Last Frontier, and they were well known there—at about three in the morning. Before turning in, they decided to breakfast in the hotel's Gay Nineties Bar, which was jammed with the usual dawn-party set. They had hardly sat down when they had the place to themselves and a hotel official was at their table pleading with them never to stop by there at that time again. "He said that we should have gone right upstairs and that he'd have been delighted to present us with breakfast in our rooms," Tyler recalls.

The townspeople didn't go in for dawn parties. They had less turbulent ways of greeting the unnatural daylight that was breaking spasmodically over their community. "Around five-thirty in the morning, the lights would start going on in my neighborhood," I was told by Doris Leighton, who is an administrative assistant at the Nevada Construction Company, a contracting firm. "Some of us would come out on our porches with cups of coffee and wait there. We'd be wearing heavy wrappers, because those winter mornings were quite nippy, you know. Sometimes husbands would back their cars out of the garage and into the street to get a better view. They'd let the motor run until the car was warm, and then their families would come out and join them. I used to see parents pinching small children and playing games with them to keep them awake. I guess they wanted to be sure their kids would see history in the making. People all looked expectant, but in different ways. Some, you could see, were afraid. Others smiled and acted nonchalant."

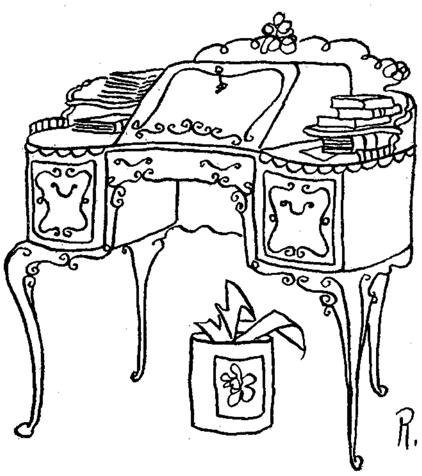
"There was one dawn test I saw from a rooftop, and I'll never forget it," Mrs. Donald Lukens, the wife of a Las Vegas journalist, told me. "When I could see again after the blinding, terrifying flash, I was looking at the sun. It was just coming up over the mountains. The sun, you know, isn't always kind to us here in the desert, but at that moment it seemed like an old friend. It made me feel safe."

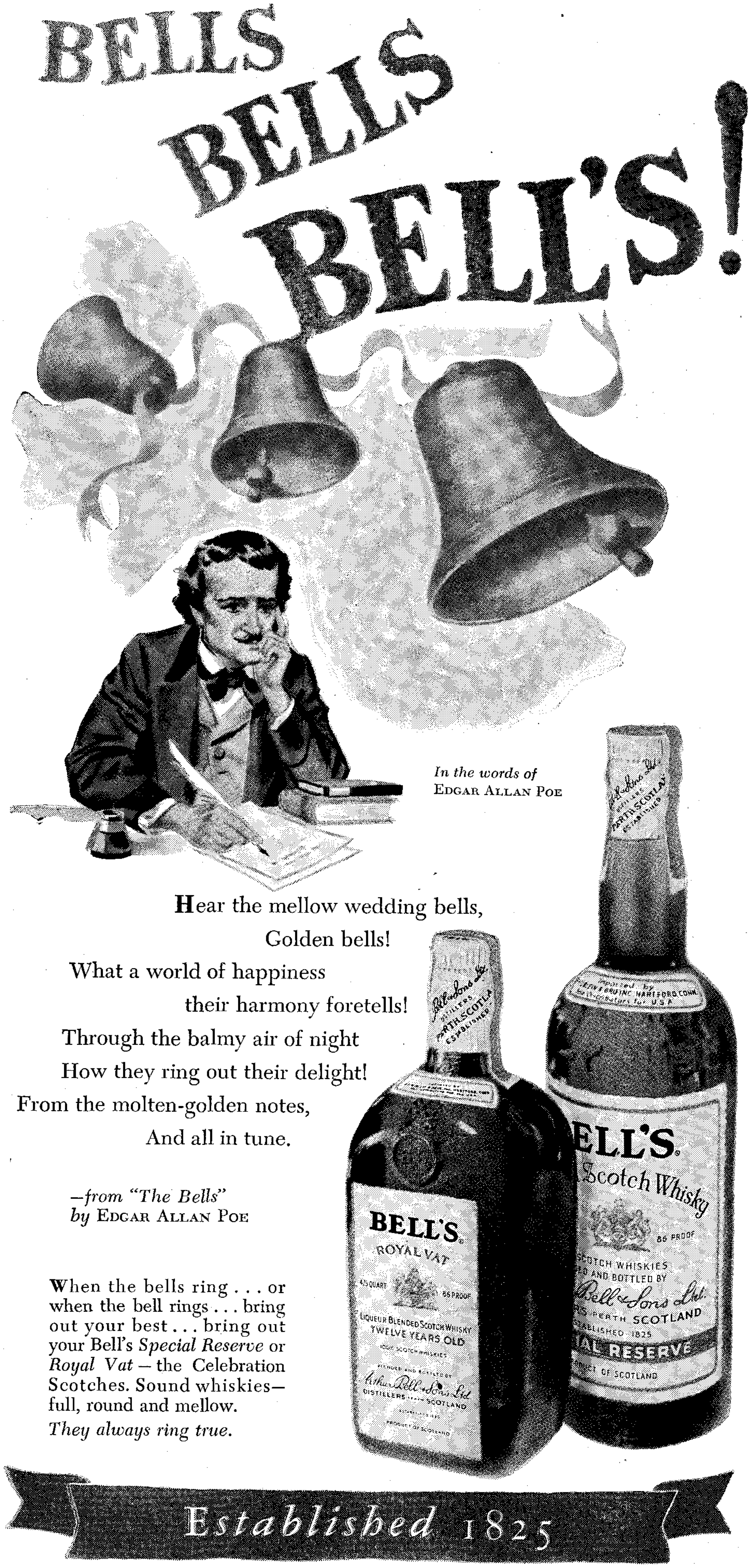
OPERATION RANGER came to an end with a shot at dawn on February 6th. Last October, the second series—Operation Buster-Jangle, seven shots—started up. During Operation Buster-Jangle, Las Vegans displayed little of their earlier skittishness. Less worried now about their own skins, they showed a tendency to regard the proving ground as a good thing. Many heads of families were holding down steady, well-paying jobs with the Commission, and, far from scaring visitors away, the experiments, and the resulting publicity, were actually attracting more. To the joy of the shopkeepers, many of the new visitors turned out to be of a different breed from the accustomed ones who passed up the town in favor of the Strip and spent their time and money out there. Now Las Vegas was besieged by people who cared little about room service and gambling; they bought their own groceries, and cooked them in trailers or motels. They were not interested in getting married or divorced; they simply wanted to be on hand for an explosion. When a detonation was in prospect (by this time the Commission was disclosing its plans), they got into their autos and, along with numbers of Las Vegans, headed for Mount Charleston, a forty-two-hundred-foot vantage point about fifty miles southeast of the test area. "Bumper to bumper, just like a ball game," an attendant at a gas station along the way said in describing the cavalcade.

Meanwhile, business at the big hotels was excellent, too. "I don't know exactly how much the bomb had to do with it, but around shot time the play in our casino seemed to go up and the drinking got heavier," I was told by Wilbur Clark, the head of the Desert Inn. "The curious thing was that guests would drive here from Los Angeles to see a shot and then not bother to look at it. I'd instruct my pitmen to let the players at their tables know when it was about time for the flash, but the players would go right on with their games."

A shot that took place on the morning of November 1st sent Las Vegas its most jolting shock. Over two hundred damage claims were filed as a result—a record number to date. "That was another time we had an especially good take on gambling," Clark recalled. "Same for liquor. Hell, I took an extra drink myself."

Most of the shots of the second series went off between 7 and 8 A.M., instead of at dawn, but that was no bar to dawn parties. One of the parties turned out to have nothing to celebrate, but everybody there had a fine time just the same. "That was quite a night," Ted Mossman, the pianist at the Sky Room, told me one evening. "Standing room only. They were drinking like fish. Some of them had cameras for photographing the flash—a thing they couldn't have done even if they'd been sober. It's too bright. Everyone wanted to sing. They requested all the old numbers—'Margie,' 'The Sidewalks of New York,' 'Bye, Bye, Blackbird,' 'Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey.' They sang as if they were on the Queen Mary and it was going down—loud, desperate voices. After a while, I couldn't take it any more, so I improvised some boogie-woogie that I called 'The Atom-




BELLS
BELLS
BELL'S!

In the words of
EDGAR ALLAN POE

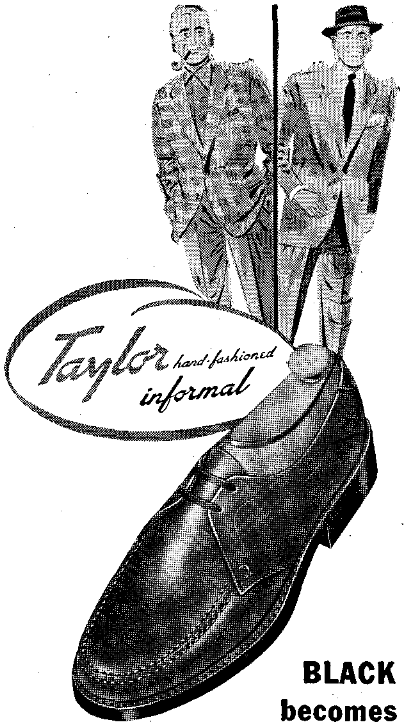
Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness
their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune.

—*from "The Bells"*
by EDGAR ALLAN POE

When the bells ring . . . or when the bell rings . . . bring out your best . . . bring out your Bell's *Special Reserve* or *Royal Vat* — the Celebration Scotches. Sound whiskies—full, round and mellow.
They always ring true.

Established 1825

86 PROOF. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Connecticut. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



BLACK becomes informal and smart

when it's hand-fashioned by Taylor. Taylor lasts it by hand, sews it by hand makes it a smart accent for fine cloth whether you wear it in or out of town. No other shoe so perfectly combines foot-cradling comfort, day-long support and complete good taste.

most styles 12.95 to 14.95 — for other styles and dealer's name write Dept. 2
E. E. TAYLOR CORP., FREEPORT, MAINE © 1952

Feed your dog like this Dash-fed champion!

Champion Roadcoach Tioga Too, a top-notch Dalmatian and winner of the Heart of America Kennel Club's show, poses for handler Richard Cooper. Your dog, too, deserves Dash—to *look* and *feel* his best!

Dash is fortified with LIVER!

FORTIFIED WITH LIVER
Dash
ARMOUR DOG FOOD

Bomb Bounce.' I kept playing it and playing it, until I thought my fingers would fall off. Seven o'clock in the morning, we get word there's been a circuit failure out at the proving ground and the bomb's called off. The crowd took the news fine. They all started betting when the next bomb would be exploded—the week, the day of the week, the hour of the day."

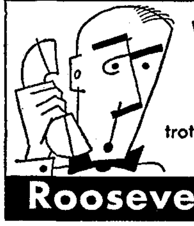
BY no means everyone in Las Vegas and its environs has become resigned to the Commission's activities. Certainly no one can blame a rancher by the name of Carroll, whose water hole was found to be dangerously close to the test area, if he is inclined to bridle at the mere mention of the A.E.C. Carroll had already had to move his herds once, back in 1945, when the Manhattan District requisitioned his grazing land in New Mexico for the first atom-bomb test. When the authorities informed him he would have to move a second time, and why, it was almost too much for him. "Oh, Lord, no, not again!" he cried out as he grasped the significance of the deputation that had come to wait upon him. Some of the A.E.C.'s security guards turned cowhand for a day to help drive Carroll's cattle to a new range, but that did little to assuage the rancher's exasperation.

Among the other people who wish the government had located its proving ground elsewhere, some are convinced that a variety of melancholy events are attributable to the explosions. There is a tendency among people who have recently been afflicted with any disease to blame it on the bomb. Governor Charles Russell, of Nevada, told me that one Las Vegan had written to warn him that if the explosions weren't discontinued soon, the minds of southern Nevadans would be addled by the tremendous light and sound waves. The Governor also said that he knows of an old prospector who is living in perpetual dread lest his small outcropping be hit by a bomb. A woman in California has telephoned the Governor several times to express her conviction, in the face of his repeated denials, that federal prisoners are deliberately being exposed to the weapon's radiation, "like the mice and goats on Bikini." The experiments were widely regarded as responsible for last winter's abnormal severity in northern Nevada. During one particularly cold spell, nine manganese miners, whose work was being hampered by snow and ice, petitioned Governor Russell to put a stop to the detonations, and he, in turn,

for men with *ideas*...
a crisp, clean scent...
SNUFF
de Schiaparelli

perfume: 12.00 • 6.00
cologne: 9.00 • 5.00
after shave lotion: 2.50
(prices plus tax)

The Café Lounge and Bar
AIR-CONDITIONED ● ALWAYS COMFORTABLE
Luncheon
Cocktail hour • Dinner • Supper
Dancing daily from 5:30 PM
Dancing Sundays from 5 PM
SAVOY-PLAZA
5th AVENUE AT 58TH ST.


PARTY called off?
Enjoy tonight out...at the trotters! 8 thrilling races, Daily Double closes 8:25 P. M.
Roosevelt Raceway
CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

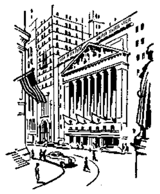
FRED MARINI'S
Coq Rouge
COCKTAILS DINNER
EDDIE DAVIS *and his orchestra*
PEDRO BERRIOS *and his rhumbas*
65 East 56 Street, N.Y.C. PL 3-8887

asked some meteorologists at the University of Nevada to look into the matter. They assured him that, far from being localized, the bad weather conditions prevailed throughout Montana and the Dakotas, and, as far as they knew, had nothing to do with the bombs.

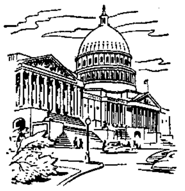
Still, the Governor said, every now and then, while reading his mail, he finds himself wondering who is right—the nuclear physicists or his correspondents. "The whole field of atomic energy is so new," he went on. "Perhaps the scientists will eventually come around to agreeing with the beliefs of some of the people who write to me. But no matter who's right, it's exciting to think that the submarginal land of the proving ground is furthering science and helping national defense," the Governor added. "We had long ago written off that terrain as wasteland, and today it's blooming with atoms."

BY now, a third series of shots has come and gone, and the predominant attitude in Las Vegas toward the proving ground is one of casualness. In fact, this series, which ended in June, is generally dismissed as having been something of a dud. There were eight shots, and none of them gave the town more than a mild tremor. Only twenty-odd damage claims were filed. The townspeople didn't bother to climb up on their rooftops to sight billowing atomic clouds, and dawn parties went out of style. "Bigger bombs, that's what we're waiting for," said one night-club proprietor. "Americans have to have their kicks." The local A.E.C. offices, according to Marjorie Allen, a secretary there, have received several complaints that the third series was a let-down. "After one of our shots, we got a phone call from a sweet old man who had heard about this grousing and was afraid we were taking it to heart," Miss Allen went on. "He just wanted to let us know that he'd been fishing out at Lake Mead at the time of the shot and that the shock wave had come in nice and strong there."

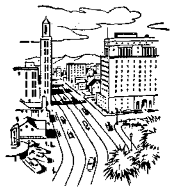
Many Las Vegans have become nostalgic connoisseurs, pining for the days of the unannounced, robust dawn shots of Operation Ranger. "Good bangs, and so pretty coming at sunrise like they did" is the way one veteran recalls the early tests. Others, less aesthetically inclined, fondly remember the concussive quality of the November 1st shot. One day during the most recent series, Joe McClain, a columnist for the *Review-Journal*, which once had Las Vegans



On Wall Street



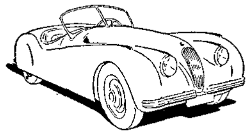
or in Washington



—in Los Angeles

or Long Island

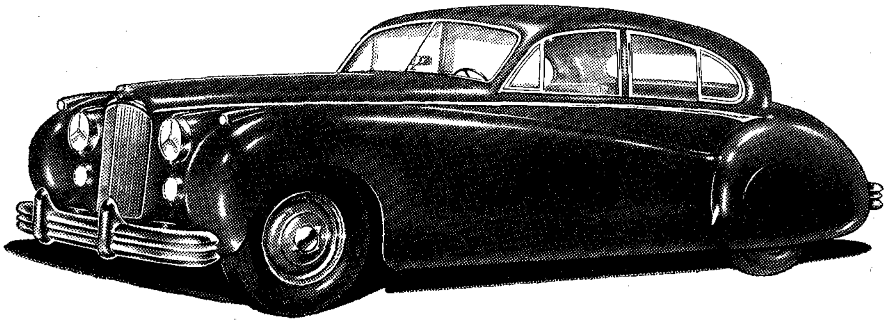
There are Jaguar agents throughout the U.S.A. The Distributors listed here will gladly supply the name of YOUR nearest agent.



America's most preferred imported car

Opinion and statistics throughout the U.S.A. are strikingly in favour of the Jaguar. Voted the most desired imported car in the last 'Fortune' survey, the Jaguar sells more than all other imported makes in the over $2000 class put together. With its superb styling, luxurious appointments and tremendous performance the gracious, spacious Mark VII Sedan more than justifies such enthusiastic choice by discriminating Americans. This model, like the XK Sports, is powered by the world-famous 160 h.p. XK120 motor and each is the finest in its field. Prices from $4035.

Distributors for Eastern States:—The Hoffman Motor Car Co. Inc., 487 Park Ave., New York, and at Esquire Bldg., South Water St., Chicago. Distributors for States West of Mississippi:— Charles H. Hornburg Jr., 9176 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.



JAGUAR Grace..Space..Pace

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th, N.Y. 22

FROM ENGLAND TO US

Just the right note of casualness in this good-looking double-breasted waistcoat with twin pockets. Cross-stitch hand-knit for fit and ease. Designed to compliment the waistline. Pure wool, completely hand-made, in black, natural, grey, gold. Small, medium, large. **$30.00**

Mail and Telephone Orders Filled

Free Trial Offer
Manchester Guardian

You are invited to read the next four issues of the *Manchester Guardian*, weekly air edition, at our risk. You will like the *Guardian's* lucid editorial style . . . its global reports . . . its special political and literary articles . . . its music, art and drama section . . . its brilliant dispatches by Alistair Cooke (Peabody Award Winner, author of *A Generation on Trial*, and *One Man's America*). Above all, you'll like its sincere, outspoken journalism, its courageous thinking, its refusal to succumb to mob hysteria. Want to sample this unusual newspaper—*at no risk?* Accept our Free Examination Offer by mailing the coupon below.

Mail Coupon for Special Free Offer

The Manchester Guardian, **P7**
53 E. 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.

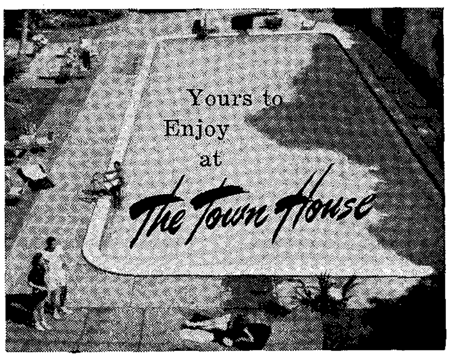
Please enter my subscription to the *Manchester Guardian*, Weekly Air Edition, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.

☐1 year, $6.50 ☐20-week trial, $2

Name ....

Address ....

City ....Zone........State..................



"RESORT LIVING IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES"
Edward J. Crowley, General Manager • A Hilton Hotel

atomized, used his space to accuse the A.E.C. of "gypping its public."

Time was when a nuclear detonation took place, people knew about it [McClain wrote]. . . . People seemed to enjoy the show. But the good old days of Operation Ranger have passed. The scientists, to speak loosely, seem to have a little more control on the old fireball. . . . Yesterday afternoon we had several calls wondering when "the A-bomb was going off." The people were real sore when they learned it *already had been detonated.* We think it might be good for the town's spirit if the scientists would send a few effects down Vegas way. Just to keep people happy.

These days, Las Vegas is a shrill, restless resort town. While this is as true when tests are not in progress as when they are, Governor Russell, Chamber of Commerce officials, and hotel people attribute the community's present condition in large part to the publicity that the proving ground has given it. "We're in the throes of acute prosperity," one hotel man informed me. "Before the proving ground, people just heard that this was a wide-open town. Now that we're next door to the atom bomb, they really believe it." The pangs of prosperity are especially perceptible to visitors trying to book rooms in Strip hotels. Even when one of them is successful in making a reservation, his triumph may not last if the degree of his gambling isn't sufficiently impressive. The other afternoon, an acquaintance of mine who was staying at one of the larger hotels was hailed by a desk clerk as he passed through the lobby, and brusquely asked to give up his room. The guest took the matter up with a managerial assistant, who simply said, "We've got a ten-thousand-dollar player waiting for that room. What do you think keeps the doors open?" The guest packed up and left. At another hotel, an Eastern scientist, just arrived in Las Vegas for the first time, felt that he was on the verge of landing a room when, spotting some crapshooters in the lobby, he was reminded of a mathematical technique known in scientific circles as the Monte Carlo method and used by physicists to estimate the odds on such eventualities as a neutron's escaping from a pile or causing fission. He started discoursing on this to the desk clerk, whose face at once took on a bored expression. "I informed him that I preferred gambling with the Monte Carlo method, a rather ingenious form of nuclear craps," the scientist told me later. "The next thing I knew, he was informing *me* that he had a lot of mail to sort—and no rooms."

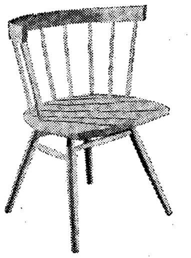
Some of the scientists hereabouts, however, are on occasion quite willing

Good taste
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

MADE IN SWITZERLAND
CHOCOLAT
Lindt
BERNE
BITTER SWEET CHOCOLATE WITH VANILLA

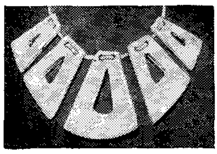
BITTER-SWEET BAR
created by Lindt before the turn of the century, this imported treat is for those who prefer Bitter-Sweet . . made and packaged in Switzerland . . by *Lindt . . for over a century, nothing finer*

Lindt
IMPORTED
SWISS CHOCOLATE
EXCLUSIVE IMPORTERS
CRESCA COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.



Twining and Buck, inc.
Main Street
Salisbury, Conn.

UNFINISHED SIDE CHAIR. Sturdy construction. Hardwood throughout. Ready for you to wax, paint, or stain. Height at seat 17", at back 30". Seat width 17". $10.95 express collect. Shipping weight 15 lbs.



Fashion Note for Fall
ceramic jewelry . . . leather thonged
choose Turquoise Blue, Turquoise Green or Brazilian Yellow.
Necklace $7.50* Bracelet $4.50*
*Plus 20% Fed. Tax, Postpaid, No C.O.D.'s.
Money-Back Guarantee
CERAMICS FOR MODERNS
155 Bronson Ave., Rochester 8, N. Y.

For good living, stay at the
DeWitt Clinton
ALBANY, N.Y.
they all speak well of it
a Knott Hotel
John J. Hyland
Manager

to indulge in the more conventional forms of gambling. The evening following a shot, when the strain under which they have been working eases up for a while, they are likely to be far less interested in computing nuclear odds by the Monte Carlo method than in letting off steam by the accepted Las Vegas method. At such times, a number of them are to be seen playing blackjack in the casino of the Last Frontier. There they while away the evening at the green baize tables, sipping highballs and chain-smoking. They weigh the purchase of a card with as much concentration as if they were pondering a problem in nucleonics, and become too absorbed to take notice of the crowd around them—townspeople who, having watched the hotel's night-club show for the price of a cup of coffee, are killing a few dollars at the slot machines; divorcees in long evening dresses, cheerfully rolling dice; shrewd-faced Hollywood figures at the roulette wheels; impecunious soldiers ordered to Nevada for atomic maneuvers, who play blackjack vicariously by staring at the cards in the gamblers' hands. Finally, soothed by the unpredictability of the cards, the scientists go off to their rooms. On such evenings, when the scientists are at the Last Frontier and it may be taken for granted that no atomic bomb will explode in the desolate wilderness to the northwest, Las Vegas, for all the heavy play at its tables, seems less of a gambling town than usual.

—DANIEL LANG

•

I am told you recommend taking flaxseeds. I have some and would like to know how much, how often, in what form and for what trouble I should take it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Oh, just plunge in!

•

The Fuller baby carries on another tradition—and perhaps an even more amazing one: that married members of Hamilton's Sigma Phi fraternity have nothing but boys.—*Hamilton Alumni Review.*

Are we supposed to figure the rest of it out?

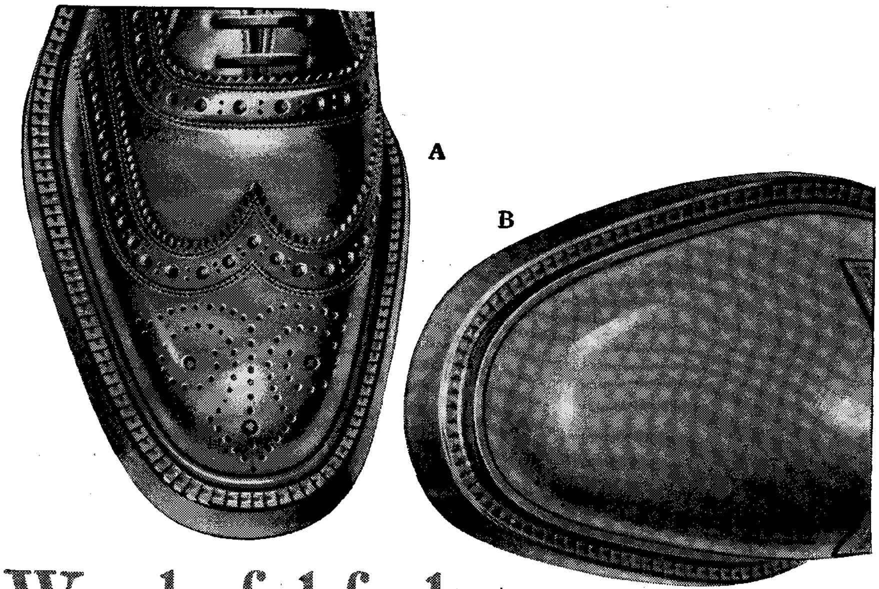
•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From a sticker on a carton of groceries]

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Procter & Gamble Giant Economy Size packages are now packed 10 to a case instead of 9 and are marked New Giant Economy Size.



Wonderful feeling
FREEMAN'S

Four of the smartest "tips" on Polished Chestnut Cordovan . . . four of the surest bets on "horsehide" that leads the field. Rich, pliable, enduring . . . in the season's finest variety of styles at your Freeman dealer's.

Choose your Freeman's from
$9.95 to $21.95
A: $16.95 B: $16.95 C: $19.95 D: $19.95
Slightly higher West of Rockies
Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.

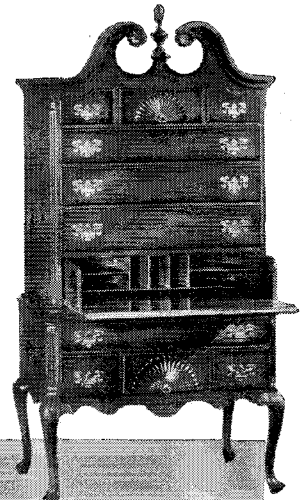
It's a FREEMAN Shoe
THE FOOTWEAR OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

Franklin Simon

the Dickensian shirt ...Haymaker's little cotton chambray masterpiece inspired by a Victorian bookkeeper's shirt and crisply tailored with very 1952 manners. Done with a firmly shaped collar and French cuffs, in charcoal grey with stripes of red, rust, purple, or maize. 10 to 18. **5.98**

BLOUSES, THIRD FLOOR

414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores



KLING
BEDROOM FURNITURE

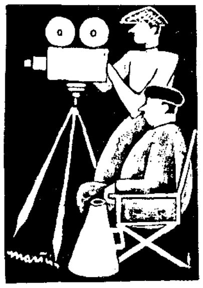
HIGHBOY DESK in genuine SOLID mahogany from the *New Arlington* Group by Kling. A distinctive addition to any room. At leading stores.

Full color booklet, "Your Bedroom and You" contains helpful suggestions on the care of furniture and bedroom decoration and arrangement. Send 25¢ in coin to Kling Factories, Dept. Y9, Mayville, N. Y.

KLING MEANS SOLID MAHOGANY MAPLE • CHERRY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A-Hunting We Will Go



EVERY now and then, Darryl F. Zanuck, the panjandrum of Twentieth Century-Fox, decides to have a *Kulturklatsch*. On these occasions, he selects a story by an author who has more than a glancing acquaintance with prose construction, wheels in an adapter at least as literate as most, gives a go-ahead signal to a director capable of understanding situations more complicated than Tarzan's swings through the trees, and bestows a final accolade on the whole affair by prefacing the film with the legend "Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck." There can be no doubt that when Mr. Zanuck chooses to play host at an intellectual spread, he has every intention of being a celluloid Escoffier. Nevertheless, he often scorches the soup.

To get down to a case in point, we have "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Mr. Zanuck's interpretation of the famous Hemingway tale about a man who, after an adventurous but futile life, is facing death on the highest mountain in Africa. I guess you could say that Hemingway told this story truly and well, but he didn't tell it truly and well enough for Mr. Zanuck. To shine up the piece, Mr. Zanuck enlisted the services of a script writer named Casey Robinson. Mr. Robinson starts out, as did Hemingway, with a dying man, married to a rich woman he despises, deliriously recalling the events of his past. Soon, however, Hemingway's imagination becomes too meagre for Mr. Robinson, and he takes off on a flight of his own. This interlude, which is as slow in the unravelling as the collected works of Ethel M. Dell, concerns the hero's meeting with an incredibly parabolic lady temporarily in residence in Paris. Our boy, quite a conversationalist, asks her if she paints or sculpts. "I'm only trying to be happy," she says, adding winsomely that once in a while she strips to the buff for the benefit of artists. After this exchange, love envelops them like a flame, and presently they are dashing all over the landscape seeking out sensations that the hero, a writer (as he was in the original story), can convert into the stuff of literature. Among the titles Mr. Robinson credits the lad with are "The Red Hat" and "The Road to Rouen." (Clearly, news of this hasn't reached Cuba, or we would have heard the bellow.) The lovebirds seem very happy, but the hero's preoccupation with his work is so profound that he doesn't realize his beloved—he calls her Cyn, for Cynthia, incidentally—is pregnant, even though she puts out several hints on the subject. When a doctor informs her that she'd better take things easy for a spell if she wants to get on with her parturition, she is filled with dismay, for her husband is dead set on going to a bullfight in Madrid. Rather than discommode him, she flings herself down a flight of stairs and loses the child. This troubles him, but soon he's neglecting her for his work once more, and finally she runs off with a Spanish dancer. He doesn't meet her again until after he's spent a few weeks with a ratty countess, and the meeting takes place in Spain, where Cyn is driving an ambulance for the Loyalists. Cyn then dies, after an ambulance flattens her and several cans of red lead (the thing's in Technicolor) are poured over her.

Occasionally in the course of the picture, we get a glimpse of Hemingway, but to compensate for these lapses Mr. Zanuck and Mr. Robinson have contrived to have the rich lady with whom the hero is sharing a tent on Kilimanjaro display all the nobility of Florence Nightingale and save the boy when the chips are down. Hemingway, you'll remember, let his hero die. In the African sections of the picture, a good deal of fauna is shown jumping around, and I must say their performances interested me more than those of Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Hildegarde Neff, and Leo G. Carroll. The last plays the hero's uncle (a Robinson addition to the family), who keeps advising the hero to hunt. That's all—just hunt. The significance of this advice escapes me.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Beaufort* (*S.C.*) *Gazette*]

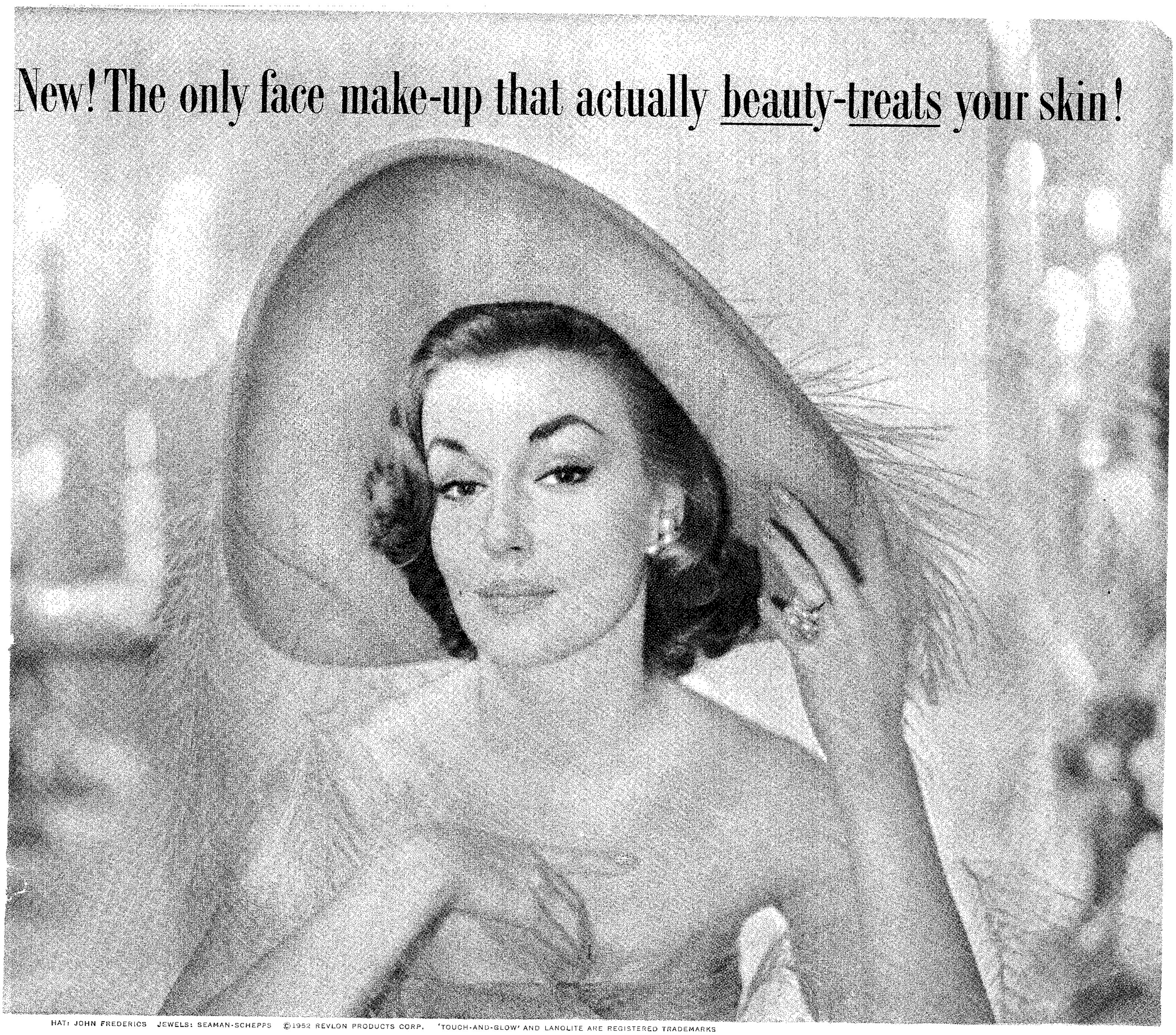
Beaufort is treated in a new 128-page edition of "Horrors of the South," a booklet issued by the Cruiseguide Service of Gulf Oil Corporation.

•

She walked on without looking at him, carrying her lovely face in front of her like a lamp.—*From a story in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Like a damn fool, you mean.

New! The only face make-up that actually beauty-treats your skin!



HAT: JOHN FREDERICS   JEWELS: SEAMAN-SCHEPPS   ©1952 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.   'TOUCH-AND-GLOW' AND LANOLITE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

REVLON
FACE POWDER
'Touch-and-Glow'
LIQUID MAKE-UP
Revlon

'Touch-and-Glow' 1.10 and 1.60**
Face Powder 1.10   *plus tax*

new liquid makeup made with skin-softening Lanolite

You know the lovely *velvet* look your skin takes on by candlelight? The tender glow of color, the all-but-flawless texture? This is the look your skin can have (even in the sunlight) with 'Touch-and-Glow'. More than a makeup—it's a scientifically blended *beauty prescription* that softens, smooths, *protects* your skin! 8 divine complexion colors (including *natural*).

The fabulous flattery of candlelight...captured in a face makeup!

for the look of luxury . . . the feel of luxury . . . luxury itself

Genuine Upholstery Leather

FOR YOUR CAR . . . YOUR OFFICE . . . YOUR HOME

This is
Genuine Leather

There is a warmth of welcome in a well appointed room in which the furniture is upholstered in Genuine Leather. Leather confers the feeling of luxury . . . of well being . . . that stems . . . as does hospitality itself from the genuine. So with an office . . . decorated and furnished in leather . . . for it speaks for the owner's pride of product and service. And an automobile . . . upholstered in Genuine Leather . . . yields to none other for distinction and durability . . . for convenience and economy of upkeep. So when next you add a fine piece of furniture to your home . . . redecorate your office . . . buy a new car . . . look to Genuine Leather for the luxury you enjoy . . . the sound, enduring value you seek.

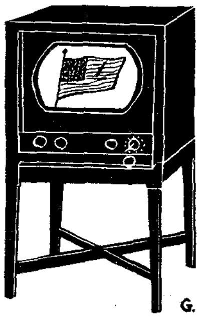
Genuine hospitality
and Genuine Leather
go hand in hand.

We shall be glad to send you the name of your nearest dealer in fine leather-upholstered furniture . . . or the names of automobile makers who will supply, on request, leather in closed cars as well as convertibles.

THE UPHOLSTERY LEATHER GROUP • TANNERS' COUNCIL OF AMERICA • 141 EAST 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

TELEVISION

En Garde!



ONE surefire way to tell whether the official fall television "season" has opened is to keep an eye out for dramas dealing with international spies. During the hot, or Sargasso Sea, weather, spies lie pretty low. Some, no doubt, turn up as rube comedians on summer replacement shows, and others can probably be found just lolling about in hammocks, reading Marx and eating chocolates, but spies as spies are rare on the tiny screen between June and September. The moment the temperature drops, back they come in droves, all sinister as hell and clumsy as cretins. I think it is important that we recognize a television spy when we see one, and I am now prepared to pass along the result of some research I have undertaken on the subject of spy identification.

A spy is five feet seven inches tall and weighs a hundred and fifty-two pounds, in his stocking feet. He is fifty-six years old, unmarried, and kind to animals and children. His hair is black, and he has plenty of it. He wears dark-framed glasses, the lenses of which, although not quite as thick as those on the telescopes at Mount Wilson, are thick enough to readily establish his vocation. He speaks in an accent that can best be described as Radio City Balkan—"Pleeze, vere do I buy accrommodations for Ock Reedge, Tsenatzee?" He no longer wears a dirty raincoat (the spies got tired of *that* dodge) but goes in for dirty tweeds, wool ties, and baggy trousers. He looks absent-minded and scholarly. He *is* absent-minded, and a few minutes after he makes his first appearance, he begins to fumble in his pants pocket, from which he nervously extracts a crumpled piece of paper covered with complicated equations. This generally takes place in a crowded bus or some other public place, and because his eyes are bad, he presses the crumpled paper against his glasses, mumbling the equations aloud, all of which attracts a good deal of attention. He is a physicist. *Watch out for physicists!*

Should you have trouble identifying the spy, you can always get an ironclad lead by identifying the man who is following the spy; i.e., the secret agent. Padding along behind the spy, the secret agent is invariably so close that his breath is hot on the spy's neck. (Television screens are small, and there is not a great deal of room to move around in.) The secret agent is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs a hundred and eighty-seven pounds, before taxes. He has 20-20 vision, is lithe as a panther, has curly hair, and is unmarried. He loves girls. When he sees a pretty girl, he whistles and forgets his work. If he should lose the trail of the spy, it is because some pretty girl has stepped in his path and twisted her ankle. Unfailingly, he assists her to a park bench, where he promptly blabs all his business to her and enlists her support in trailing the spy. She has studied psychology, and says she knows she can help him in his work. She understands "the psychology of spies." They plan to get married at the close of the chase. Meanwhile, the spy is sitting on the next bench quietly feeding squirrels, memorizing his equations, and waiting for the chase to get going again. It is at this point that the spy's contact man—a subspecies of spy, also requiring identification—makes his appearance. He is a killer. He may be dressed as a candy vender or a tree surgeon, but he is obviously a killer, for he has a long, nasty scar on one cheek, his eyes are small and set close together, and his hands are pudgy. He carries three revolvers—one in each armpit and one in his back pocket. The outlines of all three are clearly visible. He is four feet nine inches tall and weighs two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, without artillery. He doesn't speak, he grunts.

The secret agent and his new female assistant watch spellbound as the contact man establishes contact with the spy. This is an intricate, subtle business. When the spy sees the contact man, he puts the crumpled paper back in his pocket and stops feeding the squirrels. The contact man circles the park bench three times, grunting. Finally, he sits down beside the spy. "Ice gream?" he grunts. "Wanilla," says the spy. "Me, give it," says the contact man. "London, Wingland," says the spy. They promptly fly to London, the girl and the secret agent holding hands in the seat behind them on the plane. Big Ben strikes four and the spy is caught.

I have felt impelled to release a small part of my studies after viewing, a week ago, a spy drama entitled "The Law-Abiding," presented over N.B.C. by Robert Montgomery and the Lucky Strike Theatre. Of course, "The Law-Abiding" did not conform in its entirety to the spy drama I have been describing; I have been talking about *averages*. But it did have the spy, the secret agent, the

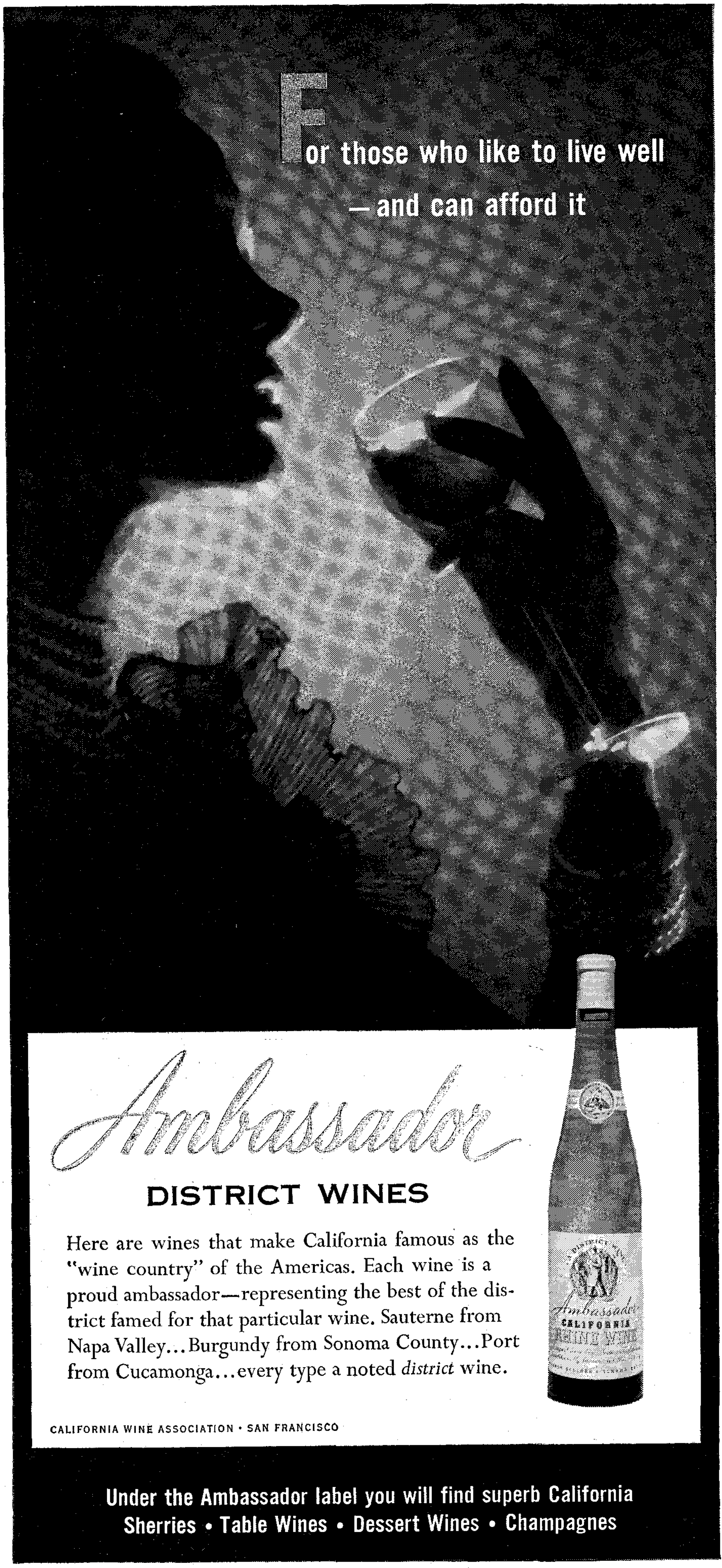
"Someone lovely has just passed by!"
Intoxication

D'ORSAY

Parfum and eau de toilette from **$3.00**

Solid form eau de toilette **$1.75**

PLUS FEDERAL TAX



Ambassador
DISTRICT WINES

Here are wines that make California famous as the "wine country" of the Americas. Each wine is a proud ambassador—representing the best of the district famed for that particular wine. Sauterne from Napa Valley...Burgundy from Sonoma County...Port from Cucamonga...every type a noted *district* wine.

CALIFORNIA WINE ASSOCIATION • SAN FRANCISCO

Under the Ambassador label you will find superb California Sherries • Table Wines • Dessert Wines • Champagnes

girl, the contact man, and the squirrels, and it convinced me that the time had come to put the seersucker in the closet, get out the woollies, and settle down for the spy season.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a brochure*]

WHITE WATER
By J. Kissner

One of my cherished recreational activities is to grip and to dip a nimble paddle blade, and I am forever excitingly fascinated when paddling smart and fast, but most respectfully, through the furious ecstasy and always unpredictable confusion of big-time WHITE WATER,—one of nature's most colossal powers to be mastered by man. Having tried all sorts of boats and methods to accomplish "happy landings," I longed and often prayed for the best and proper "White Water" Craft; especially during those stark situations, when partly submerged and completely engulfed by utterly disorganized forces of powerfully pushing water masses; with clouds of spray spouting through steaming foam above stabbing rocks and opposing boulders here and there to block my path; while sliding over tumbling falls, followed by racing whirlpools to spin my boat around in dizzy turns,—when twisting precariously through churning rapids, and dashing through standing haystack waves, while ice cold splashes from snow-fed waters numb my hands at times. Invigorated and elated by the thunderous uproar and all pervading sound effect, which equals a thousand horse stampede, with mind and body alerted to continuous quick-witted action, trying to keep upright with the help of swift flashing blades, my boat now rocking, suddenly dropping, then rising and quickly forward dashing,—yet with everything still under control, I keep going and steady . . . either chased or inspired by nature's awing spectacle: WHITE WATER!—I still pray, but in gratitude for navigating this greatest of boats, the FOLBOT with a reliable double blade.

•

KING OF THE JUNGLE

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph:

Sir—Having lived in the jungle of the Belgian Congo, and on the shore jungle of Lake Tchad for many years, I feel sure the scorpion is the king of the jungle. Everything makes way for it. Imagine the pain it could inflict on the velvet pad of the lion. As I once put my bare foot on a scorpion I write with feeling.

Still, on second thoughts, perhaps the lion is entitled to the honour of "kingship." He is so dignified and strong. There is no meanness about the lion. The tiger and leopard are slinking and deceitful.

Yet in the long run, maybe it is man who is the real king of the jungle.

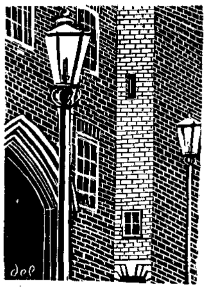
Yours faithfully,
Sidcup. VAL MURRAY

—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Anyway, you set us thinking, Murray, and that's a lot.

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 10

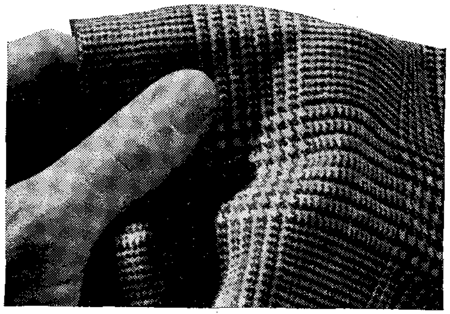


DURING the past week, the English were caught up in a wave of excitement and optimism about what was going on over their heads. The show of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, held at Farnborough Airfield, down in Hampshire—an annual event that, except during the war, has acted as a shopwindow for new British designs since 1932—seemed to take the popular imagination in an unprecedented way. The enthusiasm over the industry's impressive display was, of course, tragically darkened by Saturday's disaster, in which Britain's crack test pilot, John Derry, along with his observer and twenty-five spectators, was killed when his prototype de Havilland 110 jet fighter broke up after pulling out of a supersonic dive. At Farnborough this year, citizens had a chance to see just about everything—what they are paying for in the way of defense, what they hope will pay them back in the form of exports, and, finally, with ghastly unexpectedness, something of the cost of all this in men and machines.

Aviation, even before this week made it the chief subject of discussion everywhere, was bang in the public eye, on account of the English Electric Canberra twin-jet bomber's hop across the Atlantic and back between breakfast coffee and afternoon tea, the dramatic début of Avro's extraordinary secret-list delta-wing jet bomber the week before Farnborough opened, and the news that Britain is well out ahead of the rest of the world with the de Havilland Comet jet airliners. As many commentators pointed out above the hubbub, however, the breathtaking goods in the Farnborough showcase are still a long way from becoming the standard equipment of the R.A.F., or, for that matter, from being available to eager customers abroad in anything like the numbers that would make both the customers and the British Treasury happy. Nevertheless, as the weird and wonderful prototypes flashed across the sky above the placidly earthbound cows munching in the quiet Hampshire pastures, the ordinary English were enormously heartened by the feeling that the peculiar national inventive genius for machines, which created so much wealth in the steam age, is as good as ever in this uncomfortable atomic one.

The first four days of the show were reserved for invited guests of the S.B.A.C., including the Duke of Edinburgh, who dropped in by air, in the modern manner of royalty, from Scotland. (To reassure possibly perturbed subjects, it was announced recently that the planes in which the Queen and her family fly are routed along special safety lanes, ten miles wide and identified, poetically, as "purple airways" by the control stations, which instruct other pilots in the vicinity to head into the less regal blue while the royal flight is in progress.) The foreign visitor who attracted the most public attention was Professor Ernst Heinkel, the wartime designer of some of Germany's most celebrated planes, who was photographed thoughtfully peering through the view finder of his camera at one of the exhibits. There were no Iron Curtain guests present, invitations having been sent only to countries that might be expected to come along with checkbooks and fountain pens handy in their pockets. To judge by the medley of languages heard in the crowds, these must have included every other nation in the world. In the mornings, the guests were allowed to take a close squint at, and in some cases to board, the planes that were to take part in the afternoon displays, but the military planes on the secret list were kept in purdah across the tarmac, their wicked-looking noses pointing demurely into the air. The big attractions among the viewable planes were the Comet and the enormous, handsome turbo-prop Bristol Britannia, which made its maiden flight only last month, can carry anything up to a hundred and four passengers while idling along at an unmaidenly clip of three hundred and sixty miles per hour, and is on order by B.O.A.C., for delivery in 1955 or thereabouts. Every morning, there were queues waiting patiently in the chilly wind to clamber aboard the Comet, which was resplendent in the scarlet and white paint of the Canadian Pacific Air Lines, and all ready to be delivered and put on transpacific flights. A blond, pretty air hostess earnestly informed each contingent of visitors, as they sank gratefully into the luxurious armchairs, that they could never fall out of a Comet, since all the doors open inward—information over which everyone looked gratified, if startled. As yet only in blueprints in the vast and, to the layman, bewildering static

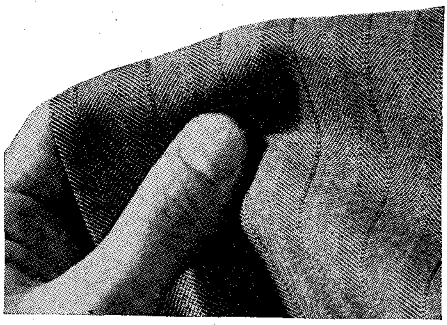
For the finest suit you've ever owned, select a fabric



from the famous

Hunt & Winterbotham

collection of British Woollens. Available at blue-chip stores and fine custom tailors.

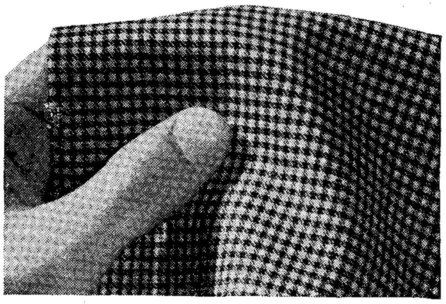


More than a thousand styles on display at our retail shop.

Hunt & Winterbotham
702 Fifth Avenue

The most famous name in British Woollens

Styled by La Viale



SELECTED BY THE WORLD'S FINEST OVERSEAS AIRLINES

TWA
PAN AMERICAN
B·O·A·C
BRANIFF
NORTHWEST ORIENT
SAS
PHILIPPINE

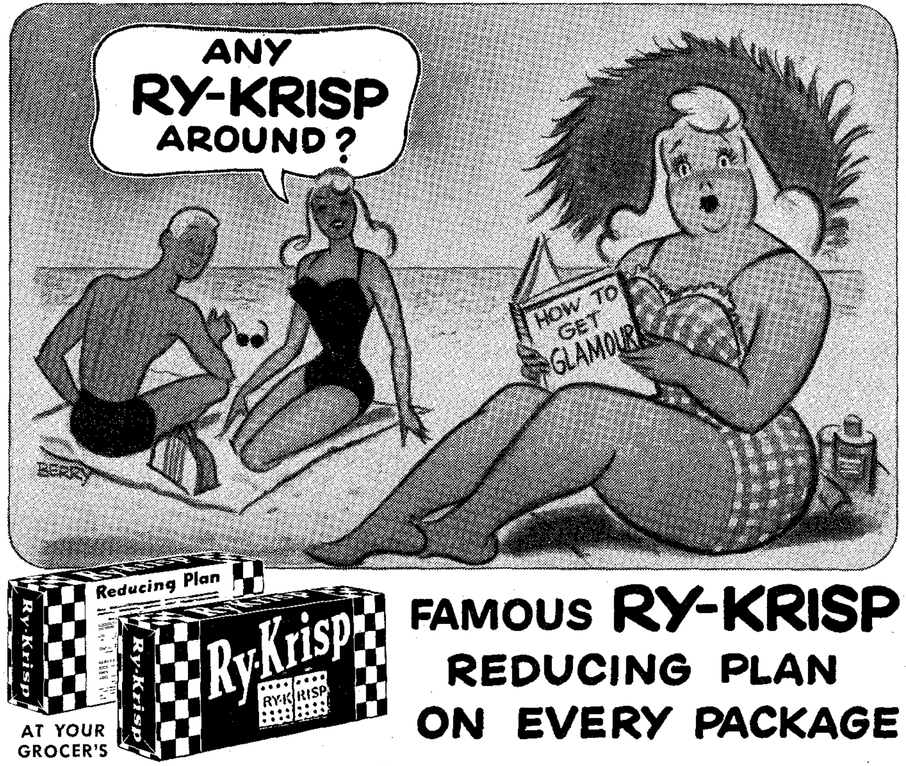
TWA
TWA Ambassador flight
WINE List MENU
Scotch
Bourbon
Canadian Whisky
Blended Whisky
Martini
Manhattan
Canapés assortis
Cocktail de Fruits de Mer
Olives, Céleri Farci au Fromage
et Cornichons
Consommé aux Croûtons
Biscuits Secs
HIRAM WALKER'S
extra dry
martini
Cocktail

Is there any higher recommendation?

Ahead lies London or Paris. High above the Atlantic, you savor the luxury of TWA's Ambassador. Order a superb Martini or Manhattan and count on getting the best. For TWA selects *Hiram Walker's bottled cocktails* for discriminating guests flying overseas. You can enjoy these same wonderful cocktails at home. Pour Hiram Walker's Extra Dry Martini or Manhattan over ice, stir and serve. Treat yourself to *perfection*... the *easy* way.

HIRAM WALKER'S
extra dry martini

Extra Dry Martini, 70 proof. Manhattan, 66 proof.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois



ANY RY-KRISP AROUND?
HOW TO GET GLAMOUR
BERRY
Reducing Plan
Ry-Krisp
RY-K RISP

FAMOUS RY-KRISP REDUCING PLAN ON EVERY PACKAGE

AT YOUR GROCER'S

LE CHEVAL BLANC

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Mussels Cheval Blanc
Coq Au Vin
Crepes Suzette
LUNCHEON ● BAR ● DINNER
from $1.75 *from $3.*
145 EAST 45TH ST.
Air Conditioned
Smoothest Martini in town. EL 5-9352

3 SHOWS NITELY
INTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT
DINNER 7-10 P. M.

CAFE SOCIETY
DOWNTOWN

2 SHERIDAN SQUARE
Reservation CH 2-2737

exhibition at Farnborough was the Handley Page jet liner, the HP97, in which it is planned to whisk a hundred and fifty tourist passengers from New York to London in six and a half hours.

Up until Saturday's disaster, the afternoon flying displays were run off as smoothly as a horse show, with an excellent announcer in the control tower going over the points of each machine as it took off down the runway, circled, and did its stuff over the field. At the Thursday display, owing to heavy clouds, only the graceful little Hawker Hunter jet fighter, piloted by Neville Duke, succeeded in thrilling the customers with the double "sonic boom." (Derry, in the de Havilland 110, tried that day, too, but failed.) At the start of the Farnborough meeting, a ban—subsequently lifted—had been placed on breaking through the sound barrier, in deference to the feelings of local residents, who, like thousands of other householders all over England, have grown used but not resigned to having themselves frightened to death and their roof tiles shaken to glory by faster-than-sound bangs. A heated correspondence, incidentally, has just been carried on in the *Times*, following an editorial on aircraft noise. The paper spoke sharply of this excruciating new assault upon the human ear, and several correspondents have groaned that when bigger and faster aircraft begin roaring into London Airport and helicopters start flopping noisily down on the projected South Bank landing ground, life for Londoners is going to become unbearable.

The spectacular event of the Tuesday show, which made the Farnborough crowds hum with excitement, was the arrival of Avro's revolutionary four-jet delta bomber, which exhibited its highly secret self in a brief flypast, escorted by two little Avro delta-wing research planes. The huge, completely triangular shape, which may be the shape of things to come for Bomber Command (the Government placed an

order without even waiting for the results of the trial flight), hove up against the stormy sky in the far distance like an immense black swan, with two cygnets buzzing fussily in the rear. As it flew nearer, the swan turned out to be dazzling white and the babies patriotically painted—one red and one blue. The flying triangle was the high spot of a show that has made British aviation history, some of it tragic.

AMONG the down-to-earth occasions back here in London have been two memorable first nights. Charles Morgan's play "The River Line" (his novel of the same name, he explains in the preface to the published play, was actually a preliminary study for its eventual dramatic form), first presented at the Edinburgh Festival, has just moved south to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Edinburgh was also the city that first saw "The Cocktail Party," and Morgan's play has something in common with Eliot's, for it, too, concerns a spiritual dilemma of guilt and atonement and the search for a core of quietness at the heart of this angry world. It is, however, considerably easier to take than Eliot's fable. The River Line is a secret escape organization running out of Occupied France into Spain. At one of its posts, a French granary, a group of escaping men—one American and three English—are tensely waiting to be passed down the line and over the frontier. The scenes in the hideout, where one of the party, a man whose inner peacefulness in the midst of violence has made the others love him and rely on him, has to be quickly and brutally killed because he is suspected of being a Nazi agent, are neatly dovetailed with postwar scenes in Gloucestershire, where the survivors meet and try to work out some sort of peace for themselves in their guilt over what proves to have been his unnecessary death. The play is beautifully produced by Michael MacOwan and finely acted by all, and particularly by Paul Scofield, who plays the modest, thoughtful American, Sturgess, with a valiant New England intonation added to his curious harsh voice and a crew haircut added to his curious, harshly lined good looks—both creating a less distracting effect than such stage experiments usually do.

The Covent Garden first night of the Sadler's Wells new three-act ballet, Delibes' "Sylvia," was a slapup affair, the Opera House (where the "ER" royal cipher now gleams on the crimson curtains) being stuffed with

Autumn...

IS COMING TO THE HOMESTEAD

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

If you play golf, or tennis, or ride, or shoot skeet—if you'd like to enjoy some of the finest hotel service in the world—if you want to relax in wonderfully pleasant company—

This is your chance to take hold of life, and learn how sweet it can be.

Write now for reservations, mentioning your special interests.

New York Office
in the Chatham
PLaza 8-2490

The HOMESTEAD
and CASCADES INN
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

FAY INGALLS, President

ENCORE has it!

The flavor you've been looking for—
in a filter cigarette

ENCORE
ENCORE Filter CIGARETTES
Custom Fashioned MOUTHPIECE
AMBASSADOR SIZE
ENCORE Filter

REAL FILTER PROTECTION
Less tars, less nicotine,
cleaner smoking

AMBASSADOR SIZE

Has produced hay crops worth over $20,000 a year. Capable of supporting 150 to 200 dairy cattle.

Fertile
Vermont Farm

For sale near St. Johnsbury ... with 915 acres, ¾ mile river frontage, 1400-foot elevation, completely equipped with farm buildings.

Rich, versatile, potentially highly productive, "Mountain View Farm", made up of three complete small farms, spreads for 915 acres along the Passumsic River and the gently rolling hills of Vermont.

450 acres of well-drained loam soil produce oats, wheat, and two hay crops a season. The river and reservoirs supply abundant water.

Colonial residence has 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 servants' rooms, bath. Dairy barn, creamery, granary, farm buildings and ample accommodations for help, all in top condition. Ask your local broker or us for illust. brochure YN-40714R.

To buy or sell property anywhere
PREVIEWS INC.
A Nationwide Marketing Service
49 East 53 St., New York 22 • PL 8-2630
1518 Walnut St., Phila. 2, • PE 5-1400
20 Kilby Street, Boston 9 • CA 7-4995
OTHER OFFICES: CHICAGO • PALM BEACH
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

IF IT'S THE BEST IN FOOD—THEN IT'S—
MANERO'S
OPEN DAILY
OUR FAMOUS
FILETS . . . $2.50
"Always Bring the Children"
AIR-CONDITIONED
GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT
STEAMBOAT ROAD, Telephone 8-0049
WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT
599 RIVERSIDE AVE., WESTPORT 2-3657
PARAMUS, NEW JERSEY
ON ROUTE #17. ORADEL 8-9813

Unique Service
For Living Problems Of Aged
★Counseling ★Home finding ★Companions
We help adults, handicapped by age or physical or emotional disabilities, who require new living arrangements. Unusual home finding service enables person to be placed in carefully selected setting of his choosing. Expert counseling help for adjusting to new home. Fee.
Telephone for appointments.
Adult Counselors & Home Finders
22 East 89 St. TR. 6-5689–6-9737

brilliantly conceived!
the restaurant Laurent
111 East 56th St., off Park Ave.
Cool . . . Quiet . . . Spacious . . . Elegant
Superlative Cuisine . . Really Complete Bar • Luncheon
• Cocktails • Dinner • Special Rooms for Parties
Closed Sunday • Plaza 3-2729

ballet celebrities, including the great Lydia Lopokova, and with such other celebrities as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and milling crowds of balletomanes stopping the traffic outside. This work, which had not been seen here in full since 1876, the year it was written, has been given entirely new choreography by Frederick Ashton and seemed—for the first two acts, anyhow—a pretty but insipid pastoral invention with Arabian Nights trimmings, in which the eyes but not the feelings are caught by a lot of action concerning those reliable old gods and goddesses, jolly rustics, a couple of sportive goats, and an Oriental villain (John Hart), who abducts the chaste huntress Sylvia (Margot Fonteyn). In Act III, there is at least one compensation—a splendid pas de deux for Fonteyn and Michael Somes. Possibly the whole thing was jinxed by that hoary score of Delibes', which has been done to death by earnest teashop trios plinking away above the rattle of ladies' teacups. It should be added that the first performance of the ballet was rapturously applauded, though some of the critics subsequently were cool, and that the sets, by Robin and Christopher Ironside, provide the right sort of romantic starlit forests for the nymphs and shepherds.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

LOST STORY IN LITTLE COMPTON, RHODE ISLAND

Down in Little Compton
Where the breeze blows salt,
Before two ancient graves
The curious halt,

And, reading, wonder
Which was the charmer
"Lydia, ye wife
Of Simeon Palmer"

Or one "Elizabeth,"
Writ plain for all to scan,
"Who should have been the wife"
Of the selfsame man.

Time guards the secret
Of the moss-grown name.
Think what you like;
I'll do the same.

—Amanda Benjamin Hall

•

Mrs. Snyder will review "The Biography of Harvey Cushing, a Brain Surgeon," by John S. Fulton, introducing and concluding it with appropriate selections on the piano.—*Daily Californian.*

The "Prefrontal Blues?"

SCENIC BEAUTY
One of more than 40 wines in the Widmer Line
WIDMER'S NEAPOLITAN RHINE WINE
...and CELLAR CARE

A gorgeously scenic and outstandingly favorable location for grape culture . . . skilled and leisurely cellar care . . . nature, man and time combine to insure complete taste satisfaction in every Widmer's Wine.
Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc., Naples, N.Y.
WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"Turn to, mates. When we're all-a-taunt-o, we'll crack the Wanderer's Gloucester Grog".
Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

Got weekend GUESTS?
Enjoy tonight out . . . at the trotters! 8 thrilling races, Daily Double closes 8:25 P.M.
Roosevelt Raceway
CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

Sea-Fare
RESTAURANTS
1033 - 1st Ave. : 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place : Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

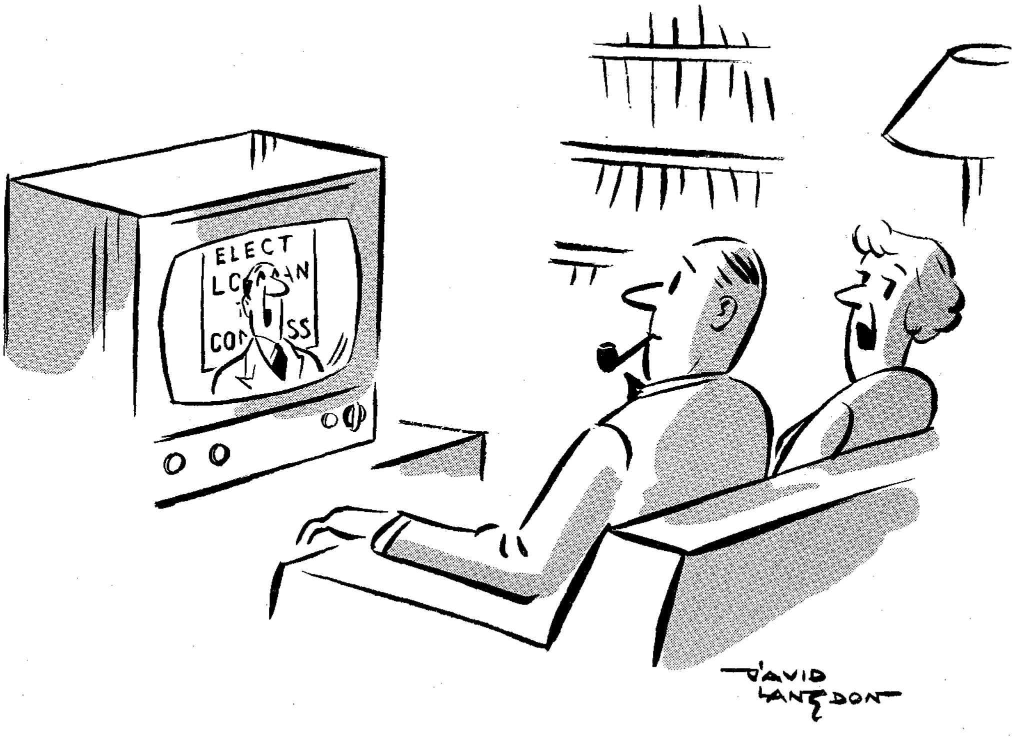
BOOKS

California Moonshine

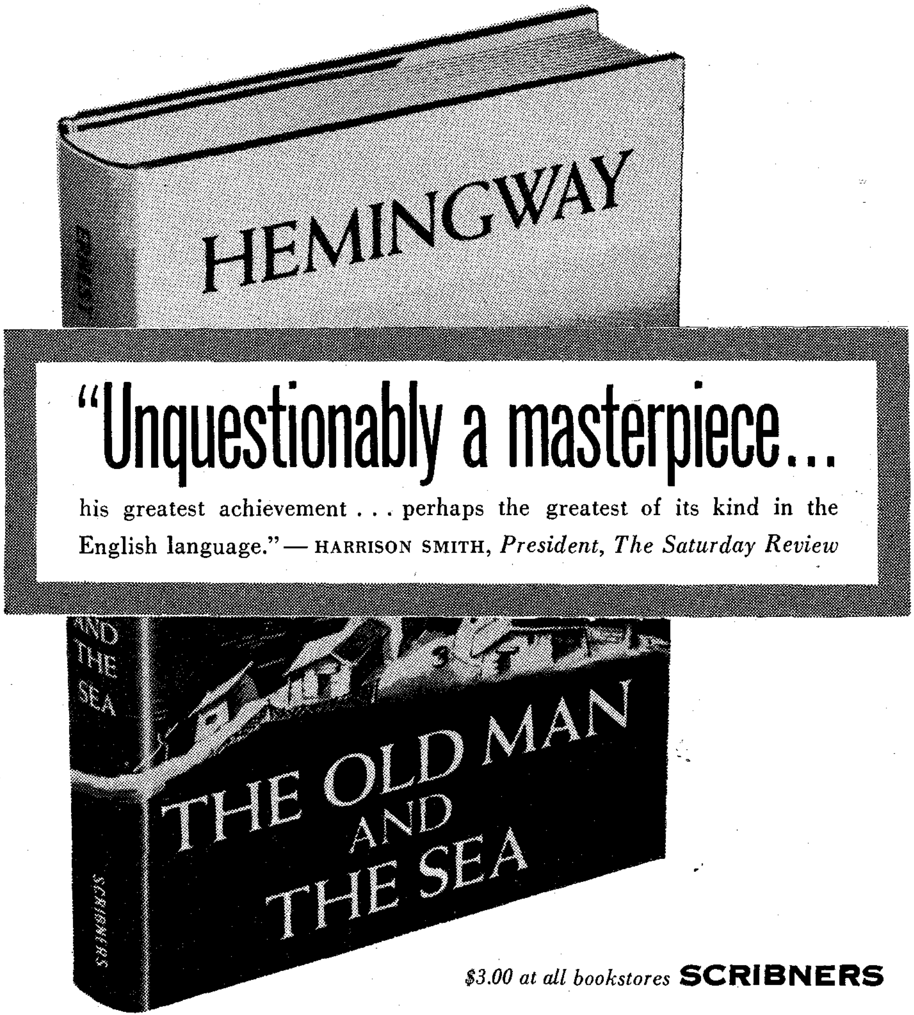
MR. JOHN STEINBECK has placed the telling of his new novel, "East of Eden" (Viking), in the hands of a narrator related to many of the characters. There is nothing especially outrageous about this device, but in this case the choice of instrument is unfortunate. When he wishes to inform us that he nearly died of pleural pneumonia, he chooses to say that he "went down and down, until the wing tips of the angels brushed my eyes." When he is not rolling verbal syrup of this kind around his mouth, he is liable to be toying with phrases that resemble metaphors but in which something bordering on a genius for dissociation may be discerned. When Adam Trask, the hero of the novel, is working hard to clear a neglected ranch that he has just bought near Salinas, we are told that "Adam sat like a contented cat on his land." A little later, with work on the homestead going forward nicely, his happiness is increased by the knowledge that he is to become a father, and his manner grows livelier: "Adam fluttered like a bewildered bee confused by too many flowers." A certain exaltation in an expectant father is only right and proper, but since Adam has served two five-year hitches in the United States Cavalry, fought in the Indian Wars, rubbed elbows with I.W.W. stalwarts in hobo jungles, and done a twelve-month stretch on a Tallahassee chain gang, it is permissible to suggest that the delicacy of his condition is overstressed. The narrator's efforts to transform Trask into a marshmallow of a man, all sponginess, purity, and softness, are at war with Mr. Steinbeck's intentions, which are apparently to get a good man in a tough spot that will test his moral fibre.

The pregnant lady responsible for Adam's flutterings is not altogether a credit to her sex. When she is what is known in the garment trade as a sub-teen, a baroque quality in her romping gets two of her boy friends sent off to reform school. In her first year at high school, she drives her Latin teacher to suicide with her offbeat fancies, and two years later, hitting her stride, she cracks the safe of her father's tannery and commits arson, patricide, and matricide. This sixteen-year-old voluptuary then takes off to slake her appetite for the rarer forms of fun in the New England sporting houses. While advancing her professional career, she encounters a big-time procurer with a circuit embracing thirty-three towns and wins his simple heart. When he finds out what sort of girl he has fallen in love with, his reactions are the uncomplex ones of a deeply passionate man; he takes the lady into a rural section of upstate Connecticut and tries to beat her head in with a rock. The shady back road on which she is left for dead passes by the Trask homestead, and before long she is in bed there, being lovingly nursed by Adam Trask and cordially detested by his half brother Charles. In no time at all, the lady is married to Adam, but it is clear from the first that the young people are not made for each other. On the wedding night, the new Mrs. Trask gives her husband a Mickey Finn and tiptoes off to Charles' room. Even before Adam moves out West to the ranch near Salinas, his wife is none too keen on the farming game, and sitting around pregnant while her land-hungry husband ambles about the place with water diviners cures her of it for good. She dislikes breeding just as much as she dislikes farming, so as soon as the twins are born and she is on her feet again, she plugs Adam in the shoulder with a Colt .44 and makes for the nearest bordello. She is a career girl and a hard worker, and before long she is in a position to poison the madam and take over. Her peculiar talents give the place an uncommon atmosphere, and it is soon as widely known throughout the Golden West as that Parisian establishment called "the Enigmatic Miss Floggy's" was known in Europe during the thirties. Adam, who has no idea where she is or what she is doing, settles into a sullen grief in which the reader may well share, as all this takes us only to about page 300 and there are another three hundred pages to go. Mr. Steinbeck and his narrator, however, have got Adam to the focal tough spot of the story, and the point of it all is in sight.

Adam is for a long time unable to bring himself even to name the twins or to pay them any other attention. The task of caring for them falls upon his Chinese cook, who at last insists they must have names—the least a child can expect of its father. A neighbor naturally suggests Cain and Abel, but Adam compromises with Caleb and Aaron. In due course, the boys grow up, the



"Notice how he never looks you in the eye?"



"Unquestionably a masterpiece... his greatest achievement . . . perhaps the greatest of its kind in the English language." — HARRISON SMITH, *President, The Saturday Review*

$3.00 at all bookstores **SCRIBNERS**

sheer delight

are the chucklesome new adventures of the lovable priest and his perpetual jousts with the Communists.

"... the second Don Camillo is as good as the first."
— *John Barkham, Saturday Review*

Don Camillo and his Flock

By Giovanni Guareschi
author of THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO

Once more Don Camillo epitomizes the triumph of right over wrong. How wonderfully delightful to read such a happy book . . . a book with a heart . . . a book full of faith in men of good will.

$3 at all bookstores
PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY • New York 22

Will you RETIRE YOUNG ENOUGH to enjoy it?

Do you really want to work all your life?

You can take life easy a lot sooner than you think. If you know where it costs less to live, and where you can earn a small income from a part-time business or job, you can afford to retire sooner, even now perhaps.

One of the best features of "Where to Retire on a Small Income" is that every town, city, or region described was selected because it offers opportunities to get part-time or seasonal jobs or to open a part-time business.

This book tells you where are the best places in the U.S. to retire. It covers Florida, California, New England, the South, the Pacific Northwest, etc. It also includes Hawaii, the American Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

With this book, you learn:

—where living costs, rents, and real estate are less (even where you can buy a farm for only $2500);
—where you can live inexpensively on an island far from the world, yet close to neighbors;
—where you can go fishing all year round; where you can go hunting, boating, swimming, and always have a good time;
—where your hobby will bring you an income;
—where you stand the best chance of living longer;

You'd spend months, plus hundreds of dollars if you searched for the hundreds of facts in this book by traveling around the country. But all these facts on little known beauty spots, America's favorite retirement areas, and many undiscovered towns, cities, and regions, are yours for just $1.

Sooner or later—now or in years to come—you will want to be independent. Order today, while you think of it. Money back, of course, if you're not satisfied.

Don't bother writing a letter. Simply tear out ad, print name and address, and mail with $1 bill to **Harian Publications, 198 First Ave., Greenlawn, New York.**

Beverly Hills' NEWEST HOTEL

The ultimate in modern living. Complimentary continental breakfast. Free guest parking. Heated pool
Beverly Hills, Calif., Hal N. Lee, Mgr.
N. Y. Rep. BU 8-0109

THE BEVERLY-CARLTON

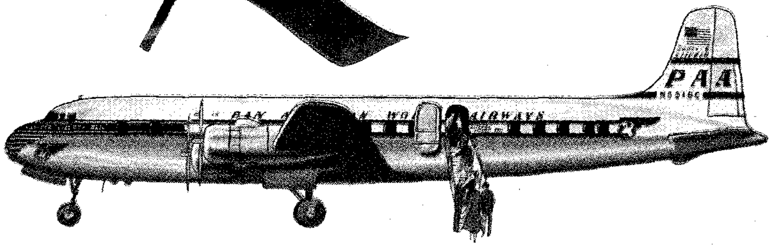
family moves off the ranch into Salinas, and Caleb—to the astonishment of no perceptive reader—finds out what Mama is. In a moment of pique at his father's disapproval of his successful gambling on futures in the bean market, he takes his brother to one of the bizarre exhibitions that are a feature of her establishment. In disgust, Aaron joins the Army and goes off to get himself killed in the First World War. Caleb, it becomes clear, is indeed Cain, and the book, it becomes clear, is about the riddle presented by Genesis 4: 1-8, an extremely bewildering episode.

Mr. Steinbeck sees this story, which is concerned with the primitive religion of a people halfway between a nomadic and a pastoral life, through a haze of modern psychology, which is almost entirely concerned with the world of experience of the urban middle class. Cain was unhappy because his love was rejected; this made him mean, and his meanness made him feel guilty. To break his feeling of guilt, he became murderous, and thus more guilty, and so on. According to Mr. Steinbeck, this is the story of all mankind and the reason man is the only guilty animal. If this were all, the outlook for the human race would be a glum one, and Adam Trask, perversely depressed more by his wife's departure than by the manner of it, is inclined to take the dim view. His Chinese cook, aided by a philosophic neighbor, argues him out of it. The cook, a Bible student, belongs to a high-grade discussion group run by a San Francisco tong. His master's problems have persuaded him to an attentive study of the Cain and Abel story, and he has put it up to the group for clarification. They produce startling new information about the obscure sentence "And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." "Thou shalt," it appears, is a mistranslation of "*timshel*," which really means "thou mayest," and "him" refers to sin. So the last part of the sentence should read, "Thou mayest rule over sin." This calls for a new deal all round with a new deck. Spiritually armed by this knowledge, Adam goes off to the brothel to face his wife as she really is, a meeting from which he emerges unscathed, and released at last from the feeling that some vileness of his has driven the delicate creature of his illusions away. In his exaltation, he makes the perfect gesture of a mystic in an industrial society and buys himself a new Ford. The liberation is not simply a passing mood, either, and when the final crisis of the book comes, and his son stands before him

You can fly from New York to Nice on Pan American's sunny southern route—(via the Azores, Lisbon and Barcelona)—or take *The Rainbow* to Paris or London and fly on from there.

Now, more than ever— you can afford to go to **EUROPE** *on the Rainbow*

"Pan American's thrifty **Rainbow** *service will cost even less beginning November 1st!"*



Round Trip Thrift Season fares from New York	
Shannon	$364.80
London	417.00
Paris	453.00
Frankfurt	494.60
Rome	574.00

Tasty meals at budget prices.

"Look at these reduced **Rainbow** *fares! In effect from November thru March"*

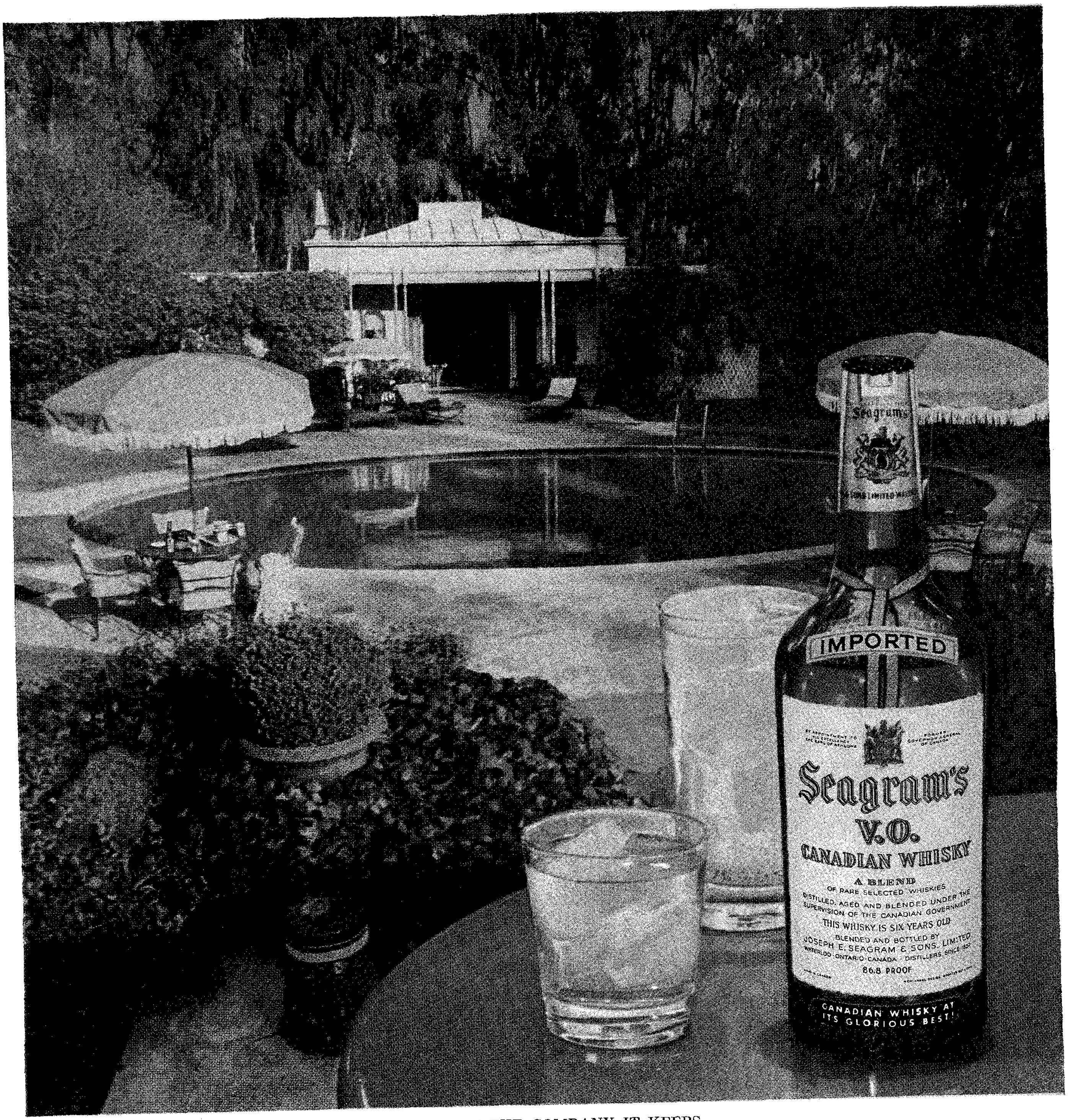
"That's one of the brand-new Super-6 Clippers Pan American's using on its **Rainbow** *service"*

"...and she's flown by Pan American's experienced flight crews"

Plan to take advantage of the lowest transatlantic air fares of the year! Both first-class Clipper* fares on *The President* and tourist fares on *The Rainbow* will be reduced as much as 16%. Ask your local travel agent to give you prices on 2- and 3-week, *inclusive* "Pan Am Holidays" . . . or call the nearest Pan American office.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PAN AMERICAN *World's Most Experienced Airline*


Seagram's
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

In Highest Favor among Imported Whiskies

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

stained with his war profits of seven and a half cents a pound on beans and his brother's blood, he is morally strong enough to lift the burden of guilt from the boy by murmuring, "*Timshel.*"

"The subject," Mr. Steinbeck declares, "is the only one man has ever used as his theme—the existence, the balance, the battle, and the victory in the permanent war between wisdom and ignorance, light and darkness—good and evil." It is true that this has been the single theme of a certain kind of literature. Mr. Steinbeck has written the precise equivalent of those nineteenth-century melodramas in which the villains could always be recognized because they waxed their mustaches and in which the conflict between good and evil operated like a well-run series of professional tennis matches. Experience would suggest that the conflict is in fact quite different and vastly more interesting, for the forces are not in balance and victory is not guaranteed to the side of the angels. Be that as it may, there is nothing more puerile than a discussion of the subject conducted in terms so naïve that evil is identified with sexual aberration. Compared with the evil that sits smiling in the family group or mingles with the guests at a wedding in a neat suit, the evil that hides behind shutters in the red-light district is neither very deadly nor very interesting.

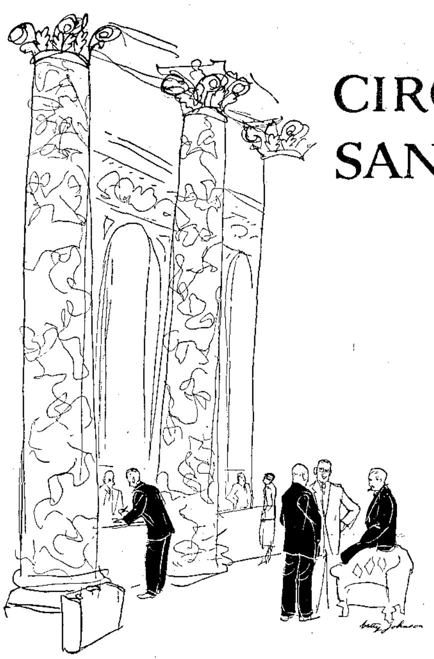
—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THUDBURY, by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott). Otis Paul Thudbury, a rich, powerful, and stupid man, dominates the town of Tolland, New York. His story is told by his admiring slave, Pete Mendenhall, the poorly paid and timid editor of the local paper, which Thudbury owns. Mr. Davis's irony has a fixed and resolute smile from page 1 to the end, but the total effect is wearisome, like a fairly good joke carried on too long. The story covers the years from about 1900 to 1945.

MY BROTHER, MY ENEMY, by Mitchell Wilson (Little, Brown). A story of the late nineteen-twenties, about two young brothers who are working together on the development of television, and about their older sister, who is having a rocky love affair with a rich and brilliant man of about her own age, which is twenty-five. Mr. Wilson is a rather stolid writer, but he is sincerely concerned with the people of whom he writes, and



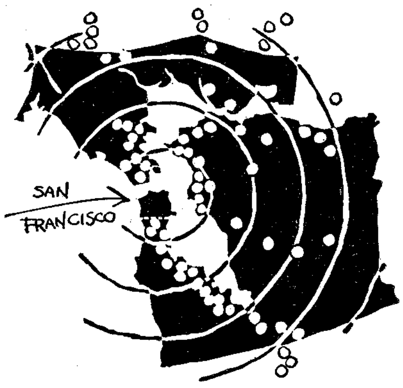
CIRCLING AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

ALTHOUGH San Francisco is the eleventh largest city in the United States, it is outranked in number of hotels only by New York and Chicago. There are 577 hotels in San Francisco, making over 50,000 rooms available to an annual guest registration of one and a half million people.

The number of San Francisco's hotels is especially remarkable when the area of the city is taken into consideration. Located on the tip of a peninsula, it measures only 44 square miles, yet accommodates 775,000 city residents. The city of San Francisco, as many visitors have remarked, may be compared appropriately to Manhattan without the other four boroughs and suburbs of New York City.

SIXTY-SIX "suburb towns" lie within an approximate 50-mile radius south, east and north of San Francisco Bay, constituting a unique metropolitan community whose energies are concentrated in San Francisco itself.

With a present population just short of 2,000,000, the out-circling suburbs have grown 73.3% in the last ten years while San Francisco has increased only 22.2%. Yet all San Francisco Bay Area families are linked closely together by good transportation and a love for the Bay Area way of life.



○ 66 OTHER TOWNS IN BAY AREA

A common denominator of all the Bay Area is the San Francisco Chronicle, one of America's distinguished newspapers. In its Area-wide circulation pattern, The Chronicle reflects realistically the massive trend to suburban living, while also pin-pointing better residential neighborhoods of "The City."

THE CHRONICLE, in a phrase, serves the San Francisco Bay Area's "best circles." Leading San Francisco merchants for the most part place their largest or second largest advertising volume in The Chronicle. They know that The Chronicle sells merchandise, from clothes hangers to Cadillacs, in profitable volume.

For more background on effective sales strategy in the San Francisco Bay Area, check with the National Advertising Dept. of The Chronicle or with SAWYER, FERGUSON, WALKER Co., National Representatives; offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

The CHRONICLE . . . contacts San Francisco's "Best Circles"

(*Advertisement*)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the
FLIGHTTIME
of your life
fly PAL

From the moment you step aboard, you sense the friendly atmosphere and personalized service that makes every PAL passenger feel like an honored guest. Here is air travel at its *finest . . . with unsurpassed DC-6 comfort and dependability.*
With PAL's compliments you enjoy cocktails, snacks and excellent hot meals . . . and you'll appreciate the luxurious comfort of bed-size berths or Ful-Rest lounge chairs that recline nearly level for real stretch-out comfort.

On your next trip, fly the airline experienced world travelers choose

FLY THE ROUTE OF THE
Orient Star

- SAN FRANCISCO to MANILA
  Twice weekly via Honolulu. Regular connections to Hong Kong, Tokyo, Okinawa, Taipei, Indonesia, Australia.
- MANILA to LONDON
  Twice weekly via Calcutta, Karachi, Tel Aviv, Rome and Madrid or Zurich/Frankfurt.

PAL
See your travel agent, or
PHILIPPINE AIR LINES
DEPENDABILITY . . . *spanning 2/3 of the world*
SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK • CHICAGO
WASHINGTON, D. C. • LOS ANGELES • HONOLULU

he manages to give a reasonably convincing picture of the exciting and quick-changing times in which they lived.

A FUNERAL FOR SABELLA, by Robert Travers (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Travers, a thoughtful, soft-voiced, melancholy writer, tells about politics, union rivalries, and death in a big city. His main character is Harry Cooke, the undertaker in charge of the body of Pete Sabella, a longshoreman who has been found at the bottom of a harbor in a casing of cement. Between the time of the discovery of the body and the funeral, Cooke learns a good deal about the city and its workings, and Mr. Travers sees to it that we learn a good deal about the life and experiences of Harry Cooke.

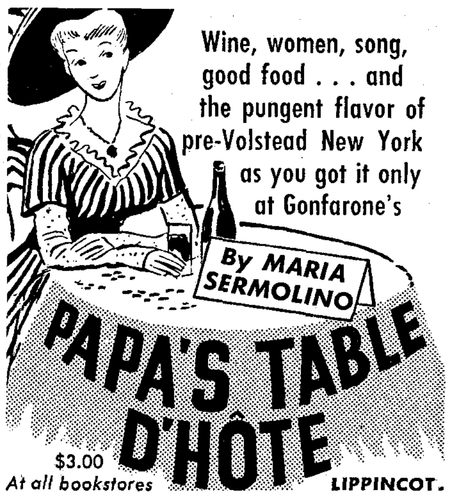
HAPPY RETURN, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). Mrs. Thirkell, tireless and waspish as ever, wields her pen for Barsetshire once again, matchmaking with efficiency but without the extremely keen interest that she used to show in matters of the heart. Instead, her concern now seems to be chiefly with attitudes, points of view, and changing customs. For the most part, she approves the attitudes her people take, presents their points of view without comment (as a rule, attitudes are for her older inhabitants, points of view for her younger), and deplores the changes thoroughly and consistently.

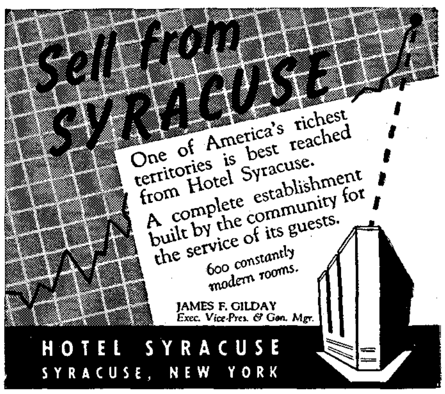
THE CENTER OF THE STAGE, by Gerald Sykes (Farrar, Straus & Young). Carlotta Holderness, a famous Broadway actress, and her husband David, a scientist, divide their time between an apartment in New York and a house at East Hampton. They entertain extensively and have many interesting friends, and would probably be perfectly happy if a deep but hidden rivalry did not keep them constantly battling with each other for the upper hand. It is upon this rivalry, and its effect on the household, that Mr. Sykes builds his flimsy and often tedious novel.

GENERAL

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS, by William O. Douglas (Doubleday). The log of a recent trip through central Asia, where Justice Douglas indulged his well-known passion for mountains and tried to satisfy his curiosity about what is going on in Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Tibet, and Kashmir. It is a disarming mixture of the trivia of travel in strange

"Great discovery—
TRISCUIT wafers!
Far and away the zestiest, crispiest, tangiest!
A 'find' for get-togethers, 'solo' snacks!
Try TRISCUIT—they go with everything!"
Served *any* way — whole wheat, crisped and salted TRISCUIT wafers can't be beat!
®
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

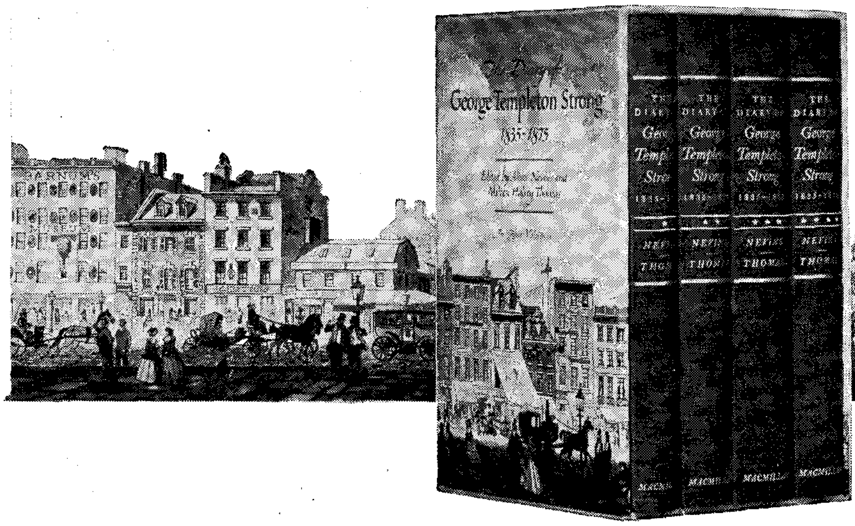

Wine, women, song, good food . . . and the pungent flavor of pre-Volstead New York as you got it only at Gonfarone's
By MARIA SERMOLINO
PAPA'S TABLE D'HÔTE
$3.00
At all bookstores
LIPPINCOTT


Sell from SYRACUSE
One of America's richest territories is best reached from Hotel Syracuse.
A complete establishment built by the community for the service of its guests.
600 constantly modern rooms.
JAMES F. GILDAY
Exec. Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

THE HISTORICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY!

"The greatest of American diaries and one of the world's great diaries."

— **ALLAN NEVINS**, ***Distinguished writer and historian.***


The Diary of George Templeton Strong
1835-1875

4 volumes
illustrated
boxed
2,254 pages
$35.00

THE DIARY OF *George Templeton Strong*

Edited by Allan Nevins & Milton Halsey Thomas

The Exciting Discovery of a 100-year Secret!

This diary was first locked away (because of its biting comments on then-living New Yorkers) and then forgotten for over a quarter of a century. Its publication reveals not only a rare historical find but the secrets and confidences of a man who recorded with fire and humor the affairs of one of the most critical periods in American history.

Four Decades of Social and Political Change Made Vividly Real!

It is here possible only to indicate in part the vast scope of this tremendous American document. George Templeton Strong kept his diary from 1835 to 1875. He shows you the bumptious city of New York growing into a metropolis with more than a million people. He records the development of the conflict between the North and South. He pictures the ravages of a civil war and its aftermath.

He takes you with him to the theatre, art exhibits, and the social functions of the day. You learn of secret scandals in high society, of fads that swept the country. And you watch the spectacular career of G.T.S., who became a distinguished lawyer, a trustee of Columbia College, an associate of Lincoln and Grant.

SHARE IN THESE TREMENDOUS DEVELOPMENTS

- See the little City of New York spread northward and become a great metropolis with more than a million people — getting full insight into the social conditions brought about by such breakneck growth.
- Have a front-row seat to view gang wars, strikes, riots, great fires and other calamities.
- Hear of frightful ship disasters; of terrible plagues; of murders that roused the city; of fads that swept the country.
- Partake in the political battles and election campaigns during the election of eleven Presidents.
- Live through the Civil War. See the conflict between the North and South build up through the years, and the whole course of the war that followed.

As Valuable As It Is Entertaining!

Whatever your field of special interest — law, business, literature, politics, art, education, society, theatre, music you will find a wealth of fascinating comments on it in these four volumes.

The Publishing Event of the Year!

The publishers take pride in making this tremendous document available to the American public. In keeping with a work that will be treasured and handed down to future generations, the *Diary* is being published in a distinctive format. The four octavo volumes, 6½ inches by 9½ inches, contain over 2,000 pages. Each volume has its own Index and each is illustrated with 16 full-page plates and has colorful endpapers. The 64 plates in the four volumes contain 108 pictures. Handsomely bound in fine cloth, stamped in gold, the set comes boxed in a colorful slipcase.

Visit Your Bookseller Today!

First editions of this great *Diary* are certain to be prized. To assure yourself of owning a set from the first printing visit your bookseller today and place your order. Act today!

at all bookstores or write *The Macmillan Company* **60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11**

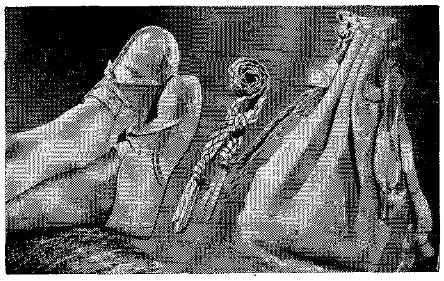
Where New York is uncrowded

Next time you come to Manhattan, stop at the exclusive 18-story Westbury in the quiet and convenient residential East Sixties—where it's quiet and uncongested. This distinctly different kind of hotel has a gratifying individuality in atmosphere, furnishings and service—for above-the-ordinary tastes.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE ROOMS.
ALSO SUITES.
POLO COCKTAIL LOUNGE
and RESTAURANT

Hotel Westbury

Curtis Sawyer, Managing Director
MADISON AVE. AT 69TH ST.
LE 5-2000



MESA MOCCASINS *Bliss to Wear*

Beautifully handcrafted in the Indian Reservation Country of soft, washable sueded cowhide, sturdy leather soles, and lifted inside heel cushions for real fit & comfort.
CHOICE of Natural, Turquoise, Brown, Em. Green, Red, Golden Corn, Indian White.
FOR WOMEN, sizes 4 thru 10........$4.95
BELT (adj. size).... $2.95 **POUCH BAG** (tax incl.)....$5.95
FOR MEN too, sizes up to and including 12........$5.95
Order by mail to-day. Immed. Delivery. Satisfaction guar. Gift orders carefully handled. Send cash, check or m.o. to
OLD PUEBLO TRADERS BOX 4035, DEPT. Y TUCSON, ARIZONA

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why . . . Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

places and serious topics like the fate of Tibet, Communism vs. Buddhism, and what role America should play in central Asia. Justice Douglas examined the institution of polyandry in Ladakh; he delighted an Incarnate Llama, aged eleven, by giving him an air mattress; he carried a big medicine chest about with him and set up as a rule-of-thumb doctor at each stop on his journey; and in Lahul, a Trans-Himalayan girl proposed that he spend the night in her tent (he gave her a cooky, instead). The writing is easy and humorous and very informative, and the underlying seriousness makes it something more than just a travel book. Illustrated with many photographs taken by the author, some in color.

THE BERLIN STORY, by Curt Riess (Dial). A journalistic study of Berlin since the war, written by a Berlin newspaperman who came to this country and was naturalized when the Nazis took over, and knew what to look for when he returned, with the Occupation forces. His memory of the old days, his familiarity with Berlin slang, and his feeling for the Berliner—a type unique in Germany—go to make this an unusual book, very different from comparable studies by American and British journalists. Mr. Riess tells of the queer metropolitan schizophrenia that the East-West division of the capital has caused its inhabitants, and deals convincingly with the *Fräuleins* and the moral code they improvised out of defeat, the reappearance of an intelligentsia, the new Berlin theatre, and the comic as well as the grave aspects of the continuing struggle for political mastery of the city.

THOMAS CARLYLE, by Julian Symons (Oxford). A biography of Carlyle and a reappraisal of his prophetic ideas. No great Victorian tumbled harder off the pedestal his own era assigned to him than Thomas Carlyle, and Mr. Symons feels that the time has now come to show him a little respect. His lifelong love affair with Germany, his concept of the aristocratic strong man as the ideal political leader, and his intellectual arrogance and bombast all brought him into disfavor with later generations—unjustly so, Mr. Symons believes. (It was a common assumption in certain liberal circles during the nineteen-thirties that Carlyle was a precursor of Fascism, and the same view was held by the Nazis, who never got anything right; it is quite obvious, on re-

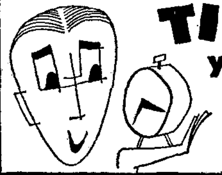
Before or after the theatre
BILL McCUNE
and his Quintet
at dinner & supper, except Sunday

Columbia Room

Never a cover charge or minimum.
No amusement tax at dinner.
Dancing from 9 P. M.

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE
R. K. Christenberry, *President*

STORAGE
•
LOCAL, LONG DISTANCE MOVING
SAFE DEPOSIT FACILITIES
FUR STORAGE
MOUNTAIN VAULTS FOR VITAL RECORDS
•
RHinelander 4-0100
LINCOLN
"DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT CALLING LINCOLN"
WORLD'S FINEST WAREHOUSE



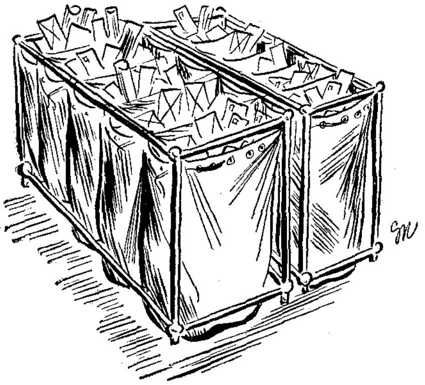
TIME on your hands?
Enjoy tonight out . . . at the trotters! 8 thrilling races, Daily Double closes 8:25 P.M.
Roosevelt Raceway
CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

LOBSTERS AS YOU LIKE THEM
The King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave. Near 53rd St.

reading Carlyle, that nothing would have been more repellent to his Calvinist sense of right and justice.) Mr. Symons resists the temptation, which has seduced so many biographers, to deal with Carlyle in terms of his long, unhappy marriage; instead, he meets his man face to face, reviews his major works (the essay on "The French Revolution" is particularly fine), and re-creates a human being.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Dorothy Hewlett (Knopf). Miss Hewlett thinks Elizabeth has not had her due as a poet, that she was a better poet than her husband, and that their celebrated romance has obscured her creative merits. There is a good deal of fallacious reasoning here, and no real proof of the author's main contentions. Wisely, she devotes most of her book to the romance, skillfully piecing together the story from a wealth of correspondence and fresh source material, adroitly depicting the ups and downs of the affair—the repeated falterings of Elizabeth on the one hand and the patient, tactful pursuit by Robert on the other. On the critical side, Miss Hewlett is less fortunate. Her assertion that Elizabeth's reputation as a poet was greater than Robert's in her own lifetime—a relative position the author would like to see reëstablished—is accurate enough, but overlooks the fact that Robert wrote his greatest poetry after the death of his wife, whom he survived by twenty-eight years.

Recollections of Three Reigns, by Sir Frederick Ponsonby (Dutton). At the time of his death in 1935, the author had given forty years of service to the English Court, during the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII, and George V. Despite its occasional stuffiness, the large opening section devoted to Queen Victoria, for whom Sir Frederick acted as Equerry, Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Assistant Private Secretary, should



Preferred in Select Company for more than two centuries

The colorful costumes have disappeared, but a touch of the gracious living that characterized the House of Stuart was retained for future generations when, in 1701, the Hudson's Bay Company shipped a Scotch Whisky to the new world of such choice quality that it became known as the best procurable.

*

One of the three best Scotches in the World

*

TURN TO OPEN
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INCORPORATED A.D. 1670
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION.
The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudsons Bay
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Produce of and Bottled in Scotland by
Hudson's Bay Company
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
86.8° PROOF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
4/5 QUART
IMPORTED
A 15

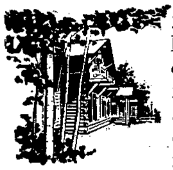
Imported by HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Inc., New York

Distributors of HUDSON'S BAY CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND (86.8 Proof) 6 YEARS OLD

Also JAMAICA RUM (151-114.2-97-91.4 Proof) and DEMERARA RUM (151-114.2-91.4 Proof)

FOR SALE — IN THE ADIRONDACKS
ON BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE

A Mountain Lodge Far Finer Than The Average



28 acres of forest land. A 600′ frontage on the lake — with ramp and hangar for a large seaplane. Accessible by car or railroad.

Bedrooms paneled in rich woods. A dining room to seat 60 — or to make a small group feel at home. A living room with king-size proportions. As many as 50 guests can be accommodated in the main house and the attendant buildings.

The sale price includes everything — furniture, linen, china, silver — even four power boats. Ask your local broker — or Previews — for brochure YN-43712.

To buy or sell property anywhere

PREVIEWS INC.
A Nationwide Marketing Service
49 E. 53 St., New York 22 • PLaza 8-2630
1518 Walnut St., Phila. 2 • PE 5-1400
20 Kilby St., Boston 9 • CApitol 7-4995
OTHER OFFICES: PALM BEACH • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

WORN BY GENTLEMEN THE WORLD OVER

Allen Solly hose

ALSO MADE BY ALLEN SOLLY:
CASHMERE AND WOOL SWEATERS
WOOL POLO SHIRTS
LISLE BEACH SHIRTS

ALLEN SOLLY & CO., LTD. *32 Savile Row, London, Eng*

YOUR CHOICE
FROM OVER 600 PATTERNS!

Our collection of British woolens, unsurpassed, provides you with the pattern and fabric that exactly suits you—for your finest, most completely satisfactory suit.

Clear finished worsteds, smooth flannels, luxurious Cashmeres, English doeskin, hand-woven Shetlands, silk finish gabardines—come in and see them! And the price *(surprise!)* no higher than top grade ready-to-wear.

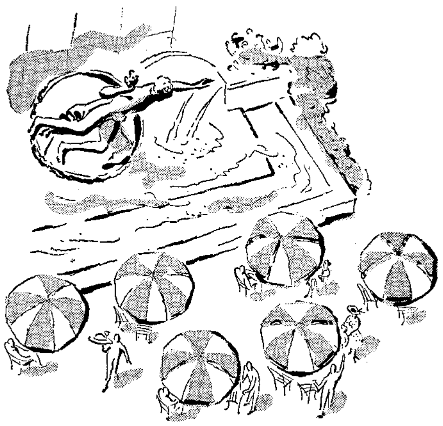
Regular exhibits in middle western cities—write for dates.

Fenn-Feinstein
of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN

have an irresistible fascination for the lover of personal reminiscences. He does not mince words, and is far from flattering. Indeed, as an acidulous portrait of the then aging Queen, his story quite puts Lytton Strachey's in the shade. The memoir is full of truly droll anecdotes. It paints the Queen as a fussy, captious, querulous, inconsiderate, tyrannical woman, deplorably lacking in literary and artistic taste, overconscious of her royal prerogatives, hostile to the idea of republics, and more than a little ridiculous as a personality. At times, the chronicle becomes positively hilarious, assuming the proportions of pure farce. Nonetheless, Sir Frederick considers Victoria a great Queen. It is odd to note that with her death and the accession of Edward VII, and, later, with the accession of George V, his story progressively diminishes in humor and vitality. Quite unintentionally, the work turns into a satire on the King and Queen business.

CHIAROSCURO, by Augustus John (Pellegrini & Cudahy). The autobiography of England's greatest modern portrait painter, who is also regarded in some circles as her greatest modern artist. An anarchist, a traveller, and a man who is as much at home with gypsies as with earls, John has lived his seventy-three years to the hilt, and his reminiscences are full of vivid pictures: of himself as a young man in a Paris café, listening with some restlessness to the machine-tooled witticisms of a devalued Oscar Wilde; of his going to the United States, full of sympathy for Sacco and Vanzetti, to paint a portrait of Governor Alvan T. Fuller, of Massachusetts; of meetings and conversations with Bernard Shaw, the young Picasso, Charles Chaplin, James Joyce, Whistler, Yeats, T. E. Lawrence, and the ineffable Frank Harris. Illustrated with some of John's best portraits and some unusual photographs.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA, by Frank Clune (Philosophical Library). An informal and engrossing book about a journey across New Guinea, from the Mandated Territory (formerly German New Guinea) to the independent region, where the tribesmen live almost exactly as they did in the Stone Age. Mr. Clune, an Australian writer who is an old hand at this kind of thing (he has tramped all over the Far East and has a dozen books to show for it), observes that the ability of the natives to speak and understand



Dine Outdoors!

Eat out-of-doors—right in the heart of Rockefeller Center! Or inside the air-conditioned dining rooms at either end of the Lower Plaza! Try dinner tonight . . . enjoy delicious cold roast beef or sliced Virginia ham, our cooling salads . . . or choose from many other entrees on our varied menu. Generous cocktails.

Promenade Café
ENGLISH GRILL • CAFÉ FRANCAIS
Rockefeller Center, Lower Plaza

Operated by The Union News Company
ESTABLISHED 1864

LILLIAN RUSSELL
DINED HERE

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

No plans TONIGHT?
Enjoy tonight out . . . at the trotters! 8 thrilling races, Daily Double closes 8:25 P. M.
Roosevelt Raceway
CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

THE Clam Box
WESTPORT, CONN.
Post Road Opp. State Police Barracks WE. 2-4266
COS COB, CONN.
Post Road Between Greenwich and Stamford GR 8-3285
'Famous For Fine Sea Food'!

pidgin proves their intelligence rather than their stupidity, and comments on such matters as native dress and the unhappy results of the white man's puritanical rules regarding it. He also tells many good stories, the climactic one being an account of a rich gold strike in the Bulolo Valley. The book is illustrated with drawings by Syd Miller.

A CENTURY OF THE ESSAY, edited by David Daiches (Harcourt, Brace). Thirty-eight modern essays, both English and American, with an introduction—an excellent essay in itself—on the recent decline of this form in popular esteem. In Mr. Daiches' opinion, this decline, especially in America, can be attributed not to the failings of the essay itself but to the gradual disappearance of the layman, whom he defines as the non-specialist, or man of wide and general curiosity. For this anthology, the editor has chosen examples of both the familiar, or light, essay—the writers range chronologically from Henry Thoreau to James Thurber—and what he terms the "serious prose discussion," by, for instance, Bertrand Russell, T. S. Eliot, and Rebecca West. Quite a few of the pieces, such as Walter Bagehot's brilliant yet relatively unfamiliar study of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, fall somewhere in between, but all of them come up very easily indeed to the standard set for conversation by Samuel Johnson, which Mr. Daiches feels applies equally well to the essay—that of propounding an idea, or a set of them, "forcefully in the language of educated men, not gracelessly and hermetically in the language of technical experts."

NOTE: Philip Hamburger's Profile of John P. Marquand, which appeared in *The New Yorker* earlier this year, has been published in book form by Houghton Mifflin under the title "J. P. Marquand, Esquire." . . . "Hongkong," a book by Christopher Rand about one of the Western world's last bridges to China, has been published by Knopf. Many of its chapters were originally printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A PRIVATE UNDERTAKING, by Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet (Coward-McCann). Mrs. Teilhet whisks the reader from Nice to Belgrade and back, and introduces him on the way to any number of fascinating people, including a young poet, who some-

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

MADE BY PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR

All your guests will enjoy it — anytime!

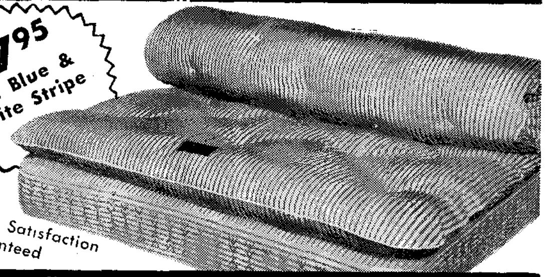
Cherry Heering over ice cream — *try it!*

49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAKE HARD MATTRESSES SOFT . . . and warm with this . . . COMFY POUFF

This cozy cotton "pillow" for your body coaxes sweet sleep from hard mattresses and inferior beds. *Special* boon to invalids and aged. Easy to carry out and sun. $17.95 in blue-&-white ACA, $19.95 in rose, blue or green damask, full or twin sizes, shipping charges prepaid. Immediate shipment —

$17.95 ACA Blue & White Stripe



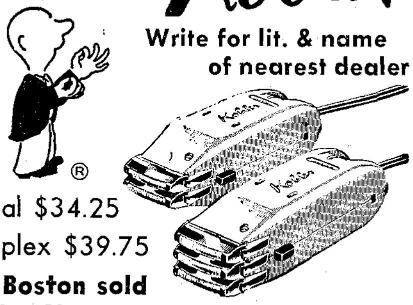
Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

DIRECT MATTRESS CO. "We Sell Sleep" Trademark 1420 N. Zangs, Dallas, Tex.

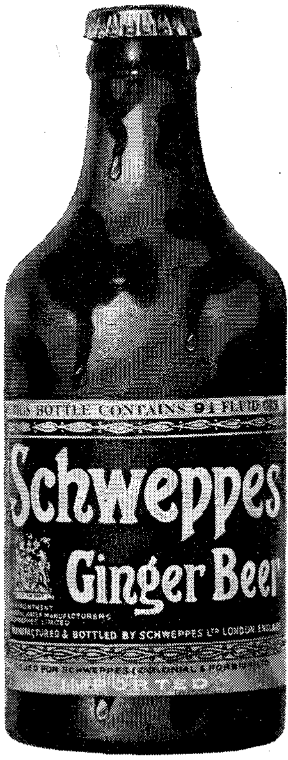
He's Back!
JOE E. LEWIS
(AUSTIN MACK at the Piano)
GLORIA DE HAVEN
LYNN & BARCLIFT
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
DINNER $2.75

Better shaving is done with the famous Kobler®

Write for lit. & name of nearest dealer



Dual $34.25
Triplex $39.75
In Boston sold by Shreve, Crump & Low Co.
Kobler Shaver Co., Lynbrook, N. Y.


THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS 9½ FLUID OZ.
Schweppes
Ginger Beer
MANUFACTURED & BOTTLED BY SCHWEPPES LTD LONDON ENGLAND
IMPORTED

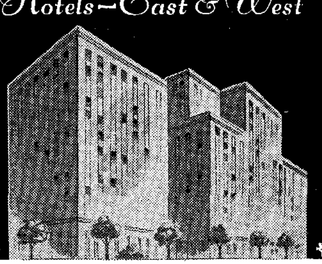
It's a paradox...

By Appointment
Mineral Water Mfrs.
to the late
King George VI
Schweppes Ltd.

But Schweppes' imported Ginger Beer is a spicier, stronger drink, that leaves you cool and refreshed.

HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., INC.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In
CHICAGO
There Is
Really Only One Address
The
AMBASSADOR
Hotels—East & West



Relaxed Comfort, Charming Decor
Television and Radio
The World Famous
Pump Room
and THE BUTTERY
Frank Bering, Chairman
James A. Hart, President
Eugene Barrett, V. P.
North State Parkway
at Goethe
Chicago 10, Illinois

how figures out the central mystery of the nerve gas contained in the cigarette lighter; three beautiful young women, one of whom dies rather horribly; and a sizable congregation of men, very few of whom are precisely what they seem to be. A conventional spy story, in which, naturally, the Communists get what's coming to them, but on the whole livelier and more ingenious than most.

THE KEY MAN, by Clarence Budington Kelland (Harper). There is presumably no reason somebody shouldn't write a murder mystery hooked up with the theory, practice, and romance of the television industry, and Mr. Kelland has done just that. All in all, it is no sillier than you'd expect.

FAIR TRIAL, by Richard B. Morris (Knopf). In this weighty book, Mr. Morris covers fourteen celebrated trials, beginning with that of Anne Hutchinson for treason and ending with that of Alger Hiss for perjury and including, in between, such famous items as the piracy trial of Captain Kidd, the conspiracy trial of Aaron Burr, the Parkman-Webster affair at Harvard, and the still enduring mystery of the Hall-Mills case. These are all wonderful stories, if perhaps a little familiar to the average reader, but in each instance the author is less concerned with the crime itself than with what took place in the courtroom afterward, and his opinion is that in almost every case the verdict, whether right or wrong, was arrived at by questionable legal means. It is, of course, hard for a layman to tell how much merit there is in Mr. Morris's argument, but he has certainly turned out a thorough and stimulating piece of work.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Mr. Stevenson arrived here [in San Francisco] by plane this afternoon from Seattle, primarily to give Californians a chance to see and hear him before the state's registration closes on Thursday. He was met at the airport by an enthusiastic crowd of about 600 supporters, but toured the downtown area in an open car without evoking any noticeable response.—*James Reston in the Times.*

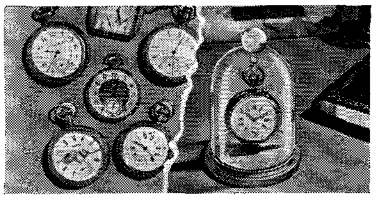
The Democratic candidate received an old-fashioned ticker tape, thunderous welcome to San Francisco yesterday noon. Although it was a state holiday, the anniversary of California's admission to the Union, the business districts were lined with thousands who gave Stevenson an enthusiastic greeting.—*William V. Shannon in the Post.*

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

HORMEL ONION SOUP

TO ACQUAINT YOURSELF with the superb flavor of this authentically French-style onion soup—the skillful blending of butter-fried onions in rich beef stock with a dash of Parmesan cheese—send $1.45 for six 8-ounce cans prepaid. (20-oz. and 13-oz. sizes available at your food store.) Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Dept. 45, Austin, Minn.

HORMEL ONION SOUP



MAKE GRANDFATHER'S WATCH USEFUL

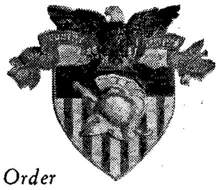
Beautiful, graceful "bell-case" for proudly displaying sentimental attachment for heirloom watches. Bring them out of forgotten places. **Lucite Treasure Dome** makes a watch a modern, easy-to-wind timepiece, a gorgeous desk piece—fit to grace the desk of a king. A showcase for your medals, too. Dome is crystal-clear Dupont Lucite. Blonde, ebony, mahogany colored bases. An exceptional gift. Specify use, medal or watch. No C. O. D. Money back if not delighted.

Carol Beatty Co., Dept. 116
635 S. Kenmore Avenue,
Los Angeles 5, California

$3.95 POST PAID

HAND CARVING

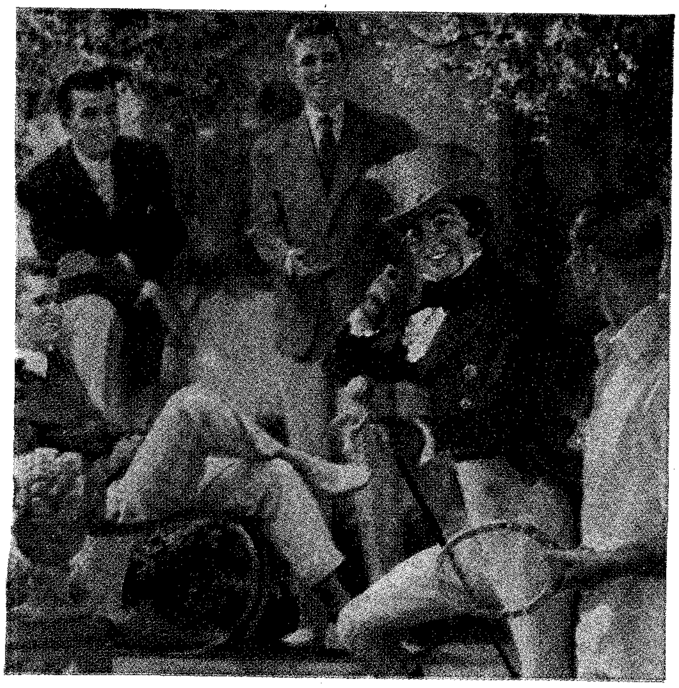
EAGLES
•
COATS OF ARMS
•
FAMILY CRESTS
AND SEALS
•

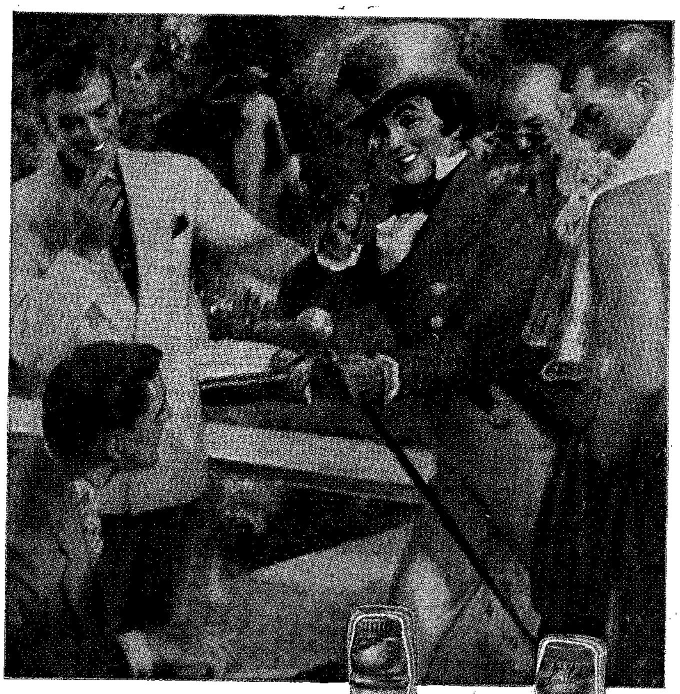


Carving Done On Order
With Fidelity and Despatch

JOHN UPTON
Star Route

WEST POINT SHIELD
16½"x13½"x1⅝"
GILDED AND POLYCHROMED
Waldoboro, Maine

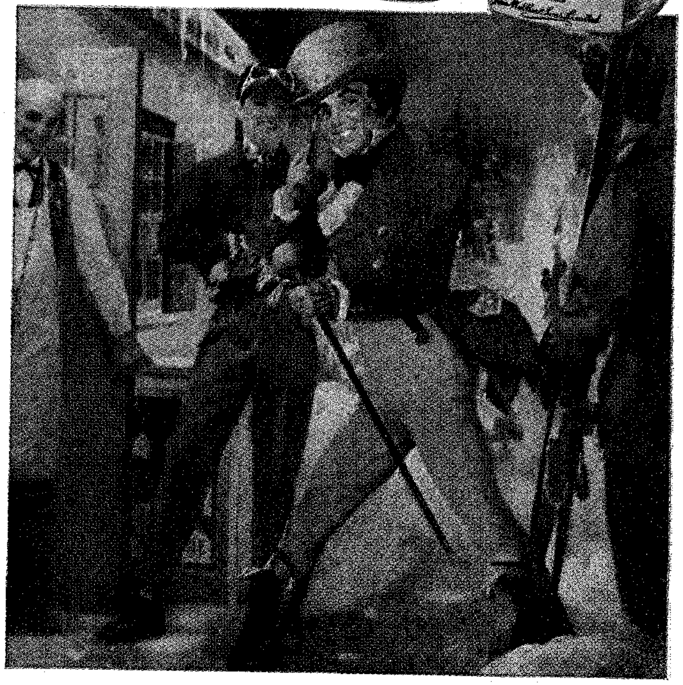




MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON... Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter... enjoy the world's favourite whisky. Distilled and bottled in Scotland... celebrated and respected everywhere. Johnnie Walker—the same high quality the world over... the same warm welcome the seasons 'round... Red Label, Black Label, both 86.8 proof.

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Born 1820... still going strong



Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

A tip to Smart Smokers
Only Parliaments, in their neat crushproof box, have the unique filter mouthpiece which assures a cleaner smoke.
MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
FIFTH AVENUE–NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY A PRODUCT OF **Benson & Hedges** – FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK